

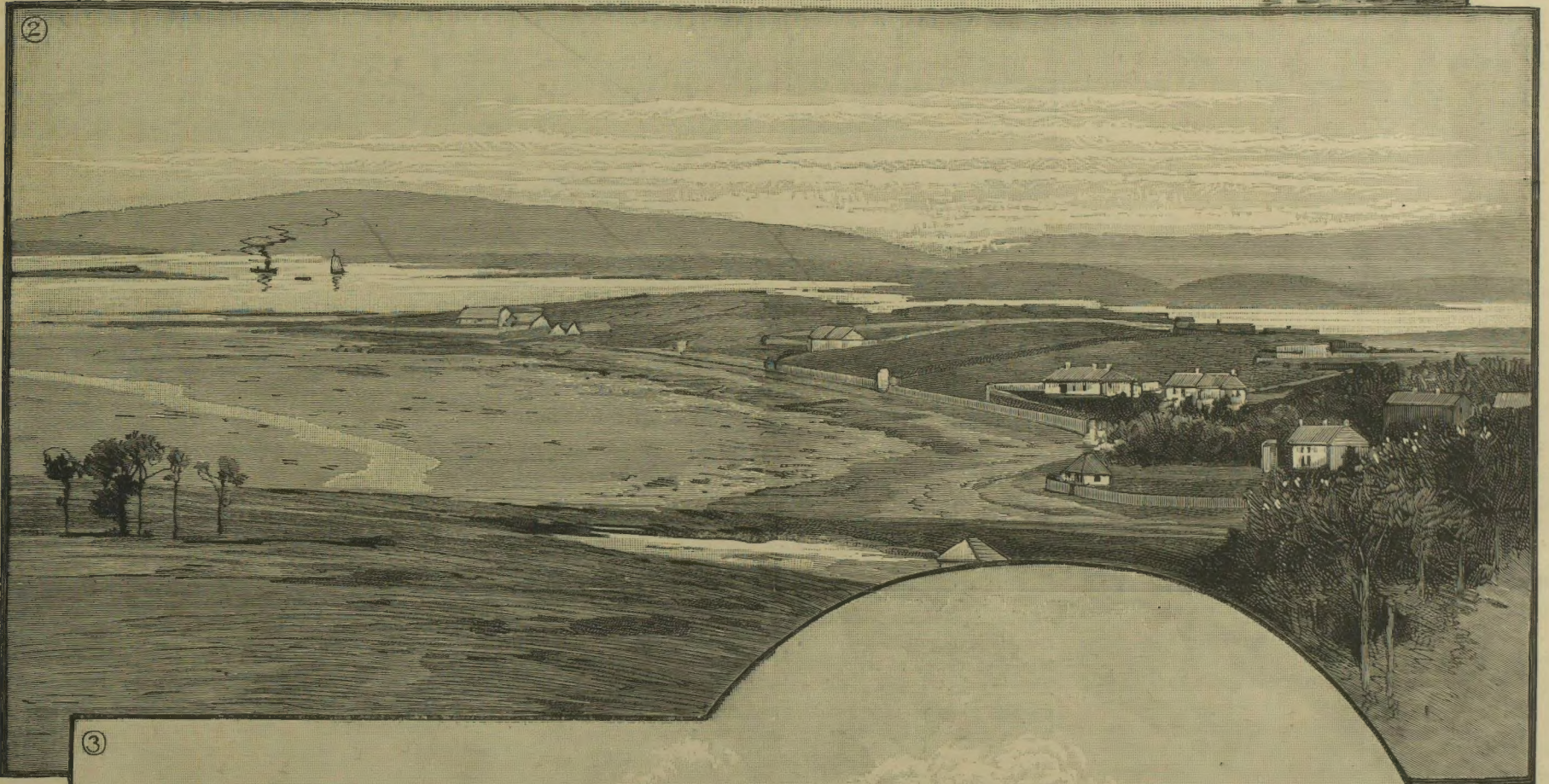
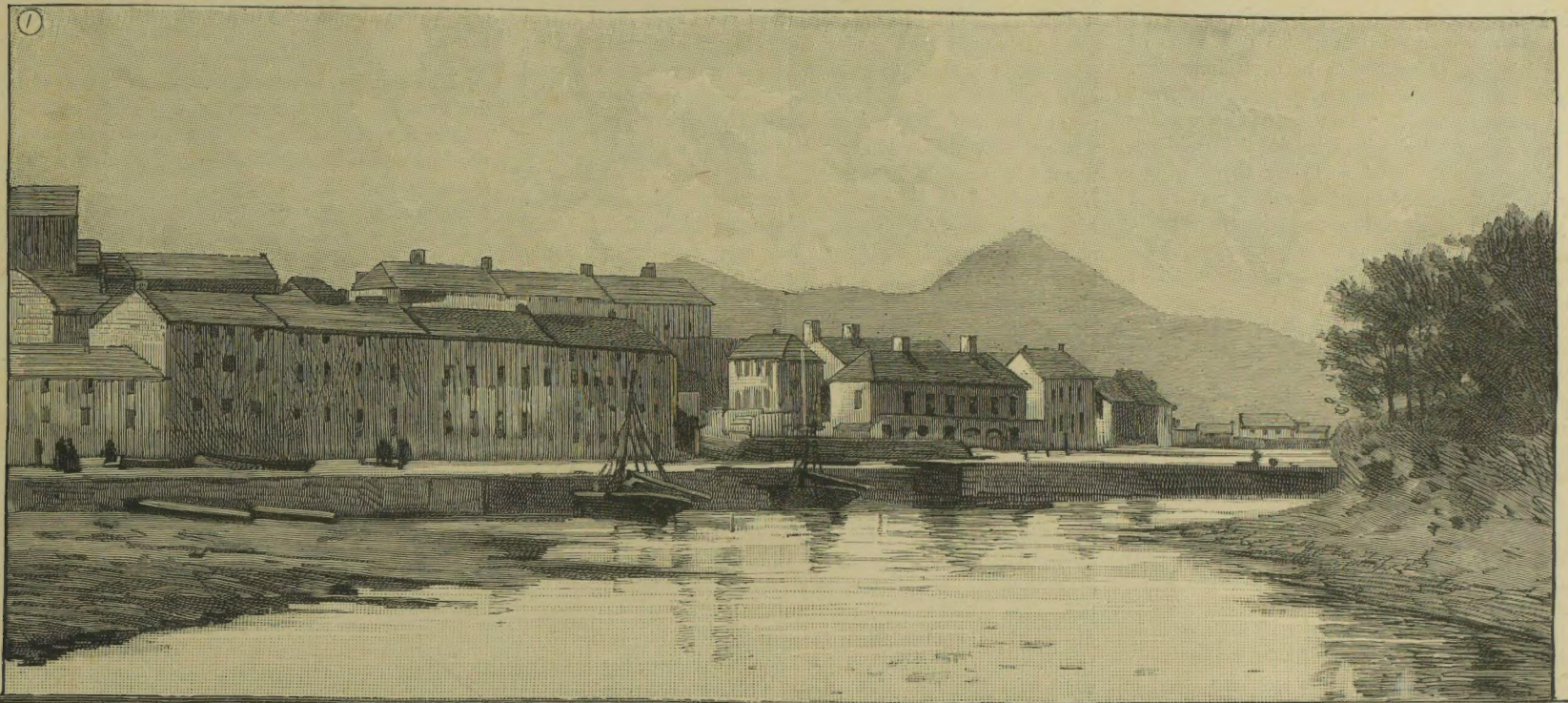
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2879.—VOL. CIV.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1894.

WITH EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



1. Quay at Westport.

2. Clew Bay (the two vessels show the spot where the disaster occurred).

3. Croagh Patrick.

THE BOATING DISASTER AT WESTPORT, COUNTY MAYO.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The publisher or author of a recent novel is giving the public an opportunity of judging of its merits or demerits such as is not often afforded: he advertises all that the reviewers have said about it, whether it be good or bad, sandwiching one with the other—the rhubarb, as it were, with the rhubarb jam—in the most amusing fashion. “As ordinary a novel as ever helped to fill a book-box,” says one, and in the same breath, “Worth a score of ordinary novels,” says another. One attributes to it “the snobbish flashiness of the counter-jumper,” and another, “all the vivacity and sparkle of Disraeli”; a fourth reviewer describes it as “a very morass of dreariness,” and a fifth as “very lively reading.” *Tot homines quot sententiae*, as many opinions as the scribes who state them. The idea is not novel—it is half a century old—but I don't remember ever seeing it so thoroughly carried out. To call some of these reviews criticism is, of course, to be complimentary, but as evidence of how the same book may strike different readers, it is, at least, curious. “Is there such a quality in a literary production as absolute merit?” inquires a correspondent despairingly. Most certainly there is, but every hebdomadal conferrer of immortality does not detect it. Literary judgment is with the majority of them a question of taste; and the judgment of posterity (about which we know nothing) will probably be the survival of the fittest—that is, of the best—taste.

It is an absurdity to suppose that there is any difference in this respect between the reviewer and the reader. They each praise the book they like, but whether it is worth liking is another matter. A still more widespread error is that if good literature is supplied at a cheap rate the demand for it will follow. The public at large has as yet no taste for good literature. The periodicals that have the largest circulation eschew it. “What is the use,” was the question put to me by the proprietor of one of them, “of my giving a high price for contributions when I find that those I get far cheaper are better liked? My late editor was all for improvement in our literary tone, and nearly improved us out of existence. Now I have got a man who understands our public. He caters well for them, because his taste is their taste.” This is the real secret, I do not say of popularity, but of immense circulation. The presence of extraordinary genius, as in Dickens's case, now and then overrides everything, even stupidity; but, as a general rule, what is nearest akin to the commonplace and mediocre reader is dearest to him. He likes the man who writes a little better than he can write himself, but not much better. He says to himself, not without a certain complacency, as he reads, “I have often had such thoughts as these myself, though I have not expressed them so happily.” It is true we have of late had some instances of great circulation where there has been considerable literary merit, but it has been mainly owing to indecency, since even for the most illiterate reader this always has its attractions; but, on the whole, you may take up the most favourite stories of our cheap periodicals without detecting the secret of their popularity. They are “as dull as ditchwater without the animalcule,” but they reflect the ideas of their readers. Since criticism has so little to do with judgment, and circulation with merit, let the “slated” and unappreciated author be of good courage; there are, after all, many people who know a good book when they see it, and who, even if they do not go the length of buying it, will order it from the libraries.

Why does a cabman always indignantly refuse his proper fare? They do so, it seems, all the world over, even in St. Petersburg, where it is forbidden to show indignation unless you are in the army or the police. The poor man has, indeed, been sent to prison for it, no allowance being made under a despotic government for professional temptation. In almost all other callings overcharge is accompanied by unusual civility. Before being swallowed by the serpent you are lubricated, in order to make matters easy. Even one's lawyer's bill, on the first application at least, is accompanied with his compliments. But, by some favouritism in the scheme of creation, cabmen are endowed with the faculty of imagining they are undergoing a grievance when they are, in reality, attempting to inflict a wrong. They can hold their just payment in the palm of their hand, and inquire “What is this for?” in a tone that could scarcely be justified if it had dropped from the skies. If it is mildly suggested that it is their legal fare, with perhaps sixpence over, they give way to an indignation so admirably feigned that it would almost deceive a police magistrate. They seem to have it at their command as completely as a woman has her tears, and it must be almost as great an advantage to them. For next to having one's quarrel just is the conviction that it is so, or at all events what seems to the adversary uncommonly like it. It would be interesting to discover how long it takes a cabman to acquire this appearance of being wronged, when he is well aware that the grievance is in reality the other way. Is it a secret of the trade imparted to each member of it as soon as he enters upon his profession, or has he to practise the thing day by day, beginning with mild requests for more, till, “creeping up from high to higher” in the way of overcharge, his voice becomes imperative and freighted with the sense of wrong? What

is certain is that when the gift has once been acquired it is never forgotten. During the late cab strike, we had Jehus of the age of Methuselah to whom London of the present century seemed to be utterly unknown. To judge by the look of them and their vehicles, they might almost have driven Noah to the Ark on the first intimation of rain coming on; yet when after much wandering we arrived at our journey's end, they at once exhibited an unexpected vitality—as though a “Guy Fawkes” should suddenly burst into flame—and demanded extra fares with every appearance of a just indignation.

To judge by two recent cases in our police-courts, the Enoch Ardens of the present day have no scruples about “shaking the pillars of domestic peace” or bringing “a ghost to trouble joy”; they only return to their wives for the purpose of blackmailing them. A correspondent, writing to me on this subject, is so good as to send me an example which came under his personal observation, that goes far, however, to restore the average. As a record of simplicity and good feeling—though with some disregard for the conventionalities—it seems to me to be without a parallel. Early in the present century a young woman in humble life, married and with one child, sent her husband to buy a leg of mutton. She never saw him again for forty years. She married in the interval and had several children, but one day he suddenly turned up again with a leg of mutton in his hand, and the observation, “I have brought it, you see, at last.” The situation was embarrassing enough, but quite capable of explanation. He had fallen victim to a press-gang, and when in America had deserted from his ship, but could find neither the means nor the opportunity of getting home, and with the art of letter-writing he was unacquainted. Still, he did get home at last, and found his wife. Husband number two offered to retire; but she would not hear of this, and, in the end, being all old people, they agreed to live together, which they did, quite contentedly, for the remainder of their lives. “The wife,” adds my correspondent, “outlived both her husbands.” The first, one imagines, must have been very domestic. It is unusual for the best of husbands to remember an errand to the butcher's for forty years; it is probable, however, that he brought the leg of mutton with him to establish his own identity.

What times of hardship and anxiety must those have been when men were liable to be kidnapped in our streets and carried off by the press-gang, without being suffered to communicate with their families! It seems amazing how men who had been so outrageously treated could be got to fight for their country at all, whereas they acquitted themselves in that way to admiration; but “the fact is,” says one who was himself a sufferer, “after the first shock is over one does one's duty like the rest.” Whether to our credit or discredit, it would certainly not be so to-day, especially since “pressing” had been declared by Parliament illegal. Notwithstanding, this declaration was always ignored when the necessity for seamen arose; and, indeed, so late as 1835 the practice was regulated by the House, compulsory service being restricted to five years. Regular accounts used to be sent to the Lords of the Admiralty of the “takes” of seamen—and all were fish who came to their net—by the various gangs, armed with impress warrants; the report for May 4 to 6, 1790, for example, mentions 1500 taken in Wapping, and 600 in Southwark. Tenders were at once sent down the river, full of these unhappy wretches, for embarkation, many of whom were never more heard of by their belongings. That little was thought about it as regards public opinion is evident from the humorous way (though it is true that Smollett gives us in “Roderick Random” a terrible account of it) in which the subject is treated by Marryat and other naval novelists. This seems strange enough when we consider how seriously the conscription—which was child's play compared with our system of pressing for the Navy—has been treated by Erckmann-Chatrian and other foreign writers of fiction. The truth is, Britons were a very hardy and unsentimental race in those days, and in their protestations that they never would be slaves made an exception in favour of the authorities at home. In the *Times* of March 9, 1793, we read, “On Wednesday night the press was very hot on the river Thames; all the ships both homeward and outward bound were stripped of their hands, not excepting two East Indiamen which were to have sailed yesterday.” Again we read, “This morning arrived in Steedland Bay, the *Maria* from Newfoundland, having some passengers on board, besides the crew; the officers of the impress service, expecting to meet some resistance, had called for military assistance, and twenty soldiers, armed, went on board the tender, which went down the harbour to meet the vessel; when coming alongside, and finding the people obstinate, orders were given to the soldiers to fire, which they did; the pilot (then at the helm) and two other men were killed on the spot, and seven others dangerously wounded, one of whom is since dead. Lieutenants Phillips and Glover, with all who were on board the tender, are taken into custody, and the whole town is in the greatest commotion.”—*Times*, Dec. 3, 1794.

The press-gangs were often shamefully employed in getting rid of persons obnoxious to people in authority,

while prisoners charged with slight and first offences were given up to them instead of receiving their ordinary punishment, for no other reason than that “the King was in want of men.” These poor kidnapped men seldom had much of the prize-money that was to be got in those days; and it is no wonder that their prayer before an engagement was that the shots might be apportioned like the money—chiefly among the officers. Now and then, however, there was a bright side even to this dark picture. “The first payment of the immense *St. Jago* prize is commenced, Captain Sir A. Douglas having received his share. The following is the declared proportion of the specie only: each captain's share, £13,920; lieutenant's share, £910; warrant officer's share, £612; petty officer's share, £140; foremast-man's share, £26” (*Times*, March 21, 1795). The greatest haul poor Jack ever drew in the way of prize-money was in the case of the *Hermione*, when each ordinary seaman received £800.

M. Coquelin, it seems, has been denounced by M. Paul de Cassagnac for having agreed to give a theatrical performance at Munich. “Whenever Art is dissociated from the idea of the Motherland,” says that great moralist, “it is degraded.” It is really to his credit that he has thus found something novel to add to the idiotic things that have been written about art: it is a part of his affectation to call France “Motherland” because Germany calls itself “Fatherland,” but he might just as well have said Grand-motherland. It would have been more venerable, and would have had a longer claim upon his allegiance. When an Englishman writes about art, he often appears to the astonished reader to be attempting to make himself as ridiculous as possible; but a Frenchman succeeds in it. M. de Cassagnac has, however, beaten the record. What is true of the drama is true of literature, and he would therefore object to his countrymen having their works translated; for, indeed, one seldom sees a translation from the French which is not very much “dissociated from the idea of the Motherland.”

A year or two ago it might have been said that Mr. Rudyard Kipling was the only writer who had made himself acquainted with the views and ways of the natives of India, or, at all events, had been able to communicate his information. Even the animals of that country, as he has recently shown in his “Jungle Stories,” have confided to him their little peculiarities, and his reputation has been established as the interpreter of the East to the West. Before his time the native had never been popular with British readers, but, thanks to him, he has become invested for them with considerable interest. It is genius that has accomplished this, for the same topic has been treated of by many pens which have been unable to attract a similar attention. There is one, however, which, inferior to his in many respects, gives the same impression of peculiar knowledge. No one who has read “Miss Stuart's Legacy” or “The Potter's Thumb” can doubt that the writer is thoroughly acquainted with her subject, and this is still more evident in her latest work, “The Flower of Forgiveness.” This is a collection of short stories of life among the natives of India, which while in one sense making us familiar with them, in another demonstrates how utterly apart from us are our fellow-subjects in the East. The most touching of the narratives, though full of human nature, has little more in common with our own than has a fairy tale. There is a certain glamour—observable also in Mr. Kipling's graver tales—which surrounds them like an atmosphere: we see things not through a glass darkly, for the objects are clear enough, but through a medium that is strange to us, a sort of spiritual limelight. We pity—nay, we even admire, but the entire absence of common-sense (as we, at least, understand it) from the motives and behaviour of the *dramatis personae* prohibits us from sympathising with them. So far from assisting us in this difficulty, our authoress rather increases it by her over-familiar style in treating of matters she must be aware are unknown to the majority of her fellow-countrymen. “‘Ai! Daughter of thy grandmother,’ muttered old Jaimul gently, as one of his yoke wavered, making the handle waver also. The offender was a barren buffalo, doomed temporarily to the plough, in the hope of inducing her to look more favourably on the first duty of the female sex, so she started beneath the unaccustomed goad. ‘Ai! sister, fret not,’ muttered Jaimul again, turning from obscure abuse to palpable flattery, as being more likely to gain his object; and once more the tilled soil glided between his feet, traced straight by his steady hand.” This is picturesque, but, as the introduction of a foreign story to the English reader, it seems to plunge too much into the middle of things, and is unnecessarily obscure. In some cases, as in “The Flower of Forgiveness,” the glamour is heightened by the authoress herself, who leaves us in uncertainty as to whether “there are visions about” or not. The mind in doubt as to whether a tale has a real or a supernatural ending is scarcely satisfied by the inquiry, “It is a queer story anyhow, is it not?” These objections, however, are trifles. “The Debt of Honour” is a tragedy, “The Footstep of Death” a poem, though it is writ in prose; and, with the pathos of almost every tale, humour—though not of the East, for there is no such thing—goes hand in hand.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

SARAH BERNHARDT IN LONDON.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

As so very often happens in an uncertain season, the whole business of pleasure is crammed into the space of one short week. What with Ascot and its rhododendron gardens, and dinner parties innumerable both at Sunningdale and Belgravia—what with the arrival of Sarah Bernhardt with her new Buddhist play, "Izeyl," at Daly's Theatre, and the production of "Madame Sans-Gêne" at the Gaiety—what with the constant chatter of comparisons between the divine Sarah and the new Duse and the still newer Réjane, not one of whom can in any possible way be compared to the other—what with matinées and melodramas and music, that curious world known as London Society scarcely knows which way to turn. First, then, concerning the Buddhist play, "Izeyl," and the superb acting of Sarah Bernhardt. I cannot help it if I am in a minority in this instance. I shall still venture to say exactly what I think and feel. The play by Armand Silvestre impressed me enormously, and after a pretty long experience I do not think I have ever seen the great actress with all her gifts of art and nature so emphasised as on the first night of "Izeyl." As to the play, it is an extremely difficult one to criticise. The authors admit that they took their subject from historic Buddhist legends. They quote their authorities. It is on record that six centuries before the Christian era a Prince Gautama, some leagues from the old-world city of Benares, did abdicate in favour of his brother, did give up the throne and riches of his ancestors, in order, at the bidding of an ascetic socialist of those times, to lead a life of abnegation in the desert, and to help the poor and the afflicted. It is, according to Buddhist literature, an admitted fact that the founder of Buddhism was tempted from his faith by the loveliest of women, that he did resist her peerless fascination, that he did convert a courtesan to the new faith, and that the "prophet, priest, and king," did comfort her in her hour of agony and semi-martyrdom. Now, these admitted legends do, when handled properly, go to the making not only of a beautiful story but of a powerful play. The mere dramatist adds the quick and sudden murder of her seducer by an outraged woman, and the scene where the mother of the murdered man first sympathises with the murderess for a righteous deed and then denounces her as a destroyer of life. Now, a man would be blind not to see in these old pre-Christian legends an outline of certain facts recorded as articles of Christian faith. The wild ascetic who comes out of the desert to preach the doctrine of humanity, the woman who had sinned becoming a convert at the feet of the adored master, the temptation in the wilderness, the suffering of the redeemed convert—all these parallels are, indeed, very striking. It will be naturally assumed, then, that the play as it stands suggests, if not blasphemy, at least bad taste. Nothing of the kind. To me personally, much as I was impressed with the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, in the Bavarian mountains, as a pious and religious exercise by the peasants, nothing would be more distasteful or repugnant than to see the same play and the same actors on the boards of a London theatre. But though the parallel with the Scriptural facts is there, though all the tone of the play from end to end is Christian and not Buddhist at all, though the decoration of the scene and the colour of the literature take the mind away from Buddhism and paganism and temples and idols, and suggest the highest Christian principles and doctrines, still I cannot feel that there is anything infamous or blasphemous in the play from one end to the other. There may be some who think differently. I merely record exactly what I feel on the subject.

Again, with regard to Sarah Bernhardt. To my mind, she has never acted better in her whole career. Her voice is as pure, as golden, and as matchless as ever. No hard work has dulled or blurred one single note. If there be any more musical elocutionists on any stage and in any country, I for one should like to hear them. Her passion is there, with added intensity. She is wild, she is quick, her words flow from her mouth in torrents; but that is her nature. She is a tragedian, and if the public does not like or understand tragedy, that is not the fault of Sarah Bernhardt. To ridicule her attitudes, her gesticulations, when frenzied with rage or despair, is to ridicule the most highly strung emotional qualities in woman. If anyone cares to distinguish between dramatic passion and fustian rant let them listen to Sarah Bernhardt, and compare her to the very bad actor who plays the ascetic prophet in this very play. Now, here is rant of the worst possible kind. He has no sense of

balance or contrast. To begin with, he is not an ascetic at all. He does not look like the man he professes to be, and he breaks into and spoils every scene in which Sarah Bernhardt and Guitry are engaged. But when Sarah storms she does not rant. She has the supreme art of the onrush, the climax, and, rarest of all, the subsidence of passion. And what could be more beautiful than her expression of false love and womanly humiliation in the temptation scene under the cedar-tree? What could be more poetical and true than her death, unloved, in the pure arms of the man she adores, who lays her reverently in the tomb and covers her with the lily and the lotus? It is extraordinary to me that any wild or unnecessary comparisons should be made between Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse, both great artists, but artists of an entirely different nature and temperament. Sarah Bernhardt could no more have acted the Italian peasant in the "Cavalleria Rusticana," or the hostess in "La Locandiera," or the wife in "Divorçons" than Duse could have approached Sarah in "Izeyl" or understood the character of Marguerite Gauthier. Sarah Bernhardt is an emotional actress; Eleonora Duse is a cold and calculating artist. Sarah Bernhardt has inspired moments; the art of Duse, studied and schooled to perfection, does not admit of inspiration. Sarah Bernhardt would play a part far better one night than another, according to her mood; Duse would never move one hair's breadth from her original study. The great artist is the one who must have a ground-work or plan to begin



Photo by Stearns, Cambridge.
MR. W. S. ADIE, TRINITY COLLEGE.
Senior Wrangler.



Photo by Stearns, Cambridge.
MR. W. F. SEDGWICK, TRINITY COLLEGE.
Bracketed Senior Wrangler.



Photo by Killick, Holloway Road.
MISS EDITH H. COOKE, GIRTON COLLEGE.
Wrangler.



Photo by Lord, Cambridge.
MISS ADA JOHNSON, NEWNHAM COLLEGE.
Part II., 1st Class, Division I.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS HONOURS.

with, but gives a margin for inspiration; the mechanical artist is one who acts like a bit of clockwork, and impresses you with reality. For instance, is it possible, with all her great gifts, to conceive Eleonora Duse as Phèdre? I cannot conceive it, for one. Sarah Bernhardt is a tragedian, a romantic, sensitive, and emotional actress. Eleonora Duse is a consummate comedian. But it is not fair to say because romance and the finer emotional qualities are distasteful to the modern mind that therefore the actress of comedy is a greater artist than the actress of scenes that are ideal rather than real. I do not believe—I was going to say I do not "honestly" believe, but I have a critical pedagogue who would rap my knuckles if I dared to use such a word, and would lecture me for a column if I dared so to express myself—at any rate, I do not believe that there was the slightest *claque* or suggestion of a *claque* in the theatre on the night that Sarah Bernhardt played Izeyl. Well, she was called half-a-dozen times at the end of the murder scene, and she was called at least fourteen times in the course of the evening. This only shows that there are playgoers by the hundred among us who elect to be swayed and carried away by great acting. It may be very ridiculous and very childish and very deplorable in the minds of the Dominies of the drama; but so it is. It ever must be so with the theatre, though pedants argue against it until they are black in the face. The gambling scene in "The Masqueraders" may be, when analysed, extremely absurd, but it carries an audience away. Why? Because it is finely acted. The great scene in "Izeyl" may be picked to pieces and rags, but it carries the audience away. Why? Because by Sarah Bernhardt it is superbly acted.

THE CAMBRIDGE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

The names of the students to whom honours are awarded this year by the University of Cambridge for superior mathematical attainments were published last week. We give the portraits of four—two gentlemen and two ladies—the most distinguished. Mr. Walter S. Adie, of Trinity College, Senior Wrangler, is bracketed with Mr. William Fellows Sedgwick as of equal merit. The former, born Aug. 17, 1872, is son of Mr. Patrick Adie, of Huntingdon, was educated at the London International College, and went up to Trinity, holding a major scholarship, in October 1891. He is an expert oarsman, being one of the First Trinity eight, whose boat has now the second place on the river. Mr. W. F. Sedgwick, of the same college, is son of the Rev. Gordon Sedgwick, Vicar of St. Mark's, Coventry, but was born at Parilton, in Warwickshire, and was educated at Marlborough College School, Overslade, near Rugby. The highest mathematical honours for women are gained by Miss E. H. Cooke, of Girton College, and Miss A. M. J. E. Johnson, of Newnham. Miss Edith H. Cooke is daughter of a Baptist minister, the Rev. J. Hunt Cooke, editor of the *Freeman*. Two of her brothers have taken high places as wranglers at Cambridge in former years. She was born at Southsea, and was educated at the North London Collegiate School, under Miss Buss and Mrs. (Dr.) Sophie Bryant; she won the Clothworkers' Scholarship, and has pursued her studies at Girton. She is the only lady wrangler this year, but twenty-three Girton and Newnham women have been successful in the Mathematical Tripos. Miss Ada Johnson, who takes first-class honours in Part II., Division I., is a native of Cambridge, twenty-two years of age; she was educated at the Park Street upper-grade school in that town, and last year passed in the first class at the senior and higher University local examinations. She also has a brother who has been fifth wrangler.

THE IRISH BOATING DISASTER.

A terrible accident took place on Wednesday, June 13, on the west coast of Ireland, between the island of Achill and the harbour of Westport, in Mayo. A steam-vessel named the *Elm* was lying in that harbour, to convey a large number of labouring folk, young men and women, to Glasgow, for employment in the hay harvest in Scotland. Four sailing-boats, called "hookers," were bringing these people from the island. One boat, of fifteen tons' burden, was crowded on deck with more than a hundred passengers, many of them seated on the gunwale, their feet overhanging the side. In nearing the steamer, two miles from shore, Healy, the man in charge, endeavoured to "jib" without lowering sail. The boat was capsized, and all on board were thrown into the sea. Thirty-four persons were drowned, some of them mere boys and girls. The others were saved by the steamer's boats, under the orders of Captain Carswell. Most of the bodies have been recovered. We present views of the scenery of Clew Bay, one of the finest parts of the coast. The bay is twenty miles long and nearly ten miles broad, having Clare Island at its entrance, in the middle of the outer width of the bay, directly opposite Westport, which is situated on an inlet at its upper end. The north shores are formed by the mountainous Curraun peninsula, adjacent to which is the large island of Achill, sixteen miles long and seven miles wide, projecting far into the Atlantic. On the south shore of Clew Bay one of the most conspicuous objects is Croagh Patrick, a mountain 2510 ft. high, a famous place of religious pilgrimage, commanding the grandest prospects of hills and moors and woods, and of the sea with many islands.

THE SCOTS GREYS AT ALDERSHOT.

When her Majesty the Queen, on May 17, a few days before going to Balmoral, reviewed the troops of the Aldershot Military Division under command of the Duke of Connaught, the Cavalry Brigade, though not up to its full strength, owing to want of horses, and mustering only 1127 on parade, attracted particular notice, especially the Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons), the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 4th Hussars. They have taken an active part in the drill exercises and field manoeuvres of the season. The famous regiment still popularly called the "Scots Greys," but officially ranked as the 2nd Dragoons, bearing the emblem and motto of the Order of the Thistle, "Second to None," has an illustrious history, associated with those memorable "Battles of the British Army," the victories of Marlborough and of Wellington, of which some account has lately been given in this Journal. At Blenheim, Ramillies, and Oudenarde, but not less bravely at Waterloo and the Crimea, the Scots Greys have maintained their high reputation.

THE TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

So far as existing indications may be trusted, the Handel Festival of 1894 will be worthy in every respect of the brilliant line of gatherings that have preceded it. Fine weather and a little bright sunshine are alone needed to put the finishing touch of success to the excellent preparatory labours upon which the Crystal Palace officials have now for many weeks been busily engaged. The present meeting will be the fourteenth that has been held upon the vast Handel orchestra at Sydenham, but, to be strictly accurate, it is only the eleventh triennial festival of the series that has taken place under similar conditions. The Preliminary Festival held in 1857 was regarded as purely experimental, being intended to test the suitability of the Central Transept for musical purposes. The Commemoration Festival of 1859 was carried out upon a larger scale, but it was not until 1862 that the institution was placed upon a permanent footing, and only from that year therefore can the regular series be justly dated. The third of the "extra meetings" was that held in 1885 to celebrate the bicentenary of



HANDEL, FROM THE MINIATURE BY ZINCKE.
By permission of H. Barrett Lennard, Esq.

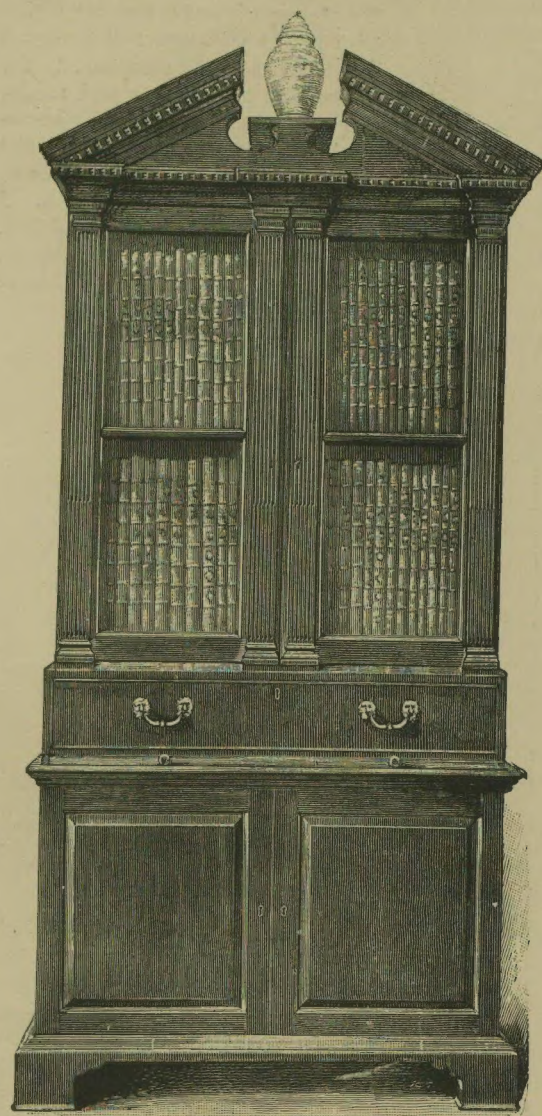
G. F. Handel

performance worthy of the name of Festival took place until 1834, when another gathering was held in Westminster Abbey at which about 600 performers were employed. As has been truly remarked, "the meeting of 1834 rendered this important service to the cause of choral music, that it prepared the way for similar meetings in London, which eventually led to the performance by the Sacred Harmonic Society of oratorios on the grand scale to which the public became habituated for forty-seven years." The true *locale*, however, was still wanting, and it was not until after the erection of the Crystal Palace that the time became ripe for the establishment of the great periodical celebration whereof Englishmen are now so justly proud. As regards the interest shown by the public in the Handel Festival, there is no noteworthy development to point out. The results achieved in 1859 have only been surpassed on five or six occasions, and then but to a comparatively slight extent. The largest attendance was in 1882, when 87,784 persons were present at the four performances—this, by the way, being the meeting at which the baton was assumed for the first time by Mr. August Manns in consequence of the illness of Sir Michael Costa. On the other hand, the growth of the executive material has been almost continuous. In 1857 the chorus numbered 2000, and the band 386. At the Commemoration performances two years later the band was increased to 460, and the chorus to 2700 performers. At each succeeding gathering the numbers were slightly augmented, until in 1891 there was a grand total of 500 instrumentalists and 3000 choristers. Concurrently with this growth a gradual improvement has been noted in the quality of the voices and the excellence of the singing. The advance became especially marked in 1888, by which time Mr. Manns had successfully worked out a plan for rehearsing his mighty choir in sections, and, by a careful process of "weeding out," had raised the standard both of his London and country contingents to the highest possible level. Certain it is that the superb quality of tone and the truly magnificent choral singing heard at the last two festivals had never previously been equalled, and we have every reason to anticipate a display of similar merit at the present gathering.

We may turn for a moment from the recapitulation of these more or less familiar facts to express a feeling of gratitude that, in an age when music is undergoing many strange developments, the love of Handel should remain deeply seated in the hearts of the English people. One hears from time to time that his oratorios do not "draw as they used," and that modern audiences care little in a general way for anything beyond the "Messiah." Be this as it may, the interest in the great Saxon master is not slow to wax intense on very small provocation. It is not for nothing that his name is familiar even in the least cultured musical circles of English life. The numerous relics associated with the career of the illustrious composer are treasured and revered to a degree that a saint might envy. Of these, or rather of the choicest among them, some capital drawings were published in the *Handel* supplement to the *Musical Times* last December, and we are

privileged to transfer a few to our pages as being appropriate to the event at hand. The picture of Handel's birthplace at Halle as it looks to-day justifies Mr. W. H. Cummings's description of it as a "grand old house." The spinet now in the possession of Mr. A. J. Hipkins was presented by Handel to Andrew George Lemon, a violin-player who is said to have come over with the composer to England in 1710. The history

of the bookcase is not quite so clear, but there is little reason to doubt that it was included among Handel's numerous presents to the son of his treasurer and amanuensis, John Christopher Smith. It contained a collection of MS. scores (now, of course, of inestimable value) chiefly in the elder Smith's writing, which passed into the possession of Harrison, the tenor singer, thence to Dr.

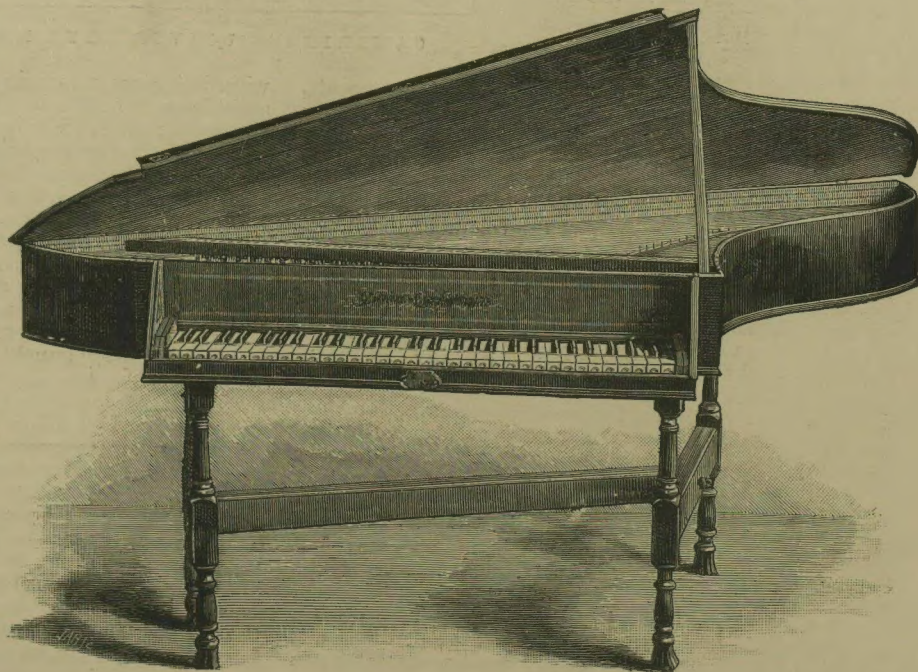


HANDEL'S BOOKCASE.

By permission of H. Barrett Lennard, Esq.

Ireland, Dean of Westminster, and finally to the present owner, Mr. H. Barrett Lennard, who also has the miniature by Zincke—said to be the most youthful portrait of Handel extant.

At the third Richter Concert on Monday, June 18, there was a full gathering of connoisseurs anxious to hear Dr. Richter's reading of Dvorák's new "Carneval" overture and a couple of his least hackneyed Wagnerian excerpts. The programme also contained Rubinstein's D minor pianoforte concerto, Josef Hofmann being the solo executant.



HANDEL'S SPINET.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, the Proprietors of the "Musical Times."

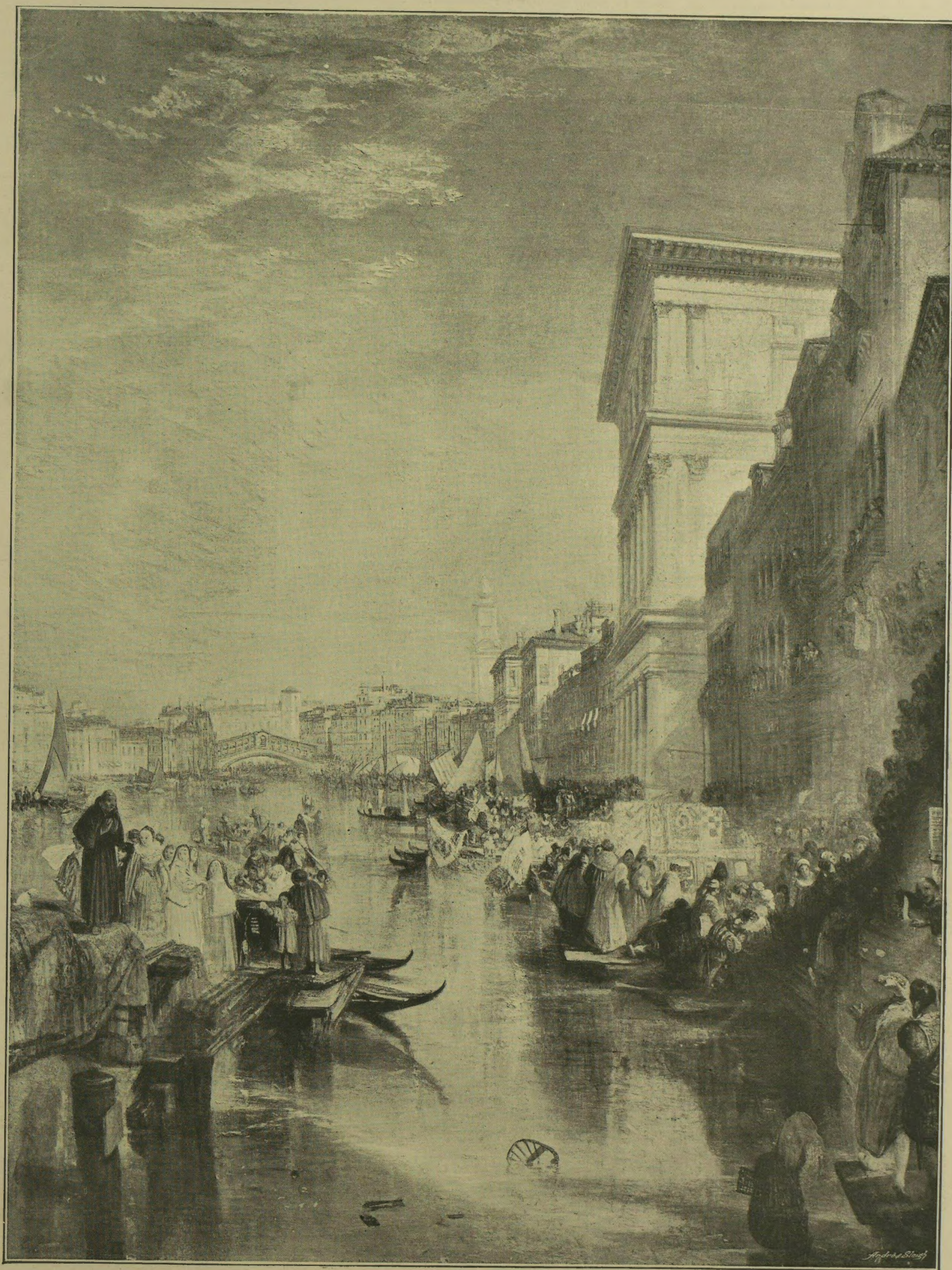


THE HOUSE IN HALLE IN WHICH HANDEL WAS BORN.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, the Proprietors of the "Musical Times."

Handel's birth; but inasmuch as the ordinary sequence was not actually interrupted (the interval for once being only biennial), we fail to perceive why this gathering should not be reckoned as belonging to the list of Handel Festivals proper, especially as the succeeding one was held in due course in the year 1888.

The least pretentious student of musical history must be acquainted with the circumstances under which this unique gathering was originally started. It was, of course, the great Commemoration Festival which took place at Westminster Abbey in 1784 that constituted the germ of the undertaking. Yet, although this meeting was followed by similar ones for two or three years, their idea and purpose gradually became forgotten, and after 1791 no further



"THE MARRIAGE OF THE ADRIATIC."—BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

Exhibited at the Guildhall Loan Collection, 1894.—Reproduced by kind permission of Ralph Brocklebank, Esq., of Haughton Hall, Tarporley, Cheshire.

This custom is said to date from the twelfth century. Zidni, then Doge of Venice, having on behalf of Pope Alexander III. attacked the fleet of Barbarossa, and obtained a complete victory, the Pope in acknowledgment gave him a ring, ordaining that henceforth the governing Doge, as representing the city of Venice, should annually, with a ring, espouse the sea. It is recorded that in 1177 this pompous ceremony took place for the first time. About eight in the morning on Ascension Day, the Venetian Senators in their scarlet robes walked with the Doge in procession to the shore, the Pope's Nuncio on his right, the Patriarch of Venice on his left; they embarked on the barge *Bucentoro* from the Piazza of St. Mark, and proceeded slowly to the Isle of Lido, surrounded by a world of pious and gondolas, richly covered with canopies of silks. Here the Doge, taking a ring from his finger, gave it to his betrothed, the Adriatic, by dropping it into her bosom, uttering the words, "Desponsamus te mare; in signum perpetui dominii" (We espouse thee, O sea! in token of our just and perpetual dominion). In this picture the company are seen embarking, and a monk on the left is blessing the sea.

PERSONAL.

A sculptor of well-sustained reputation, frequently employed on statues of a public historical or memorial character, and the designer of many poetic or ideal figures approved by the Art Union, died on June 16 at Edinburgh, his native city.

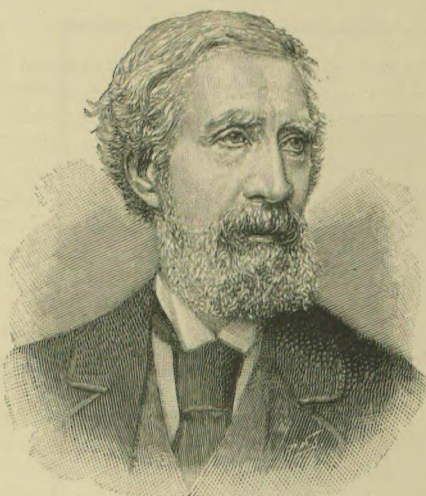


Photo by Took and Whitfield.
THE LATE MR. W. CALDER MARSHALL, R.A.

Mr. Calder Marshall, however, was a resident in London since 1839, became, in 1844, an Associate of the English Royal Academy, and in 1852 was elected to its full membership. He was one of the representatives of this country at the Paris International Exhibition of 1878, and was then appointed a Chevalier of the French Legion of Honour. His most important public works are the statues of Lord Somers and Lord Clarendon at the Houses of Parliament, the group symbolical of "Agriculture" in the Hyde Park Albert Memorial, a series of bas-reliefs in one of the chapels of St. Paul's Cathedral, the statue of Dr. Jenner in Kensington Gardens, and those of Sir Robert Peel, at Manchester, of the seventh Earl of Derby, and of Samuel Crompton, inventor of the spinning-mule, at Bolton, in Lancashire, and of Governor Sir George Grey, at Cape Town. Minor works of his, "Sabrina" and "The Dancing Girl Reposing," have long been widely in favour.

A fancy sale of work chiefly executed by the nuns themselves will be held in the grounds of the Convent of the Assumption in Kensington Square on June 26 and 27. These grounds have an especial interest historically, for they are among the last features of "the Old Court Suburb" which have escaped the attacks of the modern builder and the followers in his train. The bazaar will be opened by H.R.H. Princess Hélène d'Orléans, who to reach the beautiful convent grounds will have to pass through the house which was once the abode of Talleyrand, by turns the enemy and Minister of her ancestors.

The prizes which have fallen to Lord Rosebery since the success of Ladas have been connected with cattle which are little likely to bring upon him diatribes in the daily press or protestations from Exeter Hall. His short-horn cows received the first and second prizes at the West Lothian Cattle Show, and the same happy fate befell the Prime Minister's pigs, while Lord Rosebery's sheep took the cake—the phrase is pardonable in this particular allusion—with four first prizes and one second prize. Perhaps this evidence of his Lordship's superiority in other fields than Epsom may allay some of the irritation lately aroused.

The Parliamentary situation is getting more and more uninteresting to the "Man in the Street." He is unable to see the true inward meaning of much of the discussion on the Budget Bill, and even the Lords' debate on that familiar theme, the marriage of a deceased wife's sister, is not precisely exciting. A French gentleman who had carefully read the debate by the Peers on this subject remarked that he could not understand why an Englishman did not marry the deceased wife's sister first.

Lord Coleridge's death has raised a curious question as to whether his eldest son, the Hon. Bernard Coleridge, Q.C., M.P., must, now that he becomes a member of the House of Lords, relinquish his right to practise at the Bar. He is fond of his profession, where he has achieved speedy success, and naturally he is reluctant, at the age of forty-three, to quit the Bar as well as the House of Commons.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH LORD COLERIDGE DIED, No. 1, SUSSEX SQUARE.
THE HON. BERNARD COLERIDGE (NOW LORD COLERIDGE) CALLS.

The new peer was called to the Bar of the Middle Temple in 1877, and two years ago took silk; he was formerly counsel for the Post Office, on the Western Circuit. His connection with St. Stephen's is of shorter duration; he was elected member for the Attercliffe division of Sheffield in November 1885, since when he has retained his seat in the Liberal interest. Lord Coleridge, as one must now

call him, has been engaged in several political cases, notably the libel actions brought by Mr. J. Havelock Wilson, M.P. It was, indeed, straight from a case in which he had been appearing as counsel that Mr. Coleridge hurried to the house in Sussex Square (depicted on this page) where his distinguished father lay dying. It is understood that the new peer has submitted his case as to the continuance of practice to high legal opinion for decision. Barristers seem to retain an undying love for the Bar, even after success in higher walks of the profession. Not very long ago it was rumoured that an ex-Home Secretary thought of resuming his former work, and it was argued that a Judge might possibly, when he had earned his pension, once again appear at the Bar. It is quite certain that such intentions would receive no support from "Briefless Junior," who so often amuses the readers of *Punch*.

Mr. Mortimer Menpes, whose impressions of Cairo are now to be seen at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, is, we believe, the first artist of distinction sent to us by our brothers at the Antipodes. Born at Adelaide, in South Australia, he came to London at an early age, and after some preliminary study was placed with Mr. Poynter, R.A., the present Director of the National Gallery, from whom he learnt the value of the antique, the resources of colour, and the need of unremitting patience. Mr. Menpes, having learnt as much as he thought necessary from the orthodox teacher, next turned to Mr. Whistler, by whom he was for a time recognised as the most promising of his pupils. But Mr. Whistler, as we know, has pursued with success a certain gentle art, and although Mr. Menpes readily acknowledged his indebtedness to Mr. Whistler's teaching in the few lines of preface to his exhibition of Japanese drawings exhibited some three or four years ago, the successful young artist was at once marked out as a special object of attack by his former associates and less successful followers of Mr. Whistler. No insinuations as to the origin of his Japanese and subsequently of his Indian sketches were considered too harsh, and Mr. Menpes found himself for a while the best-abused man of the New English Art coterie. What Mr. Menpes thinks of his assailants and critics may be seen in the opinions of Mr. Shilto Jessop on the "Actualists" in the current number of the *National Review*, where some very humorous and by no means ill-natured rejoinders are made upon a body whose chief grievance is its failure to attract public notice.

The thirty-two brilliant impressions of Cairo by Mr. Menpes at Messrs. Dowdeswell's will, we think, be regarded as the artist's most successful work. They are for the most part scenes of indoor and outdoor life in the bright Egyptian capital, where old Oriental splendour still lingers side by side with Arab picturesqueness. The "Fruit-Shop" (10), with its groups of buyers and sellers; "The Carpet-Makers" (65), working in the dim recesses of their shop, while outside the bright sun is beating down upon the tall figure of a pilgrim, perhaps just starting for Mecca; "The Story-Teller" (9), one of the gems of the exhibition, representing a group of five eager listeners clustering round the "enchanter"—these are a few only of the good things here provided. Mr. Menpes paints with almost microscopic minuteness, and with a due regard for expressive bits of pose and feature; but his outlines are never hard, nor is the sense of atmosphere and proportion ever lost sight of. In the present case he has employed only transparent colours in his pictures, with the result that they, although brilliant in colouring, are never heavy or overcharged. When dealing with the features of Cairene street architecture, Mr. Menpes gives due prominence to the rich tones which age and a tenderly disposed climate have thrown over the brilliant green or blue window-shutters and doorways with which the city abounds. The exhibition is in every way an attractive one, and shows how fully justified have been the hopes of those who anticipated for Mr. Menpes a brilliant career.

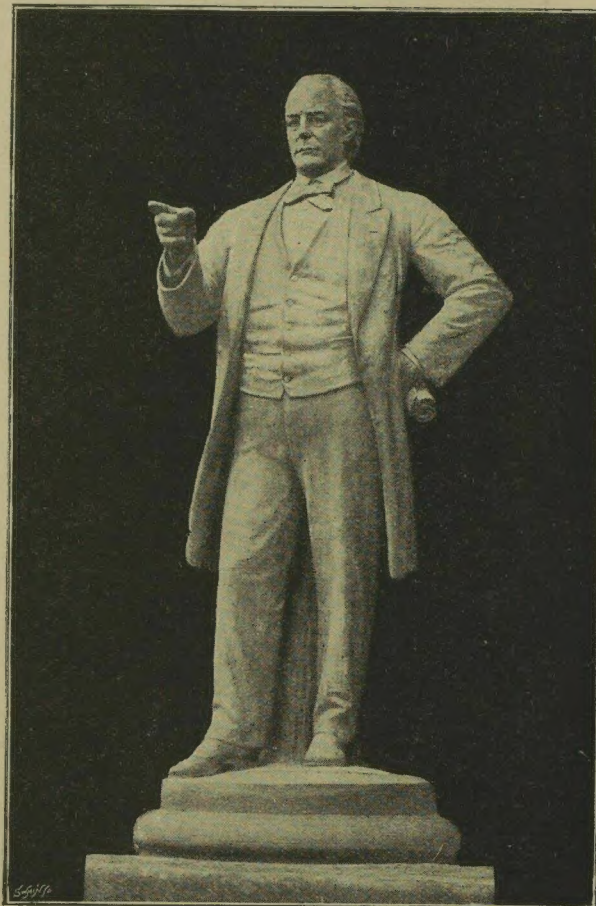
Lord Edward Cecil's marriage to Miss Violet Maxse was the occasion of a pleasant mingling of political parties in the congregation which assembled at St. Saviour's Church, Chelsea, on June 18. The signatories to the register included Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, Mr. John Morley, and the Home Secretary, who so recently was himself a happy bridegroom. Mr. George Meredith, who is seldom present at such society functions, came with his daughter, and had as neighbours in the church other representatives of literature, including Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Oscar Wilde, and Mr. Hall Caine. Three famous actors, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and Mr. George Grossmith were noticeable in the fashionable throng, which seemed to include "everybody who is anybody." Lord and Lady Edward Cecil went for their honeymoon to Blackmoor, the country seat of the Earl of Selborne, whose son married the bridegroom's sister, Lady Beatrice Cecil.

The new Vicar of Hull, the Rev. John William Mills, M.A., is well known in Evangelical circles, and his appointment will maintain the traditions of the stately parish church of Hull. For the last five years Mr. Mills has been Rector of St. George's, Birmingham, where he has done a very remarkable work in church and mission-room among a poor population, numbering about 15,000. Before proceeding to the Midlands, his ministry was chiefly confined to the eastern counties. From 1869 to 1871 he was Curate of St. Mary's, Bury St. Edmunds, and he afterwards became chaplain of the jail and General Hospital in that town. In 1872 he received his first independent appointment, when he became Rector of St. Laurence Newland. Here he worked for seventeen years, endearing himself to his own people and to his brethren of the clergy in the country round. Honours were quickly conferred upon him. In 1875 he became Diocesan Inspector, and later he was appointed Rural Dean. In 1889 he removed to Birmingham, where he found the work to be

very different from that to which he had been accustomed, but he was not long in justifying the choice of the trustees, and the crowded church and well-organised parish amply testify that he has been the right man in the right place. Mr. Mills is a graduate of Cambridge, and was Seatonian Prizeman in 1877. He is a son-in-law of the Archdeacon of Southwark.

Mr. W. H. Wagstaff, M.A., has been elected to the Gresham professorship of geometry, in succession to Mr. Karl Pearson, who resigned. The new lecturer is twenty-seven years of age, and was educated at the City of London School and Peterhouse, Cambridge. He graduated B.A., with first-class honours in the mathematical tripos, in 1888. Mr. Wagstaff has been head mathematical master at the City of London School, mathematical master at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and is now at Wellington College.

Northampton has commemorated the late Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, who after historic struggles represented it in Parliament, by erecting a terra-cotta statue of him. It is the admirable work of Mr. George Tinworth, and was produced at Messrs. Doulton and Co.'s Lambeth Art Pottery. The figure of Mr. Bradlaugh is about 7 ft. 6 in. in height, and represents him in the attitude of addressing the House of Commons. The gesture of his upraised right hand will immediately recall the junior member for Northampton to any who heard his strident eloquence in public demonstrations or within the stately walls of St. Stephen's. On the pedestal are graven these words: "Thorough. Charles Bradlaugh. Born Sept. 26, 1833; died Jan. 30, 1891. M.P. for Northampton 1880-1891. Four times elected to one Parliament in



STATUE OF THE LATE MR. BRADLAUGH, M.P., AT NORTHAMPTON.
SCULPTOR, MR. GEORGE TINWORTH.

vindication of the rights of Constituencies. India, too, chose him her representative. A sincere friend of the People, his life was devoted to Progress, Liberty, and Justice."

Additional interest is given to the picture on the opposite page of the Court of Criminal Appeal by the decease of Lord Coleridge. The senior of the Bench is now Sir Charles E. Pollock, more familiarly known under his old title of Baron. The learned Judge was born in 1823, three years later than the Lord Chief Justice. St. Paul's School is proud to claim him as one of its *alumni*. He was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple forty-seven years ago, and became a Q.C. and Benchman in 1866. Sir Charles Pollock acted as Baron of the Court of Exchequer for nearly three years, becoming in November 1875 a Judge of the High Court of Justice. The faces of Sir John O. Day and Sir Archibald L. Smith became extremely familiar to frequenters of the Parnell Commission, where both these Judges acted as Commissioners. Sir Arthur Charles has been a Judge since 1887; he was formerly Recorder of Bath, and is fifty-five years of age.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

JUNE 23, 1894.

Thick Edition	3s.
Thin Edition	1½s.

Newspapers for abroad may be posted at any time, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

AT HOME.

Twelve months (including Christmas Number),	£1 9s. 3d.
Six months, 14s.	Christmas Half-Year, 15s. 3d.
Three months, 7s.	Christmas Quarter, 8s. 3d.

ABROAD.

THICK EDITION.

Twelve months (including Christmas Number),	£1 16s. 4d.
Six months, 17s. 4d.	Christmas Half-Year, 19s. 0d.
Three months, 8s. 8d.	Christmas Quarter, 10s. 4d.

THIN EDITION.

Twelve months (including Christmas Number),	£1 12s. 0d.
Six months, 15s. 2d.	Christmas Half-Year, 16s. 10d.
Three months, 7s. 7d.	Christmas Quarter, 9s. 3d.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, in English money; by cheques, crossed "The Union Bank of London"; or by Post-Office Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to INGRAM BROTHERS, of 198, Strand, London.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, on Wednesday, June 20, left Balmoral, where she has been residing some weeks, accompanied by Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg), the Princess of Leiningen, and Princesses Beatrice and Alexandra of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. She will now be at Windsor.

The Prince of Wales was on board his yacht *Britannia* at the Royal Thames Yacht Club Regatta on Saturday, June 16. On Monday evening his Royal Highness, with the Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales and Prince Christian of Denmark, joined by the Duke and Duchess of Fife, went to stay at Coworth Park, Sunningdale, for the Ascot races.

The Prince of Wales's yacht *Britannia*, on Saturday, June 16, at the Royal Thames Yacht Club Regatta, retrieved her defeat by *Satanita* at the Harwich Regatta; she beat *Satanita* by five minutes over the course from the Nore to Dover, sailed in five hours and three quarters. On Monday, June 18, the same yachts competed at the Royal Cinque Ports Club Regatta, at Dover, where the prize was again taken by the Prince of Wales's yacht, in consequence of an accident to Mr. A. D. Clarke's *Satanita*.

The Duke and Duchess of York are at White Lodge, Richmond Park. His Royal Highness, as Master of the Trinity House Corporation, presided at their annual dinner on Wednesday, June 13, where the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha were present. The Duke

and to the policy of the present Government. The Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Beaufort, Lords Emlyn, Powys, Tredegar, Windsor, Kenyon, Penrhyn, and Mostyn, the Bishops of Bangor and St. Asaph, Colonel Cornwallis West, and Sir Watkin Williams Wynn took part in the conferences. A committee was appointed, and it was resolved to contest every Welsh constituency at the next General Election.

Mr. E. Leader Williams, engineer of the Manchester Ship Canal, has been apprised by Lord Rosebery of her Majesty's intention to confer on him the honour of knighthood.

A large memorial tablet in terra-cotta, commemorating the benevolent works of the late Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, the eminent Baptist minister, has been erected in the new hall at the Stockwell Orphanage, in Clapham Road, opened on Wednesday, June 20. It was designed and modelled by Mr. George Tinworth, and executed at Messrs. Doulton's Lambeth Art Pottery Works.

The Labour Department of the Board of Trade, in its memorandum on the month of May, states that there has been no general improvement, and the returns from trade societies indicate a slightly increased percentage of unemployed, being 22,652 out of 361,700 members of fifty-one trade societies. The steel trade had been fairly good in the Midlands and South Wales, and at Sheffield; but the engineering and metal trades, on the whole, remained almost stationary, though with a slight upward tendency;

four hundred years, and that the existing regulations should remain undisturbed. They raise a further objection to enabling the London County Council to nominate three of its members to the Governing Body of the school.

The chief topic of foreign political discussion in the past week has been that of the African convention between Great Britain and the Belgian Government of the Congo Free State, and the objections to it raised by France and by Germany, which are just now the subject of diplomatic correspondence in Paris and in Berlin. It may be observed here that, according to the new edition of the "Statistics of the German Empire," just published, the total number of Germans settled throughout Germany's foreign possessions only amounts to 1435—namely, 614 in South-West Africa, 500 in East Africa, 127 in the Cameroons, 99 in New Guinea, 63 in Togoland, and 32 in the German islands in the Pacific.

An attempt has been made at Rome to assassinate the Prime Minister of Italy, Signor Crispi. On Saturday afternoon, June 16, he was going in his carriage to the Chamber of Deputies when a shot was fired at him, but missed him. Signor Crispi sprang out of the carriage and seized the assassin, who had two revolvers, but the second was taken from him before he could fire. He is a young man named Paolo Lega, a native of the Romagna, and describes himself as a joiner, but is a member of an Anarchist society, and has passed by the name of Marat. King Humbert and the Prince of Naples hastened to the

Mr. Justice A. L. Smith.

Mr. Justice Day.

Mr. Baron Pollock.

The late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge.

Mr. Justice Charles.



Mr. J. B. Davis, Registrar.

THE COURT OF CRIMINAL APPEAL.

From a Mezzotint of the Picture by Sir Arthur Clay, Bart., by kind permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., Pall Mall.

and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha spend the Ascot week at Bagshot with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. On Friday, June 15, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha was entertained by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress at luncheon at the Mansion House.

The Russian Czarevitch has arrived on a visit to the English royal family.

The Khedive of Egypt has given up his intention of visiting London and Paris. He is going to visit the Sultan at Constantinople, and will also make a sojourn in Switzerland.

The Marquis of Salisbury on June 14 presided over a meeting of the Church Defence Association, held in the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, supported by Earl Selborne, Lord Mostyn, the Bishop of St. Asaph, and the Bishop of Chester. The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., has been engaged at Manchester in speaking at a series of meetings arranged for the entire week. The Right Hon. G. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P., has addressed a meeting of the Liberal party at Bradford.

At Chester, on June 16, a meeting of delegates from North Wales and the adjacent English counties was held to form a "Cymru Fydd" League, to assist the disestablishment of the Welsh Church and other measures affecting Wales. Mr. H. Lewis, M.P., presided; among the speakers were Sir G. O. Morgan, M.P., and Mr. Lloyd-George, M.P.

At the invitation of the Duke of Westminster, a meeting of influential noblemen and gentlemen connected with Wales took place at Grosvenor House on Monday, June 18, to concert opposition to the Welsh Disestablishment Bill

and there was no alteration in the shipbuilding trades. Employment in the cotton trade continued good, also the carpet and the clothing and boot and shoe making trades; the hosiery trade quiet, the silk trade bad, the lace trade much depressed; there was some falling off in the building trades. The dock and riverside labourers in London were better employed.

The executive committee of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, sitting at Birmingham, decided that they would not send representatives to a meeting of the Conciliation Board, convened in London by the secretary of the Coalowners' Association to consider an alteration in the rate of wages. In the event of the coalowners making a demand for a reduction of wages, the delegates of the Miners' Federation will consider it, and Lord Shand will not be called in unless the two parties fail to agree.

The Tower Bridge over the Thames is to be opened by the Prince of Wales on June 30, acting for the Queen, in the presence of nearly all the other members of the royal family. The Princess of Wales, on Tuesday, July 3, will open the new building of the British Home for Incurables at Streatham, with a fancy fair in aid of its funds.

The Committee of Council on Education have received memorials against the new scheme for St. Paul's School from the Mercers' Company, who are the trustees of the Colet Endowment, and from many former scholars of the school. They point out that, while the net income of the Colet estate is now £18,000 a year, and will shortly be more, the £8000 a year which the Charity Commissioners propose to assign to the school will be wholly insufficient. They urge also that there should be no interference with the 153 free foundation scholarships, maintained for nearly

Premier, congratulating him on his escape, and expressing regret at the outrage, in which several deputations from the Senate and Parliamentary committees have joined.

The foundation-stone of the new Protestant Cathedral of Berlin has been laid with great ceremony in the presence of the Emperor and Empress. The Court chaplain, Pastor Vieregge, delivered the address. In the foundation-stone were placed two copper plates. The first records in Latin the laying of the foundation-stone of the late cathedral by Frederick William, King of Prussia, in 1737. The second plate bears the following inscription in German: "William, German Emperor, King of Prussia, laid the foundation-stone for the new building of this cathedral, planned more than fifty years ago by his predecessors on the throne, on June 17, 1894."

Since the death of Muley-el-Hassan, the late Sultan of Morocco, on June 7, at Rabat, it is reported that the interior of the country remains in a peaceful condition. A letter from his juvenile successor, Abdul Aziz, has been read in the Mosque at Tangier, advising the faithful of his accession and asking for the adhesion of the inhabitants of that town. The letter was signed by Abdul Aziz and his four principal Ministers, Sidi-el-Gharrit, El Mesfui, El Hami, and El Bahmad. Muley Ismail, uncle of Abdul Aziz, has been appointed Khalifa of Fez. The British, French, and Spanish Ministers have been ordered by their respective Governments to acknowledge Abdul Aziz as Sultan, and to ask permission to pay their respects to his Majesty. His elder brother, Muley Mohammed, was imprisoned at Marakesh, but has now signed the act of allegiance to Abdul Aziz, whose authority has also been recognised by the Shereef of Wazan.



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT AS THEODORA.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Downey, Ebury Street.



CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DOWNFALL OF AN IDOL.

To decide in haste is almost always to repent at leisure, and Veronica was not wholly exempt from an experience which few men and still fewer women escape. In vain she told herself that her determination to resign Broxham had been consistent and well considered; in vain she pleaded with her conscience that she had used every possible effort to do what was right in her surrender of the property, and that it was no fault of hers if in this particular case right had proved, through obstinacy and perversity, to be left. Conscience, not less obstinate and, perhaps, not less perverse, persisted in asserting that Horace Trevor was an injured man.

"But not by me!" Veronica returned, tossing uneasily upon her bed at an hour when she ought to have been fast asleep. "How can I help his having fallen to the ground between two stools? Why did he try to sit upon both? Why did he make me believe that he loved me when it was as evident as could be that he really cared for Dolly Cradock? If he is disappointed, now that she has shown herself in her true colours, he has only himself to blame. What more could I do than beg him to take the place off my hands? As he chose to refuse, and refused rather rudely too, I was obliged to make the best of a *pis-aller*."

Conscience declined to be silenced by such excuses, and, after many unavailing repetitions of them, Veronica, being a tolerably healthy young woman, adopted the most

conclusive of all arguments by allowing slumber to overpower her.

On the following day, however, she could not refrain from partially letting Joe into the secret of her misgivings. She did not hint at any desire on her part to retract her offer—that, she felt, would be hardly fair, especially as the young fellow did not seem to think that she could be contemplating such a course—but she did confess that she felt rather sorry for poor Horace.

"Well, yes," answered Joe; "he has certainly got the worst of it all round. Being sorry for him won't help him, though, and as you can't give him what he wants, you had better not worry yourself with thinking about him any more."

"It is all very fine to talk like that," returned Veronica,



"Oh!" murmured Veronica, aghast, "how small you are!"

rather sharply; "but how can I help worrying myself? I know I was perfectly right to release him from his engagement, and I don't for a moment suppose that he would wish to renew it now, if it could be renewed—"

"Rather not! A man who would give a girl a second chance, after having been treated as you treated him, would be a most consummate ass; and Trevor isn't an ass."

"I never said he was, Joseph, and I wish you wouldn't interrupt. But although he may be well rid of me, it is rather hard upon him to have lost what he ought to have inherited from Uncle Samuel—not to speak of having lost Dolly Craddock."

"Brought up in a pious household, as you have been, Veronica," remarked Joe, "you must be familiar with David's hasty assertion that all men are liars. He ought never to have said such a thing, and I won't degrade myself to his level by declaring that all women are humbugs. Still there is no denying that most of them are, and very sorry I am to find that you belong to the majority. You know as well as I do, and probably a great deal better, that although that Craddock girl might perhaps have accepted Trevor if he had proposed to her, he never did propose to her, nor ever thought of doing such a thing."

"I know nothing of the sort," returned Veronica. "What I do know is that he couldn't afford to marry a poor woman, and that she couldn't afford to marry a poor man."

"Rubbish! He has never cared a brass farthing for any woman but you, and you don't improve your case by pretending to doubt that. Them is my sentiments, Veronica; and I regret that they should make you so red and angry."

A little red in the face Veronica might have been, but she was not angry, as her next words, which were spoken in quite a mild, diffident tone of voice, proved. "Have you seen him or heard from him," she asked, "since—since that horrid time?"

"I have had one or two letters from him," answered Joe; "but I burnt them, because it isn't fair to remember all that a poor chap writes when he is down on his luck. He'll get over it, you know—everybody gets over everything in time—and then, of course, he'll wonder why he should have made such a fuss about such a trifle. The loss of a nice property is no trifle, I grant you; but that couldn't be avoided. Trevor is such a good fellow that I daresay he will be glad to hear of his loss being my gain."

"You cannot," observed Veronica, after a pause, "be more convinced of his being a good fellow than I am; and if he has any regrets, as you seem to think that he has, I am sure mine must be quite as keen as his, and will last as long. Perhaps, when you write to him again, you will tell him that, Joseph. I suppose it is just possible that he may believe it."

"It is possible: I shouldn't say that it was altogether likely. But this is very unprofitable talk. What's done can't be undone, and the only thing for us to do now, as sensible people, is to make the best of existing circumstances. If I am to take this property off your hands, Veronica—and really, if it is not to go to Trevor, I think it might as well go to me as to anybody else—we ought not to lose time about seeing your lawyers and making some definite arrangement. The most satisfactory plan, I think, would be for me to be present at the interview. Then I should hear exactly what the estate is worth, and I could state pretty nearly how much additional income I should require in order to enable me to do as you wish."

"Very well," answered Veronica, trying not to think what a deteriorating influence wealth, or the prospect of acquiring it, exercises upon all human beings. "Ought we both to go up to London, then?"

"I should say so. Mrs. Mansfield will give you house-room for a night or two, I suppose, and I know a fellow who will put me up at his rooms, if I ask him. I shall make some excuse to my fond parents, and you may as well do the same; because there's no use in telling them what is up until the thing is settled, one way or the other. The lawyers, you see, are sure to raise all manner of difficulties, and you yourself may alter your mind."

"I shall not alter it in this instance," answered Veronica. And she felt constrained to add: "I did not think you would be so hard and unsympathetic about it all."

"Did you expect me to plump down upon my knees and burst into tears of gratitude? Now, look here, Veronica; you have done a lot for me, and I'm not ungrateful for benefits received; but when you wonder at my not thanking you for what you propose to do now, you should bear in mind what you are asking of me. I shall be called a robber; my own people will think pretty meanly of me, though they may be glad that I am provided for; I shall let myself in for no end of bother, and what shall I get in exchange? A big house, a comfortable income, and fairly good shooting? But I have no fancy for big houses, and my shooting has improved so much of late that I shall always be sure of as many invitations as I can accept. Upon my word and honour, I would far rather be a land-agent than a landlord. Consequently, if I see my way to consent to your proposal, I shall consent simply and solely in order to oblige you. As for sympathy, you mustn't demand it of me just at present. You haven't behaved in a way that I can sympathise with, Veronica, and that's the truth."

Veronica did not care to justify herself. She was not pleased with Joe, and was all the less pleased with him because, from a common-sense point of view, his censure was merited. However, there was at least one person—apparently there was only one—who could appreciate what her difficulties had been, and who even approved of the manner in which she had dealt with them. So that when, shortly after the above conversation had taken place, Mr. Mostyn was announced, his reception was of the warmest character.

"I was longing for you!" his pupil exclaimed. "Let us go out into the garden, if you don't mind; I want to abuse everybody, except you, with plenty of space and fresh air round me."

The weather was mild and sunny, so Mr. Mostyn, who only loved fresh air so long as there was no unpleasant nip of east wind in it, smiled and assented, remarking that the human race, with the one honourable exception which she had mentioned, would find no enthusiastic champion in him.

"This world," said he, while he carefully picked his way across the moist lawn beside the swiftly stepping Veronica, "is inhabited by beings of whom many are cruel, most selfish, and nearly all stupid. Every now and then it is a relief to abuse them, although the best plan, generally speaking, is to accept them for what they are and keep one's temper. What particular miscreant has been rousing your ire to-day?"

Veronica led the way to a somewhat damp and mouldering bench, upon which she threw herself down before replying discontentedly: "Oh, I don't know, after all, that I ought not to rail at myself instead of at other people. Perhaps it is my own fault that everything goes askew with me."

The poet followed her example, after tucking his coat-tails under him. "This means," he observed, "that your relations have been urging you to reconsider your decision and to beckon Mr. Horace Trevor back again."

Veronica said it did not mean that, but she confessed that the one of her relations whose support, or at least comprehension, she had counted upon had not answered to her expectations. "And it makes me feel as if I should have done more wisely to leave things as they were and marry Horace. He would have been kind to me, and I should have tried not to interfere with him, and I daresay the failure wouldn't have been so complete as my actual failure is."

"I must be allowed to demur to the assertion that you have made any actual failure," returned Mr. Mostyn, smiling. "You are depressed and irritated to-day, as we all are sometimes, but that feeling will pass off. If you had carried out your scheme of marrying a man who is essentially prosaic, your depression and irritation would have become chronic, not occasional. I speak of what I know; for, like you, I am blessed or afflicted with the invariable poetic temperament, and it has taken me all my life to reduce it to a state of partial discipline."

"Perhaps you are right," answered Veronica dubiously; "but you differ from me in being a man. I suppose men can endure loneliness better than we can."

"Well, it is more tolerable to be alone than to be forced into uncongenial company; but why should you be alone? Just now you did me the honour to except me from the general condemnation. I don't know that I deserve such a compliment; but I am sure that the more chances you give me of deserving it the happier I shall be. Perhaps also you might in some very slight degree increase your own happiness by letting me see you oftener."

Veronica expressed the gratitude that she felt in language which doubtless flattered the poet's vanity, accustomed though his ears were to flattering speeches. "But," she added, "in spite of all your kindness and friendliness, you can never prevent my life from being a lonely one. For one thing, even if you don't grow tired of me and my feeble little attempts at rhyme, I shall so seldom see you! Only when you happen to be down here, and perhaps not then, for I am beginning to understand that this cannot be my permanent home."

Mr. Mostyn rose and walked away for a few paces. Then he returned and stood looking down upon Veronica with kindly, compassionate eyes. "You are hardly more than a child," he said, "and I am almost an old man. Yet one knows of cases in which crabbed age and youth have managed to dwell together in contentment. Veronica, will you give me the right to live with you and take care of you until one of us dies? Don't mind laughing at me, if the suggestion strikes you as irresistibly comic."

It did not strike Veronica in that light—on the contrary, it brought the tears into her eyes—but she said at once that she could never accept an offer so obviously inspired by pity. "Only I shall always be proud to remember that you have done me this great honour," she declared; "it will be something to think of when I am inclined to doubt—as I know I often shall be—whether anyone has ever regarded me other-wise than with a sort of amused scorn."

Her lover (for such he boldly asserted himself to be) resumed his seat beside her, took her hand, and explained very gently and quietly how far she was from entering into his meaning. He would have spoken long ago, he said, but had been restrained by the not unnatural diffidence which beseeemed a man old enough to be her father. Even now, he hardly liked to tell her of his doubts—his repressed hopes—his absurd and unwarrantable jealousies. All he could venture to offer her was protection, appreciation, a tender and respectful sympathy. If these could by any means be made to suffice, they should be hers at a word.

Veronica almost felt that they might be made to suffice. She had, it was true, broken off a previous engagement on the specific ground that marriage without love was an experiment too dangerous to be essayed; but then she very well remembered having told Horace at the time that she could and would have married him if they had had anything in common, and with Cyril Mostyn she had more in common than with any other man of her acquaintance. Moreover, protection and appreciation—especially protection—seemed to her to be the very things of which she stood most sorely in need. So, after a moment or two of silence and self-interrogation, she made the reply which had, perhaps, been expected of her.

"And of this, at any rate, I can feel sure," she added with a smile, "that you are not offering to marry me for the sake of my money. I don't know whether I could have felt sure of that if you had been anybody else."

"I hope I need not tell you," rejoined the poet, "that to me money appears to be about the most contemptible of the many false gods which poor humanity has set up for itself."

"Yes, I know you think so; all your writings show it; and it is a point upon which you and I are absolutely agreed. Anyhow, my husband's riches will be very little if at all

increased by me; for I may tell you, in strict confidence, that I have now arranged to bestow the Broxham estate upon my cousin, Joe Dimsdale, and as he will require additional means in order to keep up the property, I have promised that he shall have as much as I can spare of my income into the bargain. Then I am more or less pledged to help dear old Uncle John; so that if I reserve a few hundreds a year for myself that will be all I shall be able to manage."

"My dear girl," remonstrated Mr. Mostyn, laughing, "your Quixotry would be admirable if it had not the drawback which attaches to all Quixotry. Of course such a programme is out of the question; your cousin could never agree to it."

"But he has agreed to it."

"Is it possible? Then I am afraid that I must say that I cannot agree to it. I should be ashamed of myself if I were to consent to such a suicidal act on my wife's part."

"Perhaps you would be right," answered Veronica reflectively; "I can understand your feeling in that way. Only, you see, the act will have been committed before I become your wife."

Mr. Mostyn shook his head, still laughing. "I assure you that it will not! I must save you from yourself, as well as from your friends, and I beg to say most distinctly that our engagement must be contingent upon your undertaking not to sign away an acre of your land or a shilling of your fortune."

He really meant it, although it took Veronica some little time to realise that he was speaking seriously. What shocked her beyond measure was that, at the end of a somewhat warm discussion, she extracted from him an avowal for which she had been wholly unprepared.

"I should be sorry to see you despoiled," said he; "but I must confess that I myself do not wish to be despoiled either. I am not more greedy than my neighbours—possibly even a little less so—but I am not less subject to the material conditions which govern our lives here below. I am, in fact, a comparatively poor man, and I feel no inclination at all, at my age, to double my expenses for the sake of enriching Master Joe Dimsdale."

"Then," said Veronica firmly, "I cannot be your wife."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Not if you remain obdurate, I am afraid. Can you not understand that life is prose, and that poetry is only the pleasant illusion which helps us to forget for a time what we actually are?"

"Oh," murmured Veronica, aghast, "how small you are!"

She had imagined him great, and was proportionately disappointed and disgusted; but, in truth, there was no more ground for her disgust than there had been for her illusion. As a poet Cyril Mostyn was relatively great; as a critic he was positively so; viewed from a moral standpoint, he was of about the average size and weight. He was justified in boasting that he was not more greedy than his neighbours, for he had never treated his art as a means of making money nor even deigned to court that popularity which commands large sales; on the other hand, he was rather self-indulgent, and had no notion of giving up small luxuries for the sake of a sentimental idea. This, stated with such elegant periphrasis as the occasion seemed to demand, was what he strove to render intelligible; and, although he met with scanty success, he went away without appreciable loss of self-esteem.

Veronica, for her part, sought the seclusion of her own chamber in a frame of mind bordering upon despair. Many human beings, Mr. Mostyn had said, are cruel, most are selfish, and nearly all stupid. He himself, it appeared, deserved a place in each of the former categories; she was by no means certain that he ought not also to be included in the last. And the rest of them were like him—even Joe, who had shown such a business-like determination to take as much as he could get.

"If I have had one disinterested friend in all my life," sighed Veronica disconsolately, "it has been Horace Trevor, and he will never be my friend again."

CHAPTER XXIV.

JOB'S COMFORTERS.

"So you and Joe are to go up to London together to-morrow, I hear, Veronica," remarked Deborah Dimsdale cheerfully, a few days later. "I am very glad you have made up your mind to leave. Not, of course, that we shall not miss you; but it can't be good for you to stay moping here, and you look so pale and miserable. It isn't as if you had plenty of occupations to take you out of yourself, as I have."

Deborah, who had been visiting the poor of the parish, had returned from her ministrations with a fine colour and an empty basket. There was not much to make the present or the future bright for this poor, insignificant, unlovely little person; but she took life as she found it and had no complaints to make, as Veronica noticed, with some envy and a little compunction.

"I shall not be away for long, you know," the latter observed; "I have to interview the lawyers and the dress-maker, and Aunt Julia has kindly offered to take me in for a couple of nights or so; but my business will soon be transacted."

"Oh, I don't expect to see you here again before the summer," returned Deborah, laughing; "when once you are in London you will stay there, and all these foolish misunderstandings will be cleared up, I hope and believe. You never speak to me about yourself, Veronica, and I don't venture to ask questions; but, of course, I have heard the whole story, and now that that tiresome Miss Craddock has been disposed of, I am sure you and Mr. Trevor will make it up, like sensible people. Stupid as I am supposed to be, I have had some experience of lovers and their ways of going on. There was a very similar case to yours in the village last year. Betts, the baker, you know, and Sally Miles, whom he has since married. I always told Sally that, if she would only have patience, all would end well; and, sure enough,

that pretty girl at the Seven Stars whom he took it into his silly head to run after jilted him for a commercial traveller; after which—"

"The analogy would be perfect," interrupted Veronica, "if I had been forsaken by Mr. Trevor and if I were going up to London to meet him. The only respect in which I differ from Sally Miles is that her ambition was to marry, whereas mine is to remain single."

But Deborah knew a great deal better than to believe that, and signs were not wanting that other members of the household shared her amiable anticipations. It was just as well not to undeceive them or to insist too much upon the necessity which had arisen for holding a consultation with Mr. Walton. When the results of that consultation should be divulged, there would, no doubt, be some protests and lamentations; but these would be curtailed by the knowledge that they came too late—probably also by a little irrepressible joy at Joe's good fortune. If Veronica was disposed at this time to form somewhat cynical appreciations of her fellow-creatures, it must be owned that she was not wholly without excuse.

One small consolation was that Joe had now become much pleasanter and more like his old self. By mutual consent, Veronica and he had ceased to discuss the future, leaving that and all questions connected with it to be dealt with in the unemotional atmosphere of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and reverting, just for these few days, to old familiar habits, which must perforce be shortly abandoned for ever. This was made more

he isn't bound to accept a totally different one. I grant you that *you* would have been disgusting if you had agreed to marry that fellow upon any terms, and I was very much afraid that you would agree to marry him until I heard, to my relief, that he had decamped."

"You don't mean to say, Joseph, that you ever expected him to propose to me!"

"Strange to relate, Veronica, that is just what I did expect, and have been expecting ever since you became a full-blown heiress. Luckily for you, there is every prospect of your soon ceasing to be a temptation to poets and others. I flatter myself that if I step into your shoes I shall not run the same risks. It will take an uncommonly clever woman to persuade me that she is enamoured of my personal charms."

"There is such a thing as being too suspicious," remarked Veronica, not best pleased with his tone.

"I am quite willing to take your word for that, my dear. You ought to know. The mistake which some people are apt to make is in suspecting those whom they ought to trust and trusting those whom they ought to see through. Now, Trevor, for instance, is a man who can be trusted through thick and thin, and—"

"I never distrusted him at all," interrupted Veronica impatiently. "You don't or won't understand why I had no choice but to break off that unfortunate engagement; and there is no use in talking any more about it. I thought you agreed with me that bygones had better be bygones."

first, but one gets accustomed to all sorts of funny things. And he has no quarrel with *me*, you see."

"I hope he has no quarrel with me either."

"H'm! he must be something very like an angel in human form if he hasn't. That's a forbidden subject though, isn't it?"

Veronica was of opinion that, so far as Joe was concerned, it had better remain forbidden; but she wished very much that she could see Horace and conclude a treaty of peace. Rudely and unfairly as he had hitherto met her advances, she longed to renew them and even to offer the apology which perhaps, after all, he had some title to exact. At the bottom of her heart there had always lurked a faint hope that he would permit her to redress her wrongs, and now that that was no longer possible, her anger against him was fast melting into compassion.

When the train reached Paddington, where Mrs. Mansfield's footman was in attendance upon the platform, Joe said: "I wouldn't mention to your aunt what has brought you up to London, if I were you. She'll only want to argue with you, and it's as well to be able to put a stop to argument by announcing that it comes a day too late. I assume, of course, that you have quite made up your mind."

"Oh, yes! I have quite made up my mind," answered Veronica.

"Because if you haven't, please say so; you won't disappoint me, I can assure you. Only I would rather not state in



She made much of her niece, forcing her to lie down upon a sofa, insisting upon the immediate administration of homœopathic remedies, and heroically abstaining from any reference to the breach between them which had now been closed.

easy by the departure of Mr. Mostyn, who had left home, and who, it was understood, had gone to seek refreshment in those Parisian literary circles which he always declared to be essential as an occasional corrective to insularity.

"If that beggar would have himself naturalised as a Frenchman at once, I don't think Great Britain would be much the poorer," Joe remarked, strolling leisurely towards home with Veronica, after a satisfactory morning with the ferrets; "what you can see in him to venerate so respectfully has always been a mystery to me."

"I cannot help admiring his work," she answered; "I don't admire him personally quite as much as I once did."

"Oh, you've found him out at last, eh?"

"I suppose so; one ends by finding everybody out. At least, one finds that very few people are exactly what one took them for."

"One does indeed!" said Joe. "At the same time, I must confess that I never took your friend Moslyn for anything but a wind-bag. How and where did you contrive to stick a pin into him?"

Veronica did not at first feel that she would be justified in answering the question; yet she knew Joe to be thoroughly trustworthy, and she had been wont to admit him into her full confidence in days gone by, and her present sense of isolation weighed so heavily upon her that at length, after binding him to secrecy, she made up her mind to relate what had passed between her and her dethroned demi-god.

"Don't you think it was disgusting of him?" she asked in conclusion.

"Well, if you come to that," answered Joe impartially, "no, I don't. When a man offers to make a certain bargain,

"Of course I do," replied Joe. "Only it isn't a bad plan to bear bygone errors in mind. Then, perhaps, one may be preserved from making a fool of oneself a second time."

One does not always get a second chance of doing so, nor could Veronica feel as confident as she would fain have felt that she was not about to make a fool of herself in a new direction. However, Joe did not seem to be troubled with any misgivings upon that head. On the way up to London, the next day, he spoke freely to his travelling-companion of the life which he proposed to lead when Broxham should have passed into his hands.

"I shall have to keep a part of the house permanently closed until I marry," he observed. "Marriage, of course, is inevitable—rather a bore; but there's no help for it. I shall look out for some sensible young woman who understands housekeeping; but I daresay I sha'n't find her for a year or two, and in the meantime the furniture must take its chance of moth and dry-rot."

"Poor Aunt Julia!" interpolated Veronica, with a sigh; "she did so throw her heart into the furnishing!"

"Poor thing! Well, I might let her have it at a valuation if she cared to take it away, because I sha'n't be using the rooms. For some time to come the house must be a bachelor establishment; but I shall do what I can to improve the property and I shall take care to keep the shooting up."

"Will you ever ask Horace to shoot with you, do you think?" asked Veronica, with an effort.

"Oh, yes; I won't fail to ask him. Why not?"

"Won't it be rather painful for him?"

"I shouldn't wonder if he did find it a bit painful just at

the presence of your lawyers that I am prepared to accept the property, subject to certain conditions, and then be informed that you have thought better of your plan. That wouldn't place me in quite the most becoming possible attitude for the portrait of a gentleman, you see."

"You need not be under the slightest apprehension," replied Veronica, a little coldly.

"All right; then I'll call in South Audley Street for you about half-past ten to-morrow morning. I think you said you had made an appointment with Mr. Walton for eleven o'clock."

Veronica said she would be ready at the hour named, and took leave of her cousin with as much cordiality as she could bring herself to display. This practical, hard-headed young man was not the boy who had been her friend in old days; he was not even the Joe with whom she had gone out ferreting twenty-four hours ago. But boys, unfortunately, grow up into men, and friendship is a word of elastic interpretation, and the less one expects of one's fellow-mortals, the less likely one is to be troubled with headaches and heartaches.

To plead that she had a headache (as, in truth, she had) was one method of disarming the hostile criticism of Aunt Julia; and it seemed to be a tolerably successful method, for that ill-used lady was really very kind and forbearing. She made much of her niece, forcing her to lie down upon a sofa, insisting upon the immediate administration of homœopathic remedies, and heroically abstaining from any reference to the breach between them which had now been closed. Only, as was but natural, she had one or two questions to ask, which, after a time, she apologised for putting.

"I don't want to bother you, my dear," said she, "and,

of course, if you have made no plans yet you cannot tell me what you are going to do; but it would be convenient to have some sort of idea of what is required of me. Please don't say 'Nothing,' or I shall think you are still angry with me."

"I never have been angry with you, Aunt Julia," answered Veronica, sincerely enough. "I have given you reason to be angry with me, I know; but I don't see how I could have helped that. And how could I possibly say that I required nothing of you, after inviting myself to stay with you? As for plans, I think I must wait a little longer before I can speak of them. For the present, all I have to do is to see Mr. Walton to-morrow about some matters of business and to do a little shopping; so that I shall not need to inflict myself upon you for more than two days."

"But you will come back to me later, Veronica? Really there is no other course open to you that I can see. And some-

"Yes; he was here a few days ago. Quite well, and full of engagements, as usual. Horace is always so immensely in request. I warned him that you were coming, so that he might not drop in again until the coast was clear."

"But I thought you said he harboured no feeling of resentment against me."

"Nor does he, dear fellow! I was thinking of you rather than of him. I felt that a meeting would be so very awkward for you!"

"There must be a little awkwardness the first time we meet, I suppose," answered Veronica; "but we are almost sure to meet again some day, and I would much rather get it over at once and have done with it. Besides, I want to tell him how sorry I am for all that has happened."

"Wouldn't that sound a little ironical, dear? I mean, he might take it in that way—or he might think it rather bad

but hope that all has fallen out for the best, and I do trust that you won't distress yourself any more. You are looking anything but well, dear, I am sorry to see."

Now, it did not need any extraordinary clearness of vision to fathom the depths of this innocent and pellucid diplomacy. Mrs. Mansfield evidently misunderstood the nature of her niece's repentance, and flattered herself that by applying the spur to certain well-known feminine characteristics she could yet contrive to renew a repudiated compact. But although that much was obvious, it did not follow that she had misstated facts. It might very well be the case—indeed, it probably was the case—that Horace was not inconsolable; it was also by no means unlikely that, should his forgiveness be entreated, he would leap to Aunt Julia's erroneous conclusions. Upon the whole, therefore, Veronica reluctantly decided that her idea of seeking an interview with him must be abandoned.



LONDON SKETCHES: HYDE PARK CORNER.

thing ought to be done about Broxham. If you don't want to live there the place must be let, I suppose—though I should hate to think of strangers inhabiting the poor old house!" added Mrs. Mansfield plaintively.

"I am afraid I could not make up my mind to live there," said Veronica, thinking it as well to pave the way for the distressing announcement which would have shortly to be made.

"Yet you must live *somewhere*, my dear. However, I renounce all attempt to influence you; my only wish is to be of service to you in any way that I can. I suppose you do receive some reports from Broxham? You are not leaving the servants to do exactly as they please?"

"Oh, no; I get constant letters," answered Veronica, smiling; for she thought it very unlikely that Aunt Julia had taken no measures to assure herself of that fact.

After this there was a pause, which was broken by Veronica's inquiring, "Have you seen anything of Horace lately?"

taste. I will ask him to dine to-morrow, if you really wish it—though I doubt whether he would be able to come—but I should advise you to leave well alone."

Veronica made no rejoinder, and presently Mrs. Mansfield resumed—

"I presume you have heard that Dolly Cradock's engagement to Mr. Hornblower is announced. Poor Lady Louisa is in the seventh heaven, and Horace says he means to buy her the handsomest wedding present he can afford. I daresay he feels relieved, for she certainly did try very hard to ensnare him—as if he ever would have looked twice at her!"

"You considered her quite dangerous at Broxham, I remember," Veronica could not help remarking.

"Oh, not as a rival! I only thought, and I think still, that she did a good deal towards reconciling him to the little disappointment which was in store for him. The truth is that you made far too sure of him, Veronica, and that is always such a mistake. I tried to warn you at the time; but you would not listen to me, and now you see! However, one can

After all, it would, perhaps, sound a little ironical to say that she was sorry, and to inform him in the same breath that she no longer had it in her power to make substantial amends for the injury that she had done him. It was impossible to foresee how he would receive such an announcement, or what he would imagine that she could mean by it. The unhappy thing, the irremediable thing, was that, as Joe had truly observed, poor Horace had "got the worst of it all round."

(To be continued.)

OUR SUMMER NUMBER.

Now publishing, our Summer Number for 1891, containing Stories by Bret Harte, Miss Braddon, I. Zangwill, Lady Lindsay, and Margaret L. Woods; a One-Act Play by Max Pemberton; Two Splendid Coloured Pictures; and Numerous Illustrations by Fred Barnard, R. Caton Woodville, Bernard Partridge, A. Forestier, A. Birkenruth, G. P. Jacomb-Hood, and others. Price One Shilling.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY AT CAMBRIDGE.

The President of the Royal Agricultural Society for this year is Sir John Henry Thorold, Bart., of Syton Park, near Grantham, Vice-Chairman of the Lincolnshire County Council, who is fifty-two years of age, and in 1866 succeeded his father the eleventh baronet from the reign of James I. He was High Sheriff of the county in 1876, and is married to the eldest daughter of the late Lord Middleton. The implement yard and the dairy were opened to members



SIR J. H. THOROLD, BART.,
President of the Royal Agricultural Society.

a Danish stronghold. William the Conqueror, when he had to subdue the Anglo-Saxon prelates and nobles holding out against him in the Isle of Ely, built here a Norman castle, the last remaining part of which disappeared at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Cambridge also had its monasteries, priories of friars, and a nunnery, the sites of which are now occupied by some of the colleges. Of its churches, those which claim the greatest antiquity are St. Sepulchre's, including a circular structure assigned to the Knights Templars, St. Benet's, and St. Mary's, the University church, a good specimen of the fifteenth century style of architecture. The buildings, however, that command most attention in Cambridge are those of the Colleges and of the University. Between King's Parade and Trinity Street and the river Cam are some of the noblest edifices, King's College, Trinity College, and St. John's College being the most important; the chapel of King's, begun by Henry VI., is unsurpassed as a grand example of later Gothic; the other college buildings are of the Tudor and Jacobean period. St. John's College chapel, erected nearly thirty years ago, is one of the finest modern Gothic churches. Behind are the college gardens, which are on the banks of the river, often spoken of as "the Backs," and are beautiful with their smooth verdant lawns and shady trees. The University buildings, the Senate House, the Schools, and Library, of Grecian

nothing remarkably imposing. Christ's College and Emmanuel, in St. Andrew Street, Jesus, and Magdalene, are worthy of a visit.

Conspicuous among our Illustrations is that of the gateway of Caius (this name is pronounced "Keys"), properly Gonville and Caius College. Gonville, a Norfolk clergyman of the fourteenth century, founded Gonville Hall; and in the sixteenth century Dr. John Kaye, an eminent physician, naturalist, classical scholar, and antiquary—totally unlike the ridiculous Dr. Caius in Shakspeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor"—enlarged the collegiate foundation. Many notable medical men have studied in this college. Its buildings merit particular description. The first court, which is called Tree Court, is not antique, having been rebuilt in 1868 by Mr. Waterhouse, the architect, in the style of the French baronial mansions of the time of Francis I. The front, looking down King's Parade, is rather fine. Over the gateway are statues of three founders—Gonville, Bateman, and Caius. The side along Trinity Street is adorned with medallion busts of thirteen distinguished *alumni* of the college—namely, Bishop Lynwode, J. Caius, Harvey (discoverer of the circulation of the blood), Dr. Glisson, Dr. Wollaston, Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Cosin, Samuel Clarke (the metaphysician), Jeremy Collier, Jan Gruter (professor at Heidelberg), Dr. Brady,



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW.

of the society and the public on Saturday, June 23, when the charge for admission to non-members would be 2s. 6d. The judging takes place in all classes on Monday, June 25, when the charge for admission is 5s. On Tuesday and Wednesday the charge is 2s. 6d. each day; and on the last two days, Thursday and Friday, it is one shilling. The trials of machinery, oil-engines, churns, sheep-dipping and spraying apparatus, and the inspection of new implements, began in the week ending June 23. In this department the number of feet of shedding (exclusive of open ground space) actually allotted is 13,402 ft., in 442 stands, as against 13,018 ft., in 408 stands, at Chester last year, and 12,511 ft., in 411 stands, at Warwick in 1892. Notwithstanding the limitation of the maximum space allowed to an exhibitor to 100 ft., instead of 150 ft., so that a number of applications had to be declined, the implement department is the largest of any in the last fifteen years except the Jubilee Meeting at Windsor in 1889. There are 1864 entries in the live-stock department, or more than at Warwick in 1892, Plymouth in 1890, Nottingham in 1888, and Norwich in 1886, where horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs were exhibited. There are 617 horses at Cambridge, as compared with 509 at Chester last year; 659 cattle, as compared with 759; and 588 sheep, as compared with 631; but no pigs, on account of the swine fever. In addition, there are 670 entries of poultry, 162 of butter, 72 of cheese, 74 of cider, 10 of jams and preserved fruits, and 220 of hives and honey.

Cambridge, where the Royal Agricultural Society of England this year holds its fifty-fifth annual meeting, is not only the seat of one of the two old and great Universities, but is an ancient borough town, giving its name to the county, of which it is the centre for local government business, and market chiefly for agricultural produce. There was a Roman station here, and in the ninth century

architecture, stand in a central situation, and have a stately aspect. Still grander is the Fitzwilliam Museum, in Trumpington Street. In the other town streets, apart from what belongs to the academical institutions, there is

Sir T. Gresham (founder of the Royal Exchange), and Bishop Mackenzie. Inside the court is a statue of Dr. Perse, founder of the Grammar School of Cambridge. The smaller gateway towards Trinity is inscribed



A BIT OF THE SHOW, WITH ALL SAINTS' CHURCH AND THE GROUNDS OF JESUS COLLEGE.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY AT CAMBRIDGE.

with the word "Humilitatis," in recollection of the original Gate of Humility which Caius built in 1565 at the entrance of the college, and which is now built into the wall of Senate House Passage. The second, Caius Court, is entered through the Gate of Virtue, a fine example of Italianised Gothic, built in 1567, with its south side left open. The gateway leading from it to the old schools and

noble college, second only to Trinity in importance, occupies four courts, three built chiefly of brick on the east side of the river, and the fourth of stone on the west side. The front of the first court retains its original appearance, with its handsome tower gateway adorned with a statue of St. John, the arms and supporters of Lady Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Somerset, Richmond, and Derby, mother of King Henry VII.; the gateway studded over with the marguerite (her flower), the Tudor rose and Beaufort portcullis. This court was begun 1510, and finished in 1616; but the south side was refaced after a fire in 1772, and the court was enlarged by the pulling down of the old chapel and the erection of the new chapel beyond its site, from 1864 to 1869. Sir G. Scott was the architect of

this chapel, which is one of the most beautiful buildings in Cambridge. It is in the Early Decorated style, and consists of a choir and transepts, the latter forming the antechapel, over the middle of which rises a lofty tower. The exterior is elaborately carved; the principal entrance is in the east face of the south transept, and is guarded on either side by statues of Lady Margaret and her chief executor, Bishop Fisher.

The old church of St. Sepulchre, or of the Holy Sepulchre, already mentioned, is a Norman structure of great antiquarian interest. There are but four of these round churches in England, one forming part of the Temple Church in London, one at Northampton, and one in Essex. The nave is of Perpendicular Gothic architecture. St. Botolph's, adjoining to Corpus Christi College, has an imposing tower.

Trinity College has its front concealed in great part by the houses of Trinity Street; only the main gate and one end of the chapel are visible, with the block of rooms between, which is the oldest part of the college. The beautiful tower gateway, called the "King's Gateway," is adorned in front with the statue of Henry VIII. and the arms of Edward III. and his sons; the wooden vaulting is decorated with the arms of former masters; on the inside are statues of James I. and his wife and son, Charles. The great court, perhaps the largest closed quadrangle in the world, has all the greater sense of openness from the comparative lowness of most of the buildings. On the north side is the chapel, and next to it the clock-tower, with a statue of Edward III. The ceremony of matriculation

and most of the University examinations take place in the Senate House, which was completed in 1730 by the architect Gibbs; it is a rectangular building, in the finished Classical style of that day.

The river, flowing northward at the "Backs" of the colleges in Trinity street, near which stand also Queen's, Catherine, Clare, and Caius, has on the left-hand side wide open spaces, cricket-fields, and tennis-grounds. Beyond Magdalene College it makes a bend to the east, passing the



Gate of Honour,
Caius College,
Cambridge.

the modern Senate House, called the Gate of Honour, is very picturesque, and contains specimens of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders; but the elaborate carvings are much worn away. On the north side of Caius Court is the chapel, built at the close of the fourteenth century, but since much altered.

Our Artist has also drawn a view of the river and the "Backs," with the tower of St. John's College chapel. This



TOWER OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE CHAPEL FROM THE CAM.



TRUMPINGTON STREET AND ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH.



Holy Sepulchre,
The Round
Church,
Cambridge.

Castle Mound, and skirts the meadows in the rear of Jesus College, to Midsummer Common and the boating yards. In these meadows is the great Agricultural Show, entered from the end of Jesus Lane, which is continued eastward by the Newmarket Road.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

John Duke Coleridge was born in 1821 at Ottery St. Mary, where he is now buried. The same sort of continuity marked his character and career throughout. In the stress of political life, in the struggles of the Bar and the repose of the Bench, he never forgot he was a Coleridge. His very handwriting resembled that of his great-uncle, the poet. And just as the poet (worse luck for poetry!) was something of a theologian, Lord Coleridge, too, was always a Judge with the tastes of a Bishop. Perhaps he never taught in a Sunday school—Sunday school teachers always become Lord Chancellors—Hatherley, Selborne, Halsbury. But he was a devotee of Newman and Keble at Oxford, to the great delight of the Judge, his father; and he never outgrew those admirations. To his father's biography of Keble he contributed a chapter; and of Newman, whose sermons he heard when he was a Balliol undergraduate, he wrote in later years: "Raffaello is said to have thanked God that he lived in the days of Michael Angelo. There are scores of men I know, there are hundreds of thousands I believe, who thank God that they lived in the days of John Henry Newman." A yet more elaborate panegyric he passed on Newman in the contribution he made to the memoir of his Oxford contemporary, Principal Shairp. It was a great delight to Lord Coleridge when Newman sat to the first Lady Coleridge (*née* Seymour) for a portrait which Dean Church and other old friends thought the best ever made.

Lord Coleridge was called to the Bar in 1846, made Recorder of Portsmouth in 1855, and a Q.C. in 1861. Four years later he was returned as a Liberal member for Exeter; in 1868 Mr. Gladstone made him Solicitor-General, and in 1871 Attorney-General. In 1873 he declined the Mastership of the Rolls, to accept, almost immediately, the Chief Justiceship of Common Pleas, a title merged



Photo by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

THE LATE SIR JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE,
BARON COLERIDGE, AND LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

into the Lord Chief Justiceship of England in 1880. His fame as an advocate had been well established in the old days of the Western Circuit. Of all the stirring scenes in which he played a part, none, perhaps, was so thrilling as that witnessed in the crowded little court at Salisbury, when he rose, as Constance Kent's counsel, to make her public confession. As a cross-examiner, he established his fame during the Tichborne case. One paper lately spoke of it as an indifferent performance; but Lord Esher has just expressed the startling opinion that by it, and it only, was the case of the Claimant broken down. All other tributes to the legal career of the Lord Chief Justice throughout must give place to that contained in the whole speech delivered by Lord Esher, with all the Judges round him, on the first meeting of the Courts after Lord Coleridge's death. A short extract must here suffice: "Among all of us Judges who have known him for so many years there are none of us who could express what we wish to say in a manner so clear and so beautiful as he could. For twenty-one years he has been chief among all the Judges who have been on the Bench since that time; and was never found wanting on one single occasion. I will say no more than that he was a great Judge, not surpassed by any Judge who sat with him. He was one of those men of our profession who received his honours through that profession, but who returned to that profession the honours which it gave him. As a companion and a friend he was unequalled. His conversation was a charm to everybody who knew him. In every respect he was a man of first-rate calibre, and he must be deplored by the whole profession and by all who have any respect for the great men of this country." How much more he will be deplored by his intimates need not here be said. His eldest son, the Hon. Bernard Coleridge, succeeds him. By his second wife (*née* Lawford), the most devoted a man ever had, he leaves no issue.



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY AT CAMBRIDGE: THE SHOW FROM THE CASTLE MOUND.



THE DRILL SEASON AT ALDERSHOT: THE SCOTS GREYS CHARGING GUNS.

"LEFT SHOULDERS UP, CHARGE!"

THE ROMANCE OF UGANDA.

The British Mission to Uganda in 1893. By the late Sir Gerald Portal, K.C.M.G., C.B.; edited, with a Memoir, by Rennell Rodd, C.M.G. (Edward Arnold, 37, Bedford Street, W.C.)—Despite its many and varied merits, the prevailing note of this book is one of pathos. There never was, it may

rascally a company as fate could have put in the way of a traveller; and of the employment of four hundred porters, hardy men who behaved neither better nor worse than the average of the bearers of burden with which all recent explorers have familiarised us. Beyond Sir Gerald Portal himself, the Europeans included Colonel Rhodes, Brigade-Major Owen, D.S.O., Dr. Moffat, Mr. Ernest Berkeley, Lieutenant C. Villiers, and Sir Gerald's brother, Captain Raymond Portal, from whose diary there are copious extracts in Part

is taken through the "orchid-house" atmosphere of the coastal plains to the inner and higher belt of barren Mesozoic rocks, extending inland for 250 miles, and valueless beyond dispute to Englishman or to German. Upon the termination of this arid plateau, the fertile land of Kikuyu is entered; and to this luxurious region, where the temperature is cool and invigorating, the rainfall one of 50 in. to 60 in., and the population about forty or fifty to the square mile, Sir Gerald looked for the immediate future of the European in Africa. Thence onward, he has only to speak of the barren volcanic rock country which intervenes between Kikuyu and the magnificent plains of Kuvirondo, where apparently there lie infinite possibilities for the planter; and to come through Usoga to Uganda itself. Here, of course, lies the chief interest of his diary; and it must be confessed that he wrote with very little optimism of a country about which so much is written and so little is



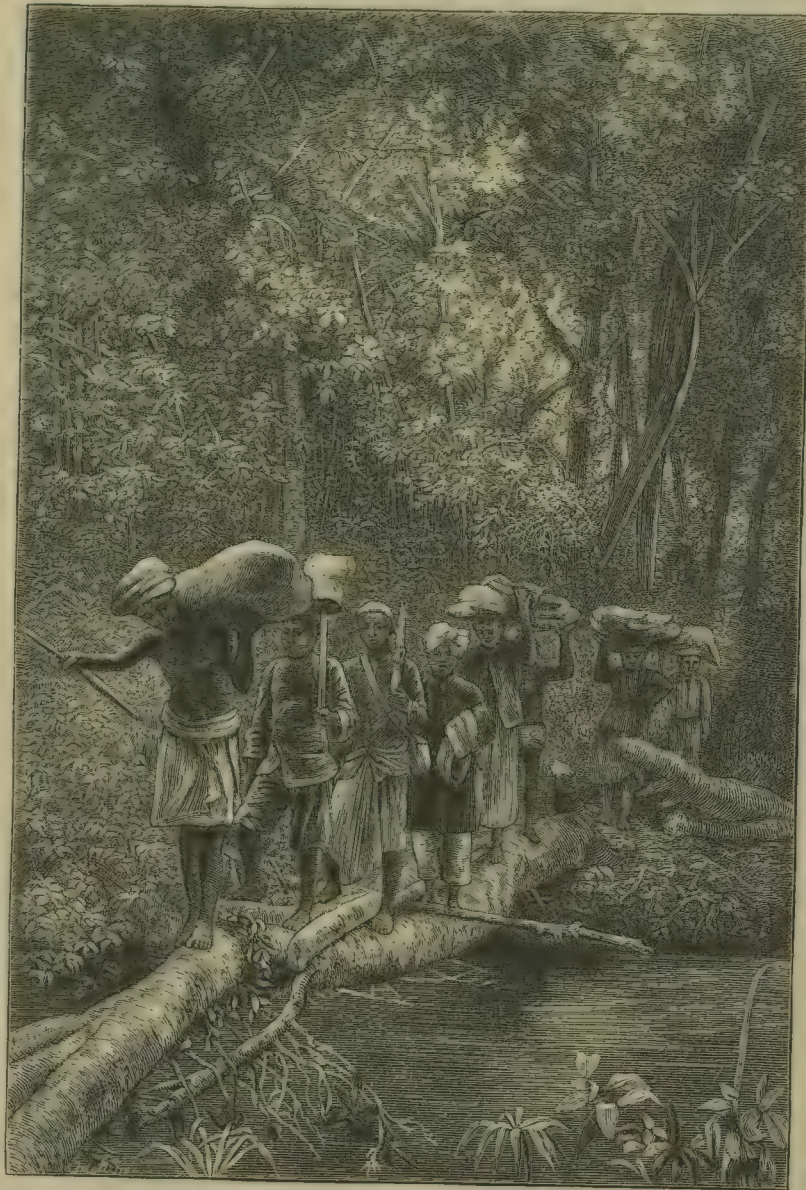
MWANGA, KING OF UGANDA.

From "*The British Mission to Uganda in 1893*," by the late Sir Gerald Portal.

be, a work which came to publication under circumstances so sad or so full of pity. The mission to Uganda, the fierce political controversy which the "little England" party built up around it, the contemplated evacuation of the land by the East Africa Company, the bitter struggles of Catholic and Protestant missionaries—these things are history, sharing with much that is historic the privilege of being forgotten immediately by the people. But the personal work of Sir Gerald Portal, his brilliant diplomatic record, his forced march to the palace, if it must be so called, of King Mwanga, his return to this country with infinite possibilities before him, his last illness, and his death in the moment of triumph at the early age of thirty-six: here is a story, as Lord Cromer is the first to testify in his introduction to the book, very near to tears for many who know it. Their number will be added to exceedingly by the publication of this record of the mission, broken by death at the culminating point of its interest, but none the less a record which sheds upon the places and people of the vast continent a romance entirely unlooked for in the work of a Special Commissioner, and permits even a large knowledge of the complex question to the man who hitherto has possessed no knowledge of it at all.

The work opens much as all recent works on Eastern Africa have opened. There is an account of the engagement of two hundred soldiers at Zanzibar, apparently as

III. of the volume, and whose death in Uganda deepens the note of gloom in which the undertaking culminated. With this assistance and equipment, the expedition made rapid headway, leaving Mombasa in the early days of the year 1893, and reaching Kampala on March 17, the identical day that the Commissioner had named at Zanzibar for his arrival. The diary of this part of the journey is much as other diaries. The leaders shot game in the more fertile highlands abundantly; the caravan suffered in the volcanic and sterile tracts all the horrors of thirst and exposure; there were sick porters and men stricken with fever. But Sir Gerald's way of telling even the simplest incident was all his own. For the first time in a work sicklied o'er with the prose of politics, there is a note of dramatic interest, an easy charm of narrative, a simplicity of statement, which are admirable. The reader is shown in the most entertaining way the kind of land that lies between the territories of King Mwanga and the Indian Ocean. He

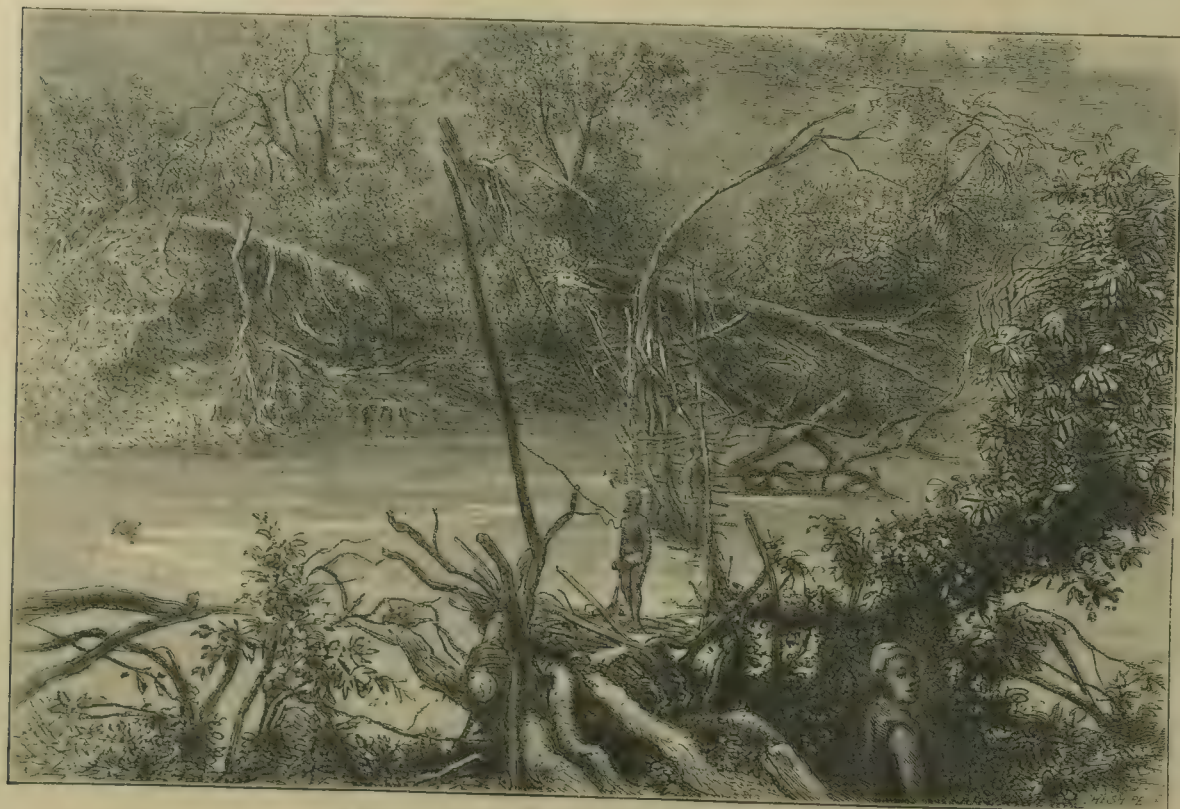


BRIDGE OVER THE MALANGA RIVER.

From "*The British Mission to Uganda in 1893*," by the late Sir Gerald Portal.

known. The kingdom of Mwanga, bounded on its western side by the sparkling waters of Victoria Nyanza, on its eastern by the vaguest territorial limits, consists of vast plantations where the banana flourishes, of impenetrable jungles of elephant grass, of swamps, of unfertile hills. It is governed by a weak man, who himself is governed by weak chiefs. Its people, freed in some part from the bloodthirsty despotism which for ages decimated the land like a plague, are now plunged into the feuds of creed and the miseries of the taxmasters' extortion. The petty chiefs still kill at their pleasure; hands are cut off and eyes are put out for the most venial of shortcomings. The bakopi, or peasantry, exist but to satisfy the greed of the miserable underling who is set above them, and who must in turn satisfy the greed of his chiefs, who ultimately minister to the rapacious needs of the King. There never was, as Sir Gerald testified, a country presenting such a complexity of problems, both social and natural; and while, had he lived to apply his brilliant administrative faculties to them, they had perchance seemed less overwhelming, the solution is here lacking, for the writer died at the very moment he was preparing to set it out; and the fascinating narrative ends abruptly. How fascinating, how pathetic it is, a perusal only will prove. Sufficient here to say that of all the books on Africa published within recent years it is by far the most brilliant, and that it is illustrated from photographs by Colonel Rhodes, which not only help to a realisation of the picturesque in the country, but emphasise the author's lucid statement of the difficulties of the road to Uganda, of the need for cutting paths and of building bridges, and of the employment of other means of transport than the rudimentary system of portage which now prevails. A settlement of the question of transport is, indeed, a vital preliminary to any serious thought of colonisation in the crime-stained kingdom of Mwanga.

MAX PEMBERTON.



SWAHILI BRIDGE OVER THE MALANGA RIVER.

From "*The British Mission to Uganda in 1893*," by the late Sir Gerald Portal.

THE EMPIRE IN COUNCIL.

For the second time in its history the British Empire is assembled in council. The Colonial Conference of 1887



THE EARL OF JERSEY.
Her Majesty's Representative at the Ottawa Conference.

was a great event, for it definitely fixed a limit to the period of colonial tutelage. By summoning representatives of the various self-governing colonies to the heart of the Empire, the Motherland announced to

the whole world that she recognised their right to partnership in the traditions and responsibilities of Empire. That idea of partnership is now carried

Nicholas Fitzgerald; South Australia, the Hon. T. Playford, Agent-General for the colony in England; New Zealand, the Hon. A. Lee Smith. Even South Africa, though its interest in the gathering is not so direct as that of Canada and Australasia, sends three delegates—namely, Sir Henry de Villiers, Chief Justice, Sir Charles Mills, Agent-General, and the Hon. J. Hofmeyr. The presence of Mr. Hofmeyr may be accepted as an indication of the close attention with which Mr. Cecil Rhodes will follow the doings of the conference.

Lord Salisbury wisely laid it down when discussing the question of colonial conferences in 1891 that colonial statesmen should not be called from their momentous avocations and be put to the cost of going to the end of the world unless some definite scheme awaited their decision. That maxim has been kept well in mind by the Canadian Government, and the conference will have plenty of urgent practical questions to discuss. Their first act will, no doubt, be to present a unanimous petition to her Majesty's Government to pass such imperial legislation as will enable Canada, Australasia, and British South Africa to enter into reciprocal trade arrangements with one another. Many of the colonies would also gladly see preferential trade arrangements established between themselves and the Motherland; and, as the principle of inter-Imperial Free Trade does not as yet commend itself to them, they may be expected to ask for the abrogation of those clauses in the Belgian and German treaties which by a strange anomaly extend to two foreign countries whatever preferences may be agreed upon

A ROMANTIC FAMILY.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"After the death of George I. the skeleton of Koenigsmark was found under the floor of a dressing-room in the Elector's Palace."

So says M. Paul de St. Victor, on the authority of Horace Walpole. Now, an incident of this kind is what we may call business. There once, of a verity, was Romance in Real Life. This was in the days of the Koenigsmarks. Perhaps the gentle and learned reader knows all about that family. For myself I know nothing except from Thackeray and from what I have been reading in M. Paul de St. Victor, who certainly should have been Professor of the Romance of History. That delightful chair should be founded in one of our Universities. I often wonder how people can be troubled about Pragmatic Sanctions and constitutional remarks and the dialogue "De Scaccario," while they leave the romantic side of history alone, and know no more of the Koenigsmarks than, perhaps, the gentle reader and I do.

The House of Koenigsmark rose from obscurity in Sweden, during the seventeenth century, "exploded in the four corners of Europe," and faded out "in the blood of a tragic catastrophe," and, in fact, under the flooring of a dressing-room. They began to be famous with Christopher John, in the Thirty Years' War; for Christopher John, a Protestant, stole a gold saint, weighing eighty pounds, from the church of Paderborn. It was as if one had looted the gold from the chryselephantine statue of Athene, in Athens. The eldest son of the hero, Otto William, came too late for the gold of Athene, but he destroyed her house: he it was who dropped a shell in the Parthenon and blew up the Turkish powder-magazine there. Up to that date the temple of the Maiden was intact, but must we blame Otto William? It was the fault of the Turks, who should not have filled the Parthenon with gunpowder, and so caused "the greatest plastic crime in the history of the world." This event occurred in 1687. The angry Athene slew Otto William of fever in Eubœa, as Apollo, at Delphi, killed Otfried Müller by sunstroke for doubting whether he was a solar deity. I, also, doubt it, but Mr. Max Müller may visit Delphi in safety. Next we come to Charles John, nephew of Otto William. He died at Argos, after trailing a pretty Countess of Southampton, disguised as his page, through many wars and wanderings. M. Paul de St. Victor is responsible for this statement. Of the Countess I only know that she "had lovely eyes, the most beautiful mouth in the world, and quantities of lustrous brown hair."

From Southampton to Argos, from the gold saint of Paderborn to the ruined fane, "the goodly house" of Athene, is a long Odyssey, marked by ceaseless adventure. But, before he found death on Argive shores, Charles John had distinguished himself in Pall Mall. He had wooed the rich widow, Eleanor Percy, but she preferred "Thomas aux Millions," for so M. Paul de St. Victor translates "Tom of Ten Thousand," Thomas Thynne, of Longleat. Consequently, Charles John had Tom of Ten Thousand murdered in Pall Mall. Charles John had to flee, to find his death in Argos. His sister was the famous Aurora, mistress of August the Strong, and so lovely was she that Charles XII. literally ran away from the splendour of her eyes. Another brother was Philip Christopher: his spectre haunts history, and we follow him by the trail of his dripping blood (St. Victor). Elizabeth von Platen, mistress of the father of George I., made love to Philip of Koenigsmark, the captain of the guard. But he made love to Sophia Dorothea of Zell, wife of our beloved George I. He declared, and she declared, that she was innocent. But their letters disprove their assertions. To ruin the domestic peace of an Elector, his master, and also of the Elector's son, who was to be our King, might satisfy the ambition even of a Koenigsmark. These violent delights have violent ends, and, on all the romantic house brooded the wrath of the golden saint, and of the Maiden, the daughter of Zeus. Madame von Platen, discovering that her lover was untrue, caused him to flee to August the Strong, the lover of his sister. But he could not remain apart from Sophia; he returned, in spite of a prophet's warning. Then Madame von Platen forced a lady of the Princess's to write a letter, as if from the Princess, giving him an assignation. He hurried, by the secret stair, to his mistress's door; she disavowed the letter. Armed with a note from the Elector, Madame von Platen concealed four braves behind the statues of four fauns in the hall, and served the party with a bowl of punch. The burnt punch flickers blue, the four vast shadows fall on the floor; you hear hurried steps coming and going without. It is Philip, striking against locked doors—for the doors are all locked—and seeking vainly for an exit. He enters the long darkling hall, drawn by the wavering blue lights. From behind the four fauns the four men leap on him. They stab him, they lay him low, he exclaims that his lady is innocent, the Countess von Platen sets her heel on his mouth.

The rest is silence.

Koenigsmark has vanished, like one of the murderers of Jeanne d'Arc, who vanished in a night; like Fethius, the Homeric scholar, after he entered that fuller's shop. Aurora sought for her brother in vain; there came no answer to cries like those of the mother of Memnon, the fairest of men. We have only Walpole's story of the corpse under the floor of the dressing-room in the palace of Hanover. Meanwhile, Sophia Dorothea, in face of her letters, denied her guilt on the Holy Sacrament. Her long imprisonment is matter of history; with George she neither could nor would be reconciled. So ends the great Koenigsmark romance, an affair of the Italian Renaissance breaking out, after date, in that Northern Court whither we went to ask for a race of kings. For romance there was, and romance there will be, let the virtuous modern muse of America say what she will. This, also, is an element in the nature of man, and imperishable as youth and life and love and hot blood.



PARLIAMENTARY BUILDINGS, OTTAWA: MEETING PLACE OF THE CONFERENCE.

a step further by the Ottawa gathering. One of the colonies, imitating the example of the Motherland, has itself taken up the work of conference-summoning. At the bidding of Canada, responsible delegates of the Ministries of the three leading groups of self-governing British colonies have assembled at the Canadian capital, and the Imperial Government has sent an ex-colonial Governor to give imperial sanction and dignity to the proceedings. The Earl of Jersey represents her Majesty's Government, and his colonial associations as Governor of New South Wales at the time of the Sydney Federal Convention of 1891 make his presence peculiarly appropriate. Canada, as the summoning colony, is amply represented. Sir John Thompson, the Canadian Premier, who was the other day made a member of the Privy Council in recognition of his services on the Behring Sea Court of Arbitration, might claim the position of president of the gathering, though courtesy will perhaps assign it to the imperial representative. The other Canadian delegates are the Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Minister of Trade and Commerce; Sir A. P. Caron, Postmaster-General; and the Hon. G. E. Foster, Minister of Finance. From Australasia comes a large contingent of responsible statesmen—namely, Victoria, the Hon. Sir Henry Wrixon, the Hon. Nicholas Fitzgerald, the Hon. Simon Fraser; New South Wales, the Hon. F. B. Suttar, Minister of Public Instruction; Queensland, the Hon. A. J. Thynne, the Hon. W. Forrest; Tasmania, the Hon.

between the self-governing countries of the Empire. These treaty questions only lead up to further measures of practical inter-imperial co-operation which the delegates have in mind. They wish to see a chain of British steamship and cable communications established between England and Australasia, with the Canadian Pacific Railway as the intermediate link. Canada has promised a subsidy of £175,000 a year to such a through steam-ship service, and it will be the business of the conference to discuss both questions in all their bearings—political, strategical, and commercial—and suggest what they deem to be a fair allocation of the necessary State aid among the Governments represented.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN THOMPSON,
President of the Ottawa Conference.



THE LATE SULTAN OF MOROCCO: A PLAYTHING OF MULEY-EL-HASSAN.

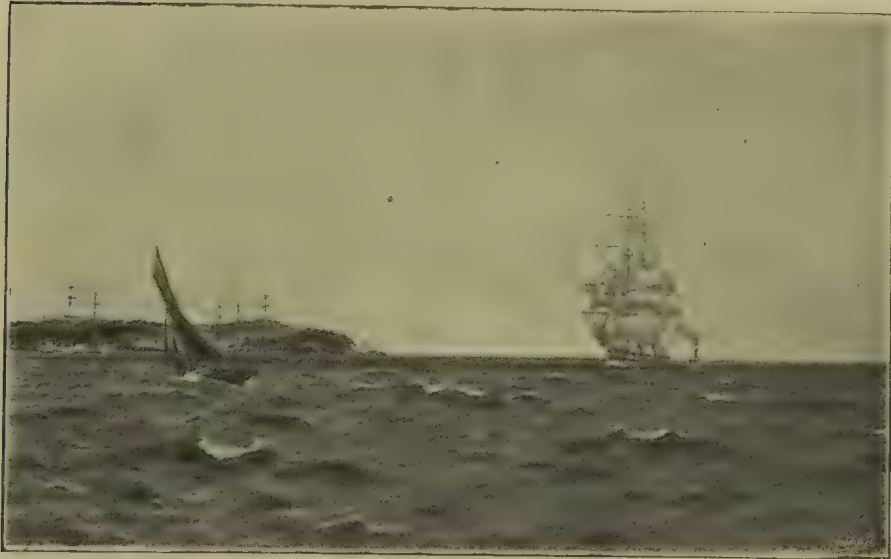
DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

PICTURES FROM THE NEW GALLERY.

The Copyright is in every case Strictly Reserved by the Owners.



"THE ALPS, FROM THE VENETIAN LAGOONS."—HILDA MONTALBA.



"THE END OF THE VOYAGE."—W. ATERST INGRAM.



"A GAME OF CARDS."—C. E. HALLÉ.



PORTRAIT OF LORNA, DAUGHTER OF HENRY MARTIN, ESQ.
MRS. SWYNNERTON.



"A VILLAGE COURTSHIP."—DAVID CARR.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

One often hears the expression used that the age of superstition is past and gone, that people are nowadays thoroughly matter-of-fact in character and thought, and that the era of science has more than begun. This may be all very true in a certain sense, but even if the age of science is already with us, I take leave to aver that, even among educated persons, there is still extant a very fair survival of superstitious ideas. Specially is this seen in the survival of notions about the occult cure of ailments. The charming away of warts by rubbing a gold ring (I believe it must be a wedding-ring) is an example of this survival. I have heard many a person grandly debate the reality of the cure, ascribing it not to faith and to the effect of mind on body—always a notable condition, and one to be reckoned with in most cures, indeed—but to some esoteric properties in the ring. So, also, the other day, I heard of a cure for rheumatism, the mention of which suggested these reflections. A lady recommended as a cure for rheumatism that the patient should carry a potato in his pocket. This is all. The simple expedient of going about with a potato in his pocket is guaranteed to cure a grave constitutional disease, the essential nature of which, as most people know, depends on the excessive development of a certain acid in the blood.

Now, arguing out the matter (and leaving out of count the remark of the friend who informed me of this expedient that if one potato carried in the pocket could do so much good, the patient should sleep with a sackful of the tubers), we know what rheumatism is and we know what a potato is. The latter is part of an underground stem and is composed, roughly speaking, of about 77 per cent. of water and 23 per cent. of starch. Primarily, will any rational being pretend that there is any connection between a little starch and water carried in the pocket and the rheumatic principle which is contained in the blood and is making itself at home in joints and muscles? If the patient gets better of his rheumatism, by good luck or by any other accidental condition, of course the cure, on the *post hoc* principle, is ascribed to the potato. If he does not improve from the potato treatment, you never hear anything more about the case. People are fond of vaunting their cures, but you seldom hear of their failures. I take the potato myth then as an example of the survival of arrant superstition among us in this enlightened age. It is really as crude a notion as ever proceeded from the medicine-man or rain-maker of a savage tribe; yet we find people who exhibit intelligence in other departments of life accepting this potato fetish as unreservedly as if science and common-sense were non-existent. I had well-nigh forgotten to mention that one condition of success in the potato cure consists in the fact of its shrinking and shrivelling away as the disease disappears. Of course, the initiated will not believe that a potato kept in a dry place, anywhere, will lose its water and become shrivelled. Again one may only remark "*Sancta simplicitas!*" and bewail the fact that such superstition has not long been relegated to the limbo reserved for the myths and dreams of the past.

Among the plants which have been invested with a very considerable interest from the mythical side of things, the mandrake stands *facile princeps*. I observe that Dr. Paterson, of Bridge of Allan, N.B., has placed on record the fact that the mandrake in his garden has flowered and fruited for the first time, in forty-one years, since it was planted. Dr. Paterson inquires for any information available regarding this plant and its uses in medicine, &c. The topic is an interesting one, because it unites in itself the interests of folklore and botany. Scientifically, the mandrake is the *Mandragora officinalis*, and belongs to the natural order—that of the *Solanaceae*—which includes the potato, the deadly nightshade, and the tobacco-plant among its representatives. Scripturally, the "mandrakes" (Hobrow, "Dudaim") are regarded as "love-apples." Dr. Paterson says the purplish blossoms are succeeded by a yellow berry or "apple," which ripens in Palestine concurrently with the wheat harvest, in May.

The part played by the mandrake in folklore has been a double rôle. Its fruits have been credited with producing nervous excitement or even insanity; so that probably the mandrake's properties are those of a nerve-stimulant. In Josephus it is related that the Jews pulled up the root of the plant by means of a dog. The plant, fastened to the dog's tail, was dragged from the earth, whereupon the plant gave a shriek, which was fatal to those who heard it, and accordingly the human bystanders had to stop their ears, or to run away from the spot to avoid this fatal result. Another belief was that the most potent mandrakes grew where a criminal had been executed—that is, under or near the gallows. Kept at home in a white cloth, and bathed every Friday, this estimable root was a veritable treasure. "If thou hast a mandrake, and bring it into thy house, thou shalt have good fortune," was a saying; and the "mannikin," "earth-man," or "mandrake" carried under the right arm of a litigant, was believed to ensure his full success in the law courts.

Among its other virtues was that of conferring fertility, and La Fontaine's fable, "*La Mandragore*" may be appealed to on this head. Then there were male mandrakes and female mandrakes—a superstitious notion which, it is to be presumed, arose from the fact that in the roots of the plant (as occasionally may be traced in potatoes, turnips, and other plants) the lively imaginations of the past detected a resemblance to the human figure. Of course, the poets have not been behind-hand in their references to this wondrous plant. Shakspeare's "not poppy nor mandragora," in "*Othello*," refers, presumably, to this plant, there credited with narcotic properties. "*Mandragora*" is also mentioned in "*Antony and Cleopatra*" as a narcotic; and Mrs. Browning has a reference to "*bathing in mandragora*" as a cause of drunkenness. I can find, however, no specific references to any uses to which the plant was put for the cure of disease. Possibly the charming away of evil things and the conferring of the benefits of luck and good fortune were representative in ancient days of modern therapeutics.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

R KELLY (of Kelly).—Your last contribution is correct and neat, but we do not consider it up to your standard. We are afraid you would not care to see the problem in print if we did accept it.
J M K LUTON.—Your problem is not problematical enough.
J F MOON.—Your problem shall appear.
ST. SEBASTIAN.—"The Chess Problem," Cassell and Co.
JOSE PALUZIER (Barcelona).—J M Brown, Bagby Street, Leeds, England, and David Nutt, Strand, London, W.C.
W E THOMPSON.—Your solution of Mr. Guntzer's problem is quite correct.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2614 and 2615 received from G A Humpert (St. Louis, Mo.); of No. 2616 from Gajzaro Mamo (Kolozsvár); of No. 2617 from W M Curtis (Liverpool), J Ross (Whitley), and G Todd (St. Sebastian); of No. 2618 from W E Thompson, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), G Todd (St. Sebastian), F E Rice (Northampton), W M Curtis, H Butler, F R Barratt (Northampton), J Allen (Teignmouth), Fr Fernando (Glasgow), H S Brandreth, Carolson, A Culyer, and J Bailey (Newark).
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2619 received from E Louden, Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), J Coad, W Mackenzie, E E II, H B Hurford, W Wright, R H Brooks, H S Brandreth, W P Hind, G Joicey, Sorrento, C D (Camberwell), Shadforth, L Desanges (Torquay), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), J D Tucker (Leeds), Fr Fernando (Glasgow), A Newman, T G (Ware), W R Baillem, J W Scott (South Seale), Martin F, Robert Curtis (Leicester), Alpha, F Waller (Luton), Dawn, and Ubique.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2618.—By HUGH HIND.

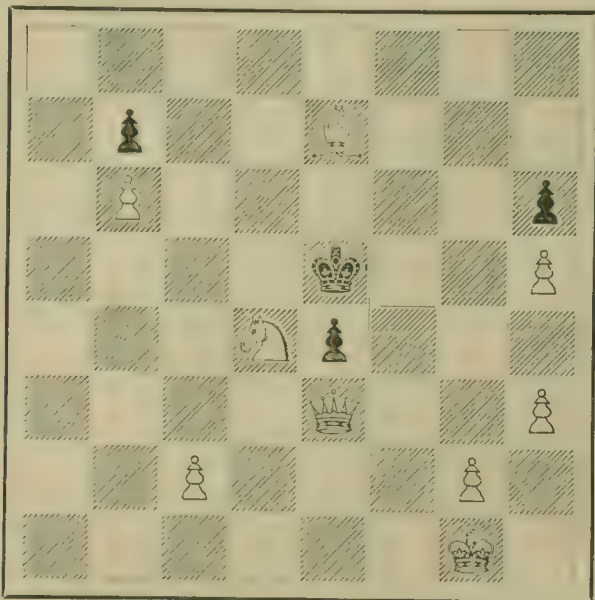
WHITE.
1. B to Q 5th
2. Kt to B 2nd
3. Kt to Q sq. Mate.

BLACK.
K moves
P moves

PROBLEM No. 2621.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN CANADA.

Game played in the match between Messrs. STEINITZ and LASKER.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	26. P to K R 3rd	
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd		
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd		
4. B takes Kt			
A return to the old days of chess on both sides. It appears, however, that this is not likely to be generally adopted. White fully felt the want of his Bishops later in the game.			
5. P to Q 4th	Q P takes B		
It may be White had an ultimate draw in view. There is an obvious intention of early exchanging Queens.			
6. Q takes P	P takes P		
7. Kt takes Q	Q takes Q		
8. Kt to K 2nd	B to Q 2nd		
9. Q Kt to B 3rd	Castles		
10. B to K 4th	B to B 3rd		
11. Castles (K R)	Kt to K B 3rd		
It is seldom that, with Queens off the board so early, a game assumes such interesting phases as in this case.			
12. P to K B 3rd	B to K 2nd		
13. Kt to Kt 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd		
Now the movements of White's Knights are exceedingly circumscribed, and the two Black Bishops become powerful.			
14. K R to K sq	Kt to Q 2nd		
15. Kt to Q sq	Kt to Kt 3rd		
16. Kt to B sq	R to Q 2nd		
17. B to K 3rd	K R to Q sq		
18. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to B 5th		
This fine move to break up the Queen's side Pawns is very remarkable, and White's reply, gaining a Pawn, seems natural enough until the sequel is disclosed.			
19. B takes Kt	P takes B		
20. P takes P	B to Kt 5th		
21. P to B 3rd	B to B 4th (ch)		
22. K to R sq	R to Q 6th		
23. R to Q B sq	P to Q R 4th		
24. Q Kt to K 3rd	P to K B 4th		
25. P takes P			
Here Kt to Q 5th was necessary.			
25. P takes P			

We understand the Rev. G. M. Macdonnell's new book will be ready by the end of the present month, and it promises to be of altogether exceptional interest. The author's life-long association with the leaders of the game in England, both of the present and past generations, qualifies him in a peculiar degree to present a volume of reminiscences which no chessplayer can afford to be without. A portrait of the author by the new Associate, Mr. Arthur Hacker, will be an additional attraction to the work. Intending subscribers should address the publisher, Horace Cox, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane.

The following problem by B. G. Laws gained the first prize in the Manchester Weekly Times—
White: K at K B 5th; Q at K Kt 4th; R at Q B 6th; Bs at K Kt sq and K Kt 2nd; Kt at Q B 5th; Ps at K B 2nd, K R 5th, and Q Kt 2nd.
Black: K at Q 5th; R at K R 6th; B at K Kt 4th; Ps at Q 2nd, Q 3rd, Q B 5th, K B 5th, and K R 3rd. White to play and mate in two moves.

LADAS, THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.

Owing to the Extraordinary Demand for the Number of "*The Illustrated London News*" of June 9, the Entire Edition has been Exhausted. The Publishers, however, have pleasure in announcing a

FRESH ISSUE

of the
COLOURED PORTRAIT OF LADAS,
which can be obtained through any Newsagent for Sixpence, or by Post for Sevenpence.—Ingram Brothers, 198, Strand.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

At the recent State Ball it was noticed that some of the handsomest dresses had the bodices constructed with the two sides of differing material. One such dress was worn by H.R.H. the Marchioness of Lorne; the skirt was of pink satin, and chiffon spangled with silver made side panels, with silver embroidery crossing the chiffon; the bodice had half of pink velvet, and the other half was satin drawn over with pink chiffon, while the berthe and full sleeves were of fine white lace. Another such dress was worn by the Duchess of Devonshire, whose stately grace always sets off her costumes to the highest advantage, but who never had a more magnificent gown to display. It was of white brocade, mixed with gold-embroidered white tulle and with yellow velvet of a pale shade. One half the bodice was of yellow velvet and the other half of white brocade, with a narrow vest between of gold embroidered tulle, edged with a band of embroidered satin—a single tall gold lily on a white ground. One sleeve was of white brocade, the other of yellow velvet, and trails of laburnum and other flowers in various shades of yellow formed epaulettes. On the skirt were gold embroideries and a fringe of gold forming swinging side panels. In a third case, one half the bodice was of bright green velvet fitting closely to the figure, and there was drawn over it in folds that went to the left side of the waist a half-bodice of a darker green satin; where the two materials met, at intervals across the figure, were placed three diamond hooks and eyes, as though holding the two halves together. The skirt was of green satin, with bands of velvet laid down and embroidered on with crystal at each side, ending under a deep flounce of lace, looped up with clusters of pink roses, and the berthe and sleeves were of white lace with pink roses holding the folds.

There has been a valiant attempt on the part of the dressmakers to bring back tulle for girls' evening wear; but few such dresses were ordered for the State Ball. The material lacks distinction, and there are so many beautifully light and girlish-looking silks, and chiffon is so ethereal and dainty, that the more banal fabric has not managed to recover its sometime popularity. Most young ladies' ball dresses have some chiffon or silk muslin about them; but a white satin or corded silk or surah, partly covered by more fragile and airy material, is preferred to one constructed entirely of soft and perishable stuff. A typical girl's dress made for the royal command was of white satin with pale yellow chiffon tied in a bow wide enough to form the whole front berthe, the centre fixed with a little diamond brooch, this being the only ornament worn save a pearl necklet of one row. The plain skirt had sashes of the same light and delicate tinted material drawn down over it, and each finished off at the bottom by a big bow like the one on the bodice. Another dancing frock for a pretty young lady of title was of white chené glacé silk, the faint patterning being bunches of forget-me-nots, and the trimmings blue silk muslin. This pale muslin was allowed to fall over the front of the skirt in a handkerchief point, draped in to the hips at either side, and thence scarves of the muslin were carried over the shoulders, crossing at the bust to form full over-drapings to the sleeves, which were puffs of the fancy silk. Another was a white soft silk, with the seams trimmed along with gold sequins on white net; round the foot this net was also flatly laid, and gave a glimpse through it of a gold satin band; the bodice was a little cross-over low-cut one of gold satin, with a folded berthe and a deep belt of the sequin-covered net. This last may be taken as typical of the highest degree of smartness and elaboration that is suitable for young girls.

All the mothers of England are now waiting with the interest that a common womanhood arouses for good news of the Duchess of York. H.R.H. was at the Opera on the day before she left town for her mother's residence at Richmond. She looked very well, plainly dressed in black chiffon with a white lace berthe and epaulettes, and one diamond star far back on her head. She does her hair exactly like the Princess of Wales, and has so much the same carriage of the head and figure that she bears a striking resemblance to her much-admired mother-in-law. Apropos of the selection of Dr. Williams, a Welsh physician, as the medical attendant of the Princess, I see it stated by a London paper that "Her Majesty the Queen also received the first cares from a Welshman." It is worth recalling, now that there are so many highly accomplished lady doctors, that it was, in fact, a woman practitioner, and not a man at all, who was entrusted on that occasion with the important charge of the expected heir to the British throne. Queen Charlotte was the mother of eleven children, and without exception the wife of good King George was attended by a woman practitioner. In Princess Charlotte's case, a male attendant was chosen, and the results were not happy. Her husband, King Leopold, in his published recollections of his early life, declares what was generally believed at the time: "Had she been skilfully treated, her life at least would have been saved." So strong was public feeling against her unhappy attendant that he committed suicide under its weight. Perhaps it was owing to this unfortunate turn of affairs that a woman was selected the next time the birth of an heir to the crown was in prospect, and luckily all went well, and our most gracious and valued present sovereign was happily placed in her high station. As it is added in her Majesty's book on "*The Early Years of the Prince Consort*": "It is a curious coincidence, considering the future of the children, that Madame Siebold, the accoucheuse spoken of above as attending the Duchess of Coburg at the birth of the young Prince, had, only three months before, attended the Duchess of Kent at the birth of the Princess Victoria."

The striking successes of the women students of Girton and Newnham at the recent Cambridge examinations are to be noted with pleasure. Miss Lillian Toms, who has come out second on the list in the Law tripos (there being with her only three men in the same class of honours) is a Truro girl. Miss Johnson, who has the high distinction of being the only student of either sex to take a first class in the highest division of the mathematical examination, belongs to Cambridge, and is but twenty-three years old.

"AVIS AUX ETRANGERS."

IF YOU BUY for CASH, see that you PAY CASH PRICES.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE

INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE,

163 and 198, REGENT STREET,

DEAL ON CASH TERMS ONLY.

Every Article Marked in Plain Figures, at Pounds Sterling and Dollars, not Obsolete Guineas, showing an advantage of 5 per cent. to Purchasers.

All Skins are carefully Dressed, and Garments to Measure are Manufactured on the Premises.

THE PRESENT STOCK OF

**RUSSIAN SABLES, SEALS, BEAVERS, OTTERS, AND
OTHER FASHIONABLE FURS**

Is the **FINEST EVER HELD** by the **INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE**, though Prices are considerably Lower than they have been for some time past.

THE PUBLIC ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST UNSCRUPULOUS IMITATORS OF

THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE,

AND TO NOTE THE NUMBERS,

163 and 198, Regent Street, London.



GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY,

(With which is incorporated the **GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, Ltd.** (A. B. Savory and Sons) late of Cornhill, E.C.,

Show-Rooms: **112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.** (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company)

Supply the Public direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.

PRESS OPINIONS.

The **"TIMES"**: The Goldsmiths' Company's Collection of Jewels, the moderate Prices of which, combined with admirable taste and high quality, defies competition and deserves attentive examination.

**GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.**

The **"ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"**: The Goldsmiths' Company supply the public direct at manufacturers' cash prices, thereby dispensing with the middleman and saving purchasers the numerous intermediate profits usually obtained. The display of Jewellery is not to be surpassed for variety, novelty, and beauty anywhere.

**GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.**

The **"QUEEN"**: The Goldsmiths' Company have long been famous for the splendid assortment of artistic jewellery they have on view in their spacious Show Rooms. All these treasures are freely shown to visitors simply as a matter of courtesy, and not necessarily with a view to business.

**GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.**

The **"GENTLEWOMAN"**: The Goldsmiths' Company seem to have excelled themselves in their gem-work. We have never seen diamonds more beautifully mounted, and, indeed, the stones were worthy of special manipulation. Their Illustrated Catalogue is a most dainty volume, and worthy of the highest praise.

**GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.**

The **"WORLD"**: The Goldsmiths' Company's establishment is always a fashionable place for Wedding Presents, and their Catalogue is a veritable work of art, being so beautifully bound you could keep it on a boudoir table.

**GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.**

The **"OBSERVER"**: . . . At the Goldsmiths' Company in Regent Street, where so many pretty things may be had at such temptingly moderate prices.

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. Manufactory: CLERKENWELL.



Fine Pearl and Gold Brooch, 17s.

**NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
WITH REDUCED PRICES
POST FREE.**

THE LARGEST AND CHOICEST STOCK IN THE WORLD
OF
**NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY
FOR
WEDDING PRESENTS.**
AN INSPECTION INVITED.



Fine Diamond Brooch, £7 10s.

**GOODS FORWARDED TO THE
COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.**

PRESS OPINIONS.

The **"FINANCIAL NEWS"**: The Managers of the Goldsmiths' Company, if they cannot boast of the hoary honours of the large firms they have successively absorbed, can with justice claim that they have introduced a life and vigour which before the establishment of their business were wanting. The Goldsmiths' Company has taken a leading position in the trade.

**GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.**

The **"TRUTH"**: We visited the Goldsmiths' Company's premises in Regent Street and saw some lovely things in jewellery. Their stock is all marked in plain figures—such a comfort to the buyers. We had one of their Illustrated Catalogues, and with difficulty tore ourselves away from all the enchantment.

**GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.**

The **"LADY'S PICTORIAL"**: In the handsome show rooms of the Goldsmiths' Company may always be seen a beautiful and striking assemblage of diamond and other jewellery, and one cannot fail to be struck by the artistic skill and judgment evident in all the productions of this notable house.

**GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.**

The **"SKETCH"**: The Goldsmiths' Company are noted for their magnificent stock of perfect Diamonds; they have always a wonderful array of superb gems, which they supply direct at merchants' cash prices.

**GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.**

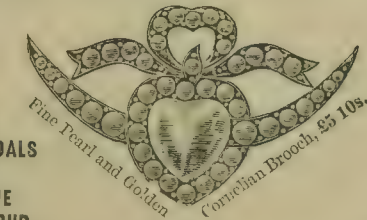
The **"COURT JOURNAL"**: Those who contemplate purchasing wedding presents should pay the Goldsmiths' Company a visit, or, if this be impossible, write for a copy of their highly artistic catalogue.

**GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.**

The **"VANITY FAIR"**: We know of no firm that has made such rapid progress as the Goldsmiths' Company.



**AWARDED
NINE GOLD MEDALS
AND THE
CROSS OF THE
LEGION OF HONOUR.**



**The Fashionable Novelty.
Golden Cornelian Jewellery.**
Can only be obtained from the Goldsmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, W.

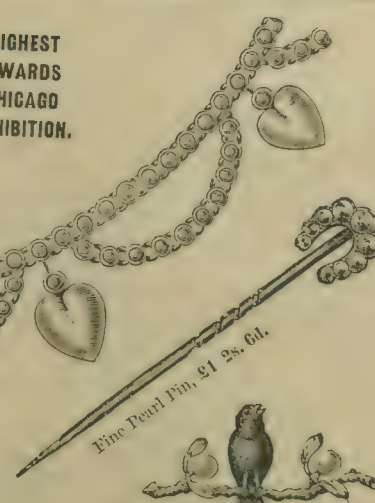
**HIGHEST
AWARDS
CHICAGO
EXHIBITION.**



Fine Pearl, Diamond, and Golden Cornelian Brooch, £7 10s.

Fine Pearl and Golden Cornelian Necklace, £5 15s.; or Pearl and Chrysoprase, £5 15s.

**GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,
112, REGENT ST., W.**



Fine Pearl Pin, £1 2s. 6d.

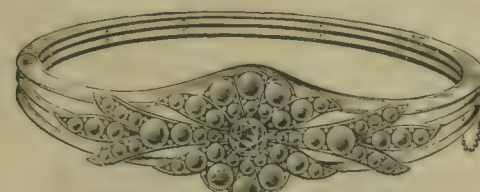
Fine Pearl and Gold Brooch, £2 15s.



Fine Gold and Pearl Bracelet, £4 10s.



Fine Pearl and Golden Cornelian Brooch, £4.



Fine Pearl and Diamond Bracelet, £12 10s.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 22, 1883) with a codicil (dated Aug. 13 following) of Mr. Richard Edward Arden, J.P., D.L., of East Burnham House, Bucks, Sunbury Park, Middlesex, and Pontvane, Pembrokeshire, who died on April 17, was proved on June 8 by Percy Arden and Douglas Arden, the sons, two of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £441,000. The testator recites that provision has been made for his wife, Mrs. Frances Raven Arden, by their marriage settlement, and he bequeaths to her £300 and furniture and books as she may select to the value of £100. He also bequeaths an annuity of £60 to Miss Frances Bryceson, formerly governess in his family; £100 each to his sons Percy and Douglas; £80 each to his daughters; £8000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Emily Laurie Arden Peacock and her children; and the swords, javelins, banners and paraphernalia used by him when serving the office of High Sheriff of Pembrokeshire to his son Percy. Various hereditaments and properties as per schedules attached to his will are left, upon trusts, for each of his children, Percy, Douglas, Caroline, Constance, Blanche, Evelyn Helen, and Frank; but as to the latter conditionally and for life only. The Sunbury Park and Pontvane properties are included in the list of these so given to his son Percy; and his house, lands, and cottages at East Burnham in the list of the properties given to his son Douglas. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his children, Percy, Douglas, Caroline, Constance, Blanche, and Evelyn Helen in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 23, 1889), with a codicil (dated June 11, 1892), of Mr. John Powden Hodges, D.L., J.P., of Bolney Court, Harpsden, Oxfordshire, who died on March 23, was proved on June 6 by Henry Hodges and John Hodges, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £148,000. The testator appoints, under the power reserved to him in the settlement of the Bolney Court estate, £1000 between his son John and his daughter Henrietta. All his real and leasehold estate not included in the settlement he settles on his son Henry, who also succeeds to the property under the settlement. He gives the furniture, plate, pictures, engravings, books, and bookcases at Bolney Court to the person who succeeds thereto under the settlement; the plate, books, and bookcases left to him by his uncle, the Rev. John Johnson Hodson, to his son John. All other his furniture and effects, horses, carriages, and farming stock to his son Henry; and legacies to gamekeeper, bailiff, and servants. As to the residue of his personal estate, he leaves such part as consists of cash at his banker's and money in the Government funds, after payment thereof of his debts, funeral expenses, and legacies, to all his children in equal shares; and the other part of his residuary personal estate to his son John and his daughter Henrietta in equal shares.

The will (dated July 15, 1893) of Mr. Abraham Garrett, of 17, Maresfield Gardens, Hampstead, who died on April 28, was proved on June 11 by Mrs. Catherine Garrett, the widow, and Lewis Berry Garrett, and Abraham Abbey

Yorke, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £50,000. The testator bequeaths all his horses, carriages, furniture and effects, and £1000, to his wife; an annuity of £100 to his sister Emma Humphris; £500 each to his nieces, Mary and Edith Humphris; and legacies to his coachman and other indoor and outdoor servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life. At her death he gives an annuity of £200 to his wife's niece, Anne Elizabeth Trowell, and numerous and considerable legacies to his brother, nephews, nieces, and other relatives, two clerks in the Camden Brewery, and others. As to the ultimate residue, he leaves one fifth as his wife shall appoint, one fifth to the children of his brother Lewis Garrett, one fifth to the children of his sister Mrs. Yorke, one fifth to his sister Mrs. Humphris and her children, and one fifth to the widow and children of his brother William Chapman Garrett.

The will (dated July 23, 1891), with two codicils (one bearing the same date as the will, and the other Oct. 29, 1891), of Mr. John Baber, M.D., of 12, Thurloe Place, South Kensington, and the Deodars, Meopham, Kent, who died on May 4, was proved on June 9 by Edward Cresswell Baber, M.B., the son, and Miss Rosa Du Bois Baber, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £42,000. The testator appoints the trust funds under the marriage settlement of his first wife, Emma, equally to his children Edward Cresswell Baber, Florence Marion Golding-Bird, Lillie Harriet Davidson, Rosa Du Bois Baber, and Francis Villiers Baber. He leaves his house, 12, Thurloe Square, with the furniture and effects, and £1000 to his daughter Rosa Du Bois; £10,000, upon trust, for his son Francis Villiers, his wife and children; his freehold house in Brunswick Terrace, Brighton, upon trust, for his daughters Lena Marion and Ethel Rosa; and he states that they are otherwise sufficiently provided for under the marriage settlement of his late wife; £1800, upon trust, for the wife, and Muriel Du Bois, the daughter, of his son John James Yarrow; a further sum of £2000, upon trust, for his said granddaughter; and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his children Edward Cresswell, Florence Marion, Lillie Harriet, and Rosa Du Bois; certain advancements are to be brought into account.

The Irish probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated July 2, 1879, of Mr. Arthur Denny, of 8, Fitzwilliam Square, who died on April 26, granted to Mrs. Jane Denny, the widow and sole executrix, was resealed in London on June 8, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland exceeding £30,000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated April 7, 1883), with three codicils (dated March 13, 1890, and March 26 and April 4, 1892), of Mr. Edward Salmon Clarke, J.P., F.S.A., of Bramshott House, Liphook, Hants, who died on April 15, was proved on June 6 by Mrs. Mary Clarke, the widow, and Arthur

Leslie Clarke, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £26,000. The testator gives his furniture and effects, with a few exceptions, to his wife; and there are some other bequests. The remainder of his property he gives to his wife, for life. At her death, he bequeaths the amber snuff-box formerly belonging to David Garrick, and given by his widow to his (testator's) father, Arthur Clarke, to the Garrick Club, near Drury Lane, to be kept by them for ever in remembrance of David Garrick; two maple cups or mazers, a marble bust of a negro by Roubilliac, six pieces of tapestry representing the Prodigal Son, a leopard-ware stone jug with silver mountings of the time of Queen Mary Tudor, and a white pottery wine-jug of the time of the Tudors, to the South Kensington Museum; £500 per annum each to his sisters, Elizabeth Browne and Harriet Morrison; and other legacies. The ultimate residue he leaves upon trust for his nephew, Arthur Leslie Clarke, for life, and then for his son Leslie Clarke.

The will (dated March 23, 1866) of Mr. John Rooper, formerly a captain in the Army, late of Binswood Lawn, Leamington, Warwickshire, who died on Feb. 8, was proved on June 2 by George Rooper, the brother, and Maximilian George Rooper, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £19,000. The testator bequeaths his plate, books, pictures, wines, furniture, and household effects, and £50 to his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Elizabeth Mary Rooper; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then to his children.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissary Court of Aberdeenshire, of the trust disposition and deed of settlement (dated March 9, 1876) of Dr. William Robertson Smith, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, who died on March 31, granted to John Forbes White and Charles Michie, the surviving executors nominate, was resealed in London on June 6, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £9773.

The will of the Hon. Mrs. Matilda Arthur Mariaian Holmes, of 7, St. George's Square, who died on May 23, was proved on June 6 by the Hon. Miss Altisidora Arthur Victoria Annesley, the sister and surviving executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5827.

The will of Major-General John Hall Smyth, C.B., of Frimhurst, near Farnborough, Surrey, who died on March 31, was proved on June 4 by John Henry Davidson and Charles Edward Hunter, the executors, the personal estate amounting to £3690.

A sturgeon weighing 280 lb., caught in the Thames on June 12, has been sent by Mr. Charles Beadle, of Erith, to the Lord Mayor of London.

The outbreak of true Asiatic plague among the native population of Hong-Kong has excited great alarm. Up to June 16 the number of deaths from this epidemic was 1900, including two British soldiers. It is said that 80,000 people have left the city.

MILLIONS DRINK IT DAILY

Rich and
Fragrant

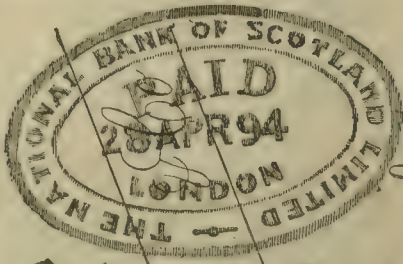
1/-

&

1/4

per lb.

R1133068



London 28th April 1894

The National Bank of Scotland Limited

Pay to Her Majesty's Customs or Bearer

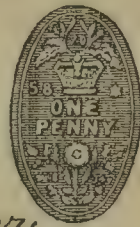
the sum of Thirty five thousand three hundred

and sixty five pounds nine shillings & 2^d Stg

£

35305-9-2

Thomas J. Lipton



FINEST
the World
can

Produce,

1/7

per lb.

NO
HIGHER
PRICE.

This is a FACSIMILE of the GREAT DUTY CHEQUE paid by LIPTON for his week's clearance of Tea, and represents over one-half of the average weekly payments for Duty paid by the entire Tea Trade on the whole of the Tea imported into Great Britain.

LARGEST TEA SALE IN THE WORLD.

LIPTON, TEA PLANTER, CEYLON.



Kettle and Stand, with Ebony Handle and Knob.
Prince's Plate.
1½ pints ... £3 15 0
2 pints ... 4 5 0
2½ pints ... 4 15 0



Claret-Jug, Rich Pine Cut Crystal Glass, with plain Sterling Silver Mounts, £3 15s. Prince's Plate Mounts, £2 15s.



Plain Oval Mustard-Pot, with Glass Lining, Prince's Plate, £1 5s. Sterling Silver, £2 2s.



Very Handsome Corinthian Pillar Candlesticks, 6½ in. high. Prince's Plate, £2 4s. per pair. Sterling Silver, £5 per pair.



Full-size Entrée-Dish, with Movable Handle. Prince's Plate, £4. Sterling Silver, £18.

Mappin & Webb

158 TO 162, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.
2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.
(Facing the Mansion House).

Manufactory: ROYAL PLATE & CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS POST FREE.
GOODS SENT TO THE COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.



Prince's Plate richly fluted Hors d'Oeuvres Dish, with Coral and Shell Handles, gilt inside, £4 10s.



Crumb-Scoop, thick Ivory Handle, Chased Blade. Prince's Plate, £1 15s. Sterling Silver, £4.



Breakfast-Cruet in Prince's Plate, £1 1s. In Sterling Silver, £3 3s.



Sterling Silver Sweetmeat Dish, £1 15s.



Revolving Soup-Tureen, with Fluted Cover, in Prince's Plate, £6 5s.



Handsomely Fluted "Queen Anne" Afternoon Tea-Set in Prince's Plate, £4 5s.



Sterling Silver Child's Mug, £2 5s.



Sterling Silver Tea-Caddy, with richly chased Panels, 4½ in. high by 2½ in. square, £3.



Beautifully Saw-pierced and Engraved Grape-Scissors. Electro Silver, £1 2s. Sterling Silver, £2 15s.

ALL GOODS SOLD AT WHOLESALE PRICES. Designs are exact size, and all Goods sent Free and Safe by Post. Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties in Jewellery, Silver, and Electro Plate (3000 Illustrations) Post Free.

1894

SPECIAL.—OLD GOLD AND SILVER AND PRECIOUS STONES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE OR BOUGHT FOR CASH. VALUATIONS MADE FOR PROBATE AT A SPECIALLY LOW RATE. OLD JEWELLERY REMODELLED

New Diamond Brooch, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 whole Pearl, £4 4s. Bracelet to match, £5 5s. A Brooch, in second quality Diamonds, without Pearl, £2 17s. 6d.

New Double Heart and Ribbon Bar Brooch, containing 31 Brilliants and 1 Pearl. Stones set transparent, £5 15s.

Choice Sapphire and Brilliant Half-Hoop Bracelet, £18 18s.; with Rubies instead of Sapphires, same price.

Diamond Violin, perfect model, £6 15s. Diamond Mandoline, a trifle longer, £6 6s.

New Diamond Curb Brooch, £10 10s.

Handsome Horseshoe Brooch, set with 9 Pearls and 24 Brilliants, £35. Bracelet to match, £52 10s.

NOTICE.—We have had so many letters asking whether our Diamonds are real, we hereby beg to state that all our precious stones are really also all Metals we use. We do not sell or keep Imitation Goods of any sort.

BRIDESMAIDS' PRESENTS.—A large assortment of Pearl and other Brooches and Bangles, suitable for Bridesmaids' Presents, kept in stock. Original Designs and Estimates free.

Handsome Diamond Pendant, containing 50 Brilliants, no Roses, forms also Brooch or Hairpin. Stones set transparent, £17 15s. A Round Pendant, same pattern, same price.

Three or Five Suns, fitted on a Band, form very Handsome Tiaras. We have also a Tiaras Frame that will fit either of these Suns, or any other Brooch, price 6s. 6d. If Suns or Sun are purchased we include Frame.

CAUTION. The Association of Diamond Merchants regret to have to caution Purchasers against inferior imitations of their goods, and beg to notify that their only address is as under—

THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS, AND SILVERSMITHS, 6 GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. Diamond Cutting Factory, AMSTERDAM. Telegraphic Address Ruspoli, London.

New Pattern Brooch, 3 Rubies or Sapphires, 2 whole Pearls, 4 Brilliants, and 7 Rose Diamonds, £3 15s.

New Broom, containing 21 Brilliants and 5 Rubies or Sapphires, £5 5s.

New Tie Brooch, containing 44 Diamonds, £5 5s.

Solid Gold Safety Pin Brooches, this size, 3s. 6d. larger, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. Same in Silver, 1s. 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d. each. Smaller size in Gold, 2s. 6d.

Fine Brilliant Half-Hoop Ring, 18-ct. Gold Mount, £33 15s. A large assortment in stock from 5 to 100 guineas.

New Diamond Brooch, or Hair Ornament, of larger sizes in Stock. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £5 5s.

New Diamond Sun, forms Brooch or Hair Ornament. Stones set transparent, containing 151 Diamonds, £25. Larger sizes, £42 and £63. Smaller, £17 17s. and £12 12s.

Handsome Diamond Pendant, containing 50 Brilliants, no Roses, forms also Brooch or Hairpin. Stones set transparent, £17 15s. A Round Pendant, same pattern, same price.

Three or Five Suns, fitted on a Band, form very Handsome Tiaras. We have also a Tiaras Frame that will fit either of these Suns, or any other Brooch, price 6s. 6d. If Suns or Sun are purchased we include Frame.

CAUTION. The Association of Diamond Merchants regret to have to caution Purchasers against inferior imitations of their goods, and beg to notify that their only address is as under—

THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS, AND SILVERSMITHS, 6 GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. Diamond Cutting Factory, AMSTERDAM. Telegraphic Address Ruspoli, London.

Illustrated List post free of our noted English quarter chiming Grandfather and Bracket Clocks at specially reduced prices. For Wedding Gifts or presentations they are admittedly one of the most useful and recherche presents. Makers of the clocks at the Grand, Metro, pole, Victoria, Bailey's, and Savoy Hotels.

New Spray Brooch or Hair-pin, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 Pearl, £5 5s.

Best Gold Scarf Pin, 17s. 6d. Diamond Partridge Scarf Pin, £4 4s. All Gold, £1 15s. Pin, 15s. 6d. Pheasant, Grouse, Woodcock, Snipe, Gamecock, Wild Duck. Same Prices.

New Ruby and Diamond Pendant, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, £5 15s.; or with Diamond centre, £6 15s. Larger sizes, £12 15s., £15 15s., £25 10s. and £35 10s. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £5 5s.

New Pattern Diamond Brooch or Pendant, £7 7s.

New Moon Brooch, containing 23 choice White Brilliants, £21. Smaller size, £15 10s. Same Brooch, in Rose Diamonds, £10 10s. and £7 7s.

18-carat Gold Ring, real Pearl Ball, £1 7s. 6d.

18-carat Gold Ring, £1 15s.

New Ruby and Diamond Pendant, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, £5 15s.; or with Diamond centre, £6 15s. Larger sizes, £12 15s., £15 15s., £25 10s. and £35 10s. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £5 5s.

New Bracelet, £10 10s. Brilliants, 1 Ruby and Sapphire, and a fine whole Pearl.

New Bar Brooch, 3 Rubies or Sapphires, 2 whole Pearls, and 14 Brilliants, £5 5s.

Lady's 14in. Morocco Leather Dressing Bag, centre to lift out. Sterling Silver-mounted Fittings, Ivory Brushes (21 pieces), £4 17s. 6d. Illustrated List, Designs, and Estimates, post free.

Our Special Silver Safety Brooch, complete with key, which, warranted, will not open without the key. £2 2s.; two, £4 4s.; three, £6 6s.; four, £8 8s.; five, £10 10s.; six, £12 12s.; seven, £14 14s.; eight, £16 16s.; nine, £18 18s.; ten, £20 20s.; eleven, £22 22s.; twelve, £24 24s.; thirteen, £26 26s.; fourteen, £28 28s.; fifteen, £30 30s.; sixteen, £32 32s.; seventeen, £34 34s.; eighteen, £36 36s.; nineteen, £38 38s.; twenty, £40 40s.; twenty-one, £42 42s.; twenty-two, £44 44s.; twenty-three, £46 46s.; twenty-four, £48 48s.; twenty-five, £50 50s.; twenty-six, £52 52s.; twenty-seven, £54 54s.; twenty-eight, £56 56s.; twenty-nine, £58 58s.; thirty, £60 60s.; thirty-one, £62 62s.; thirty-two, £64 64s.; thirty-three, £66 66s.; thirty-four, £68 68s.; thirty-five, £70 70s.; thirty-six, £72 72s.; thirty-seven, £74 74s.; thirty-eight, £76 76s.; thirty-nine, £78 78s.; forty, £80 80s.; forty-one, £82 82s.; forty-two, £84 84s.; forty-three, £86 86s.; forty-four, £88 88s.; forty-five, £90 90s.; forty-six, £92 92s.; forty-seven, £94 94s.; forty-eight, £96 96s.; forty-nine, £98 98s.; fifty, £100 100s.

Similar Watch and Brooch in Gold, £2 15s. extra.

OBITUARY.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Sir John Duke Coleridge, Baron Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England, died at his residence in Sussex Square on June 14. This great lawyer and advocate was born Dec. 3, 1821. His father, Sir John Taylor Coleridge, one of the Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench, also eminent in the same profession, was nephew of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet, and grandson of the Rev. John Coleridge, Vicar of Ottery St. Mary, whose descendants also include many distinguished writers and divines. The late Lord Coleridge, after a successful University career at Oxford, where he was elected to a Fellowship, was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1847. From 1855 to 1866 he was Recorder of Portsmouth, from 1868 to 1871 Solicitor-General, and from 1871 to 1873 Attorney-General. His representation in Parliament of Exeter lasted from 1865 to 1873, when he was appointed



Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. Having been raised to the Peerage of the United Kingdom in 1874 as Baron Coleridge of Ottery St. Mary, in the county of Devon, he became in 1880 Lord Chief Justice of England. Lord Coleridge married, first, Aug. 11, 1846, Jane Fortescue, daughter of the Rev. George Turner Seymour, of Farrington, Isle of Wight, by whom he leaves, with other issue, an eldest son and heir, Bernard John Seymour, now Baron Coleridge. Lady Coleridge died in 1878; and in 1885 Lord Coleridge married, secondly, Amy Augusta, daughter of Mr. Henry Baring Lawford, of the Bengal Civil Service. The present Lord Coleridge was born in 1851. He is a barrister - at - law and Q.C. In 1876 he married Mary Alethea, eldest daughter of John Fielder Mackarness, D.D., Bishop of Oxford, and has issue:

We have also to record the deaths of—

Dame Lucretia Louisa Nugent, on May 30, at Antigua, W.I. She was daughter of the Hon. George Weatherill Ottery, of Antigua. In 1845 she married Sir Oliver Nugent, formerly President of the Legislative Council of the Leeward Islands.

Dame Jane Alicia Straight, on June 15, at her residence, 125, Victoria Street. She was daughter of Mr. William Bridgman, D.C.L., of Woolwich. Her husband, Sir Douglas Straight, was formerly Judge in the High Court of Judicature, at Allahabad, India.

HANDEL FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE,

JUNE 22, 25, 27, AND 29.

In connection with this triennial event, the Brighton Railway Company are arranging to run special fast trains from Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), and London Bridge direct to the Crystal Palace as frequently as the traffic may require. The last of these special trains, timed to arrive before the concert commences, will, on the rehearsal day, leave Victoria 11.15 a.m., and London Bridge 11.20 a.m., and on the three festival days will leave Victoria 1.20 p.m., Kensington (Addison Road), 1 p.m., and London Bridge 1.20 p.m.

For visitors from the South Coast and Isle of Wight, cheap day return tickets (including admission to the Crystal Palace) will be issued on all four days from Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, and Ryde (Isle of Wight) and other principal stations, by all trains, according to class.

The Anchor Line steam-ship *Ethiopia*, which has safely arrived at Glasgow from New York, in crossing the Atlantic on June 6, during a thick fog, came into collision with an iceberg, which made an enormous hole in her bow. By the efforts of Captain Wilson and the officers and crew, the hole was stopped with bags of flour. There were nearly two hundred passengers on board.

ELLIMAN'S
UNIVERSAL
EMBROCATION

SLOUGH.
ENGLAND.

1/1 1/2

a nifty kick
Use Elliman's for Bruises.

ELLIMAN'S
UNIVERSAL
EMBROCATION
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO
SPRAINS
BRUISES
CHEST COLDS
SORE THROAT & L.A.
STIFFNESS. 1/1 1/2

"The Oldest, AND Purest, AND Best."

JOHN ROBERTSON & SON'S

Dundee
Whisky

J.R.D. J.R.D.
EXTRA QUALITY.

"The Choicest Product of Scotland."

It is the Finest and Mellowest Scotch Whisky that can be procured, and is always Consistent in Quality.

SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD. AT ALL BARS.
BY ALL WINE MERCHANTS. AT ALL STORES.

London Offices: 4, Gt. Tower St., E.C.

BENSON'S
"FIELD."
In Silver Cases, £15
In 18-carat Gold Cases, £25

BENSON'S
"BANK."
In Silver Cases, £15
In 18-carat Gold Cases, £25

BENSON'S WATCHES.
Guaranteed for Strength, Accuracy, Durability, and Value. Obtained Gold Medals, Highest Awards, at all Exh ibi tions.

BENSON'S "SPECIAL MAKE" LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER
In 18-ct. Gold Cases, £10
Is fitted with a Three-Quarter Plate LEVER Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled throughout, and Strong Keyless Action, thus making it the Cheapest and Best Watch made at the price, and far superior for strength and time-keeping to all other watches sold at the same price. The Cases are of 18-Carat Gold, Strong and Well Made, either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, Richly Engraved all over, or Plain Polished, with Monogram Engraved Free.
Price £10; or in Silver Cases, £5.
Ladies' Gold Chains to Match, from £1 5s.

ENGLISH LEVER HALF-CHRONOMETER.
Best London Make, for Rough Wear, with Breguet Spring to prevent variation when worn on horseback, &c. Specially adapted for Hunting Men, Colonists, Travelers, Officers, &c. from whom HUNDREDS OF TESTIMONIALS have been received.
In Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases, 13-carat Gold, £25; or Silver, £15.

THE STEAM FACTORY—
J. W. BENSON, 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.
And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; and 25, OLD BOND STREET W.,
ALL GOODS SOLD AT MANUFACTURER'S LOWEST NET CASH PRICES.

STRONGEST AND CHEAPEST £5
SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER WATCH
Every made at the price. THREE-QUARTER PLATE MOVEMENT, Compensation Balance, Jewelled in Rubies, Strong Keyless Action, in Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Cases, £5. A neat and elegant Watch for Gentlemen's Wear. Thousands have been sold.

'THE PRESENT MOMENT IS A POWERFUL DEITY.'

GOETHE.

Shakespeare in a very critical period of English History wrote thus: "NOUGHT SHALL MAKE US RUE, IF ENGLAND TO HERSELF DO REST BUT TRUE."

What enables us to form a correct estimate of the **PRESENT, PAST, and FUTURE?—EXPERIENCE.** Without it you are **RUDDERLESS.**

WHAT COMMANDS THE ADMIRATION AND HOMAGE OF MANKIND?—**CHARACTER AND STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE.**

THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

AN INCIDENT IN HIS FIRST CANVASS.

"TELL 'IM TO CHALK HIS NAME ON THE COUNTER, AND YOUR FATHER SHALL ASK HIS CHARACTER."

"If I were asked to account in a sentence for his great popularity, I should say it was his great urbanity, his fidelity to true Liberalism, his love of independence, and his unimpeachable character. During his first canvass (about 60 years ago), Mr. Villiers and two friends entered a small shop at Willenhall that had been left in charge of a young girl. On learning their business the damsel shouted upstairs, 'Mother, here's a gentleman as is come for father's vote for Member of Parliament.' To this a voice from above made answer, 'Tell 'im to chalk his name on the counter, and your FATHER SHALL ASK HIS CHARACTER.' 'Thank you, Ma'am,' shouted the candidate; after which, turning to his companions, he said, 'Book that for me, I am as certain of it as if it were already given.'"—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

RUSSIA'S ADVANCE TOWARDS INDIA.

CONVERSATIONS WITH SKOBELEFF.

"Bokhara is a wretched place to live in." According to his account, the Khanate is so unhealthy that a Russian occupation is ONLY possible by the

AID OF

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

"We ought to be friends . . . Why should two European Powers quarrel over a few Asiatics? WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS. WE STRONGLY WISH IT. It is England's hostility that provokes our advance more than anything else."—Page 88, *The Russian Advance towards India* (C. MARVIN).

EGYPT, CAIRO.

"Since my arrival in Egypt in August last I have on three occasions been attacked by fever. On the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars.—26th May, 1883.

"Mr. J. C. ENO."

"I used my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believe it saved my life.—J. C. ENO."

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation.



"BOOK THAT FOR ME."

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.

Excitement, Feverish Colds, Chills, Fevers, Blood Poisons, Throat Irritation.

Late Hours, Fagged, Unnatural Excitement, Breathing Impure Air, too Rich Food, Alcoholic Drink, Gouty, Rheumatic, and other Blood Poisons, Fevers, Feverish Colds, Influenza, Sleeplessness, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, &c. It prevents Diarrhoea, and removes it in the early stages.

USE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

SOOTHING, COOLING, HEALTH-GIVING, REFRESHING, AND INVIGORATING.

You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

"I have recently returned from a tour through Australia and New Zealand, where I enjoyed perfect health, owing, I believe, to my always having Eno's 'FRUIT SALT' in constant use. I was glad in New Zealand up country to pay 5s. per bottle to get Eno's 'FRUIT SALT' in preference to imitations, which were offered by chemists and storekeepers at lower prices. For sea-sickness it is invaluable, and in nearly 100,000 miles of journeying I have always had it near me, and felt safe from fever, blood poisons, &c. I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
"Dec. 1, 1892."
"S. A. J."

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" assists the functions of the LIVER, BOWELS, SKIN, and KIDNEYS by Natural Means; thus the blood is freed from POISONOUS or other HURTFUL MATTERS. The Foundation and GREAT DANGER OF CHILLS, &c. It is impossible to overstate its great value. THERE IS NO DOUBT that, where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has in innumerable instances prevented a severe illness. Without such a simple precaution the JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED.

COOLING AND REFRESHING

during the heat and dust of summer are the effects of

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

on the face and hands of ladies, and all exposed to the hot sun. It removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness, and Roughness;

SOOTHES AND HEALS ALL IRRITATION, Stings of Insects, &c.; produces soft, fair skin, and a lovely delicate complexion.

Bottles, 4s. 6d.; Half-Bottles, 2s. 3d. Ask anywhere for Rowlands' Kalydor, of 20, Hatton Garden, London, and avoid imitation Kalydors, which contain leaden poisons, and ruin the complexion and skin. Rowlands' Kalydor is warranted pure and harmless.



ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

preserves, strengthens, and beautifies the hair, prevents its falling off, and eradicates scurf and dandruff. It is most delightfully perfumed. It is specially suited for the hair of children, and contains no lead, mineral, poisonous, or spirituous ingredients. Bottles, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., equal to 4 small.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

is the purest and most delightfully perfumed dentifrice ever made, and contains no mineral or acid ingredients. All dentists will allow that neither washes nor pastes can possibly be as efficacious for polishing the teeth and keeping them sound and white as a pure and non-gritty tooth powder. Such ROWLANDS' ODONTO has always proved itself to be. 2s. 9d. per box. Ask any Chemist, Perfumer, or Hairdresser for Rowlands' Articles, of 20, Hatton Garden, London, and avoid cheap, spurious imitations under similar names.

HOVIS BREAD

Supplied to the QUEEN and Royal Family.



Cure for Indigestion



Wholesale Agents for the Hovis Biscuits in England: The National Bakery Co., Ltd., Brewery Road, Islington, N. If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "Hovis," or if what is supplied as "Hovis" is not satisfactory, please write, sending sample the cost of which will be defrayed, to S. FITTON & SON, MILLERS, MACCLESFIELD.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Another declaration on the Inspiration of Holy Scripture has been issued. It is signed by Canon Body, Canon Bright, Canon Carter, Canon Furse, Canon Newbolt, Mr. Darwell Stone, and others. Generally, it may be said to go further than Dr. Liddon and not so far as Mr. Gore. The most definite part of it is the following: "Since the human mind of our Lord was inseparably united to the Eternal Word, and was perfectly illuminated by the Holy Spirit in the discharge of His office as Teacher, He could not be deceived, nor be the source of deception, nor intend to teach even incidentally for fact what was not fact." But even this may mean anything or nothing, and it might be signed by Canon Driver and Canon Cheyne. The only Hebrew scholar who has signed the declaration is Mr. Stone, the Principal of Dorchester Missionary College. Mr. Stone has written articles in the *Church Quarterly Review* criticising the "New Criticism."

A word may be added to what has already appeared about two well-known clergymen who have recently died. The late Vicar of Tonbridge, Mr. T. Howard Gill, greatly increased his reputation by his short but vigorous ministry in Paris, where he was Chaplain to the Embassy from 1883

to 1890. It very seldom happens that English clergymen take well to a Continental life, and the difficulties in Paris are certainly not diminishing. Mr. Gill did not pretend that the position was wholly congenial, but he took to work with a will, and made himself very useful and in the best sense popular. The Rev. J. G. Copleston, formerly Rector of Offwell, was a nephew of the once famous Bishop Copleston, one of whose great troubles during life was that people could not spell his name correctly. "Coppelstone," "Coplestone," "Coppelston," were among the annoying aberrations of his correspondents. It was a shrewd bit of advice founded on his own experience, which he gave when he advised young men to be very careful about the exact spelling of proper names. Mr. Copleston was an old Oriel man.

The programme of the Cambridge Lectures for the clergy is very inviting. Professor Armitage Robinson is to lecture on "Introductions to the Gospels," Canon Mason on "the Knowledge and Power displayed by our Lord during his Earthly Life," Mr. Moule on the Epistles to the Ephesians, and many other specialists will deal with their own subjects. Dr. Jessopp is to give a lecture.

The entries for the Mansfield Summer School of Theology are as large as on the former occasion of its

meeting, and there is every prospect of a most successful gathering. Practical and devotional, as well as theological, lectures will be delivered.

The two subjects which still absorb attention in the ecclesiastical world are the London School Board struggle and the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales. Mr. Athelstan Riley is, on the whole, well backed by the clergy, but the Nonconformists are for once solid on the other side, and it remains to be seen whether the Church laity will be unanimous. The practical aspect of the matter that presents itself to many minds is the apparent certainty that if Mr. Diggle's party wins, the time of the Board will be very largely occupied in religious disputes. This every one feels would be a most costly and unfortunate result. The Welsh "revolt" is quiescent, as all parties are wanting to know what Lord Rosebery will say on his impending visit to Wales. But the Parliamentary prospect for that or any other measure does not brighten. The Church party have held large and enthusiastic meetings in Wales in favour of the Church, and the Bishops have been supported by Lord Salisbury in a powerful speech. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, while declaring himself a staunch Churchman, has spoken more especially in favour of Disestablishment than before, and he is sanguine as to the proceedings in Parliament. V.

For Babies' Skin



Scalp
and
Hair Use
Cuticura Soap

the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet and nursery. For distressing facial eruptions, pimples, blackheads, irritations of the scalp, dry, thin, and falling hair, red, rough hands, chafings, and simple rashes and blemishes of childhood, it is absolutely incomparable. Mothers, nurses, and physicians everywhere pronounce it the only perfect baby soap.

Sold throughout the world. Price, 1s. F. NEWBURY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London, E.C.
"All about Baby's Skin and Scalp," post-free.

"Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliances are relieved,
Or not at all."
SHAKESPEARE.

The Moral is obvious! Diseases should not be allowed to grow desperate, but taken in time. "A stitch in time saves nine" and a timely resort to a simple remedy will avert months, nay, possibly years, of suffering.

The principal cause of human disease is disorder of the stomach, arising from over-indulgence in rich food or a too frequent use of stimulants. The symptoms are easily discernible, such as Giddiness, Palpitation and Fluttering of the Heart, Sick Headache, Drowsiness, lack of energy, a feeling of sinking at the pit of the stomach, a disposition to take a disheartened view of things, and a general languor of the system.

The wise man will be warned by any indication of the nature given above, and seek at once a simple remedy, which is provided in

LAMPLOUGH'S
PYRETIC SALINE,

of which a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of cold water, taken daily for about a week, will be found most efficacious. It is suitable for children, adults, and aged persons, and with the addition of a little

LAMPLOUGH'S
LIME JUICE SYRUP

forms a most delicious effervescent draught, cooling, regulating and invigorating.

LAMPLOUGH'S
PYRETIC SALINE

is prescribed by the most eminent physicians, and endorsed by many thousands of those who have benefited by its use in all ranks of life.

Sold in Bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s., and may be had of all Chemists throughout the world.

SOLE PROPRIETORS—

H. LAMPLOUGH, LTD.,

113 HOLBORN; 94, OLD BROAD STREET; 42, FENCHURCH STREET; and 47, MONKWEIL STREET, LONDON, E.C.

A Toilet Powder for the
Complexion,

Also for the Nursery,
Roughness of the Skin,
after Shaving, &c.

Hygienic, and pre-
pared with Pure
and Harmless
Materials.

PRICE

1/-

PRICE

1/-

In Three Tints,
**BLANCHE,
NATURELLE,
RACHEL.**

To be had of all Perfumers,
Chemists, &c.

Wholesale—

R. HOVENDEN & SONS,

Berners St., W., & City Rd., E.C., London.

NEW SUMMER COSTUMES.

Smart Tennis Coats and Skirts in Cream Serge, with small checks in various colours, 39s. 6d.

Alpaca Coats and Skirts, trimmed Moiré, very cool and light, in all colours, from 57s. 6d.

Blue and Black Serge Coats and Skirts (Coats lined Silk), from 42s.

SENT ON APPROVAL IF DESIRED.

PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD ST.

"OLD
JUDGE"
Tobacco.

For many years the standard of
excellence.

It is to-day better than ever.

Smokes cool in the pipe to the last
whiff.

In two flavours—MILD and FULL.

Packed only in 1, 2 & 4oz. foil
packages. FULL WEIGHT.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

SOFT, VELVETY HANDS

Can soon be obtained

BY ALL WHO USE

Beetham's
Glycerine
AND
Cucumber

A little well rubbed into the Hands or Face after washing will entirely counteract the effects of Cold Winds, Hard Water, and Inferior Soaps, and will render the

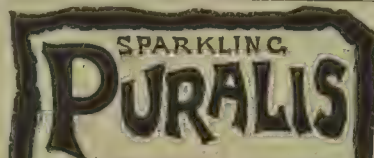
SKIN SOFT and VELVETY
ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Be sure to get "BEETHAM'S."

Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists,

Free for 3d. extra by the Sole Makers—

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.



SPARKLING

PURALIS

THE PUREST & CHEAPEST
of all TABLE WATERS. Absolu-
tely Pure Distilled Water, super-
charged with Carbonic Acid Gas.

The "LANCET" says: "No purer or
more trustworthy beverage could be
produced."

Strongly recommended by the faculty.

Case of 12 Champagne Quarts, 2/6

Case of 24 Champagne Pints, 3/6

Delivered free in London and Suburbs.

KOLA CHAMPACNE,

A NON-ALCOHOLIC TONIC & STIMULANT.

The Lancet says: "Delicate in flavour,
contains the recuperative principles of cocoa
and tea."

The Times says: "Especially good for keep-
ing the brain clear and active."

Case of 12 Quarts, 6/6; 24 Pints, 7/6. Delivered
Free in London or suburbs.

To be had of Trade Agents or direct from

THE PURE WATER CO., LTD.,

Queen's Road, Battersea Park,

LONDON, S.W.

BRITISH TABLE WATER.
The Medical Profession strongly recommend
**SALUTARIS
WATER,**

A pure distilled water, prepared
by a special process, and highly
charged with carbonic acid gas.

Unrivalled

For
Home, Club, Hotel, Restaurant, Bar,
The Riviera,
Or
Tropical Climates.

Salutaris Water Co., 235, Fulham Road, London.

AVOID BAGGY KNEES

The ONLY
Stretcher
whereby the
tension is
obtained by
means of a
Screwed
Rod.



Separate
Stretchers
are recom-
mended
for each
pair of
Trousers
in use.

OF ALL HOSIERS, TAILORS, AND
OUTFITTERS EVERYWHERE, or sent on
receipt of P.O. (Bronze, polished, 5s.; Army quality, nickel,
9s. 6d.), to I. L. N. Dept., 6, PHILIP LANE, LONDON, E.C.

BREAKFAST-SUPPER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK:

**THE MEXICAN
HAIR RENEWER**

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL
COLOUR.

Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant
odour.

Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin,
or even white linen.

Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER
is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be
obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN
DRUG CO., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.

ASTHMA CURE
GRIMAULT'S INDIAN CIGARETTES

Difficulty in Expectoration, Asthma, Nervous
Coughs, Catarrh, Sleeplessness and Oppression
immediately relieved by Grimault and Co's Indian
Cigarettes, 1s. 9d. per box all Chemists, or post
free Wilcox, 239, Oxford-St. London, W.

**ADAMS'S
FURNITURE****POLISH.****THE OLDEST AND
BEST.**

"THE QUEEN"

Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—
Dec. 22, 1883.

Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers,
Oilmen, &c.

MANUFACTORY: VALLEY ROAD, SHEFFIELD.

FELTOE'S

For Bishop of London (Dr. Temple) writes from Fulham Palace—"I have pleasure in
letting Messrs. Feltoe & Smith know that their 'Specialite' Lime Juice Cordial is highly appreciated
by my family and my guests." The LANCET writes—"Messrs. Feltoe carried off the palm with their
'Specialite' Lime Juice Cordial."

June 16th, 1893, in its report on the
National Health Exhibition.
Supplied to the Houses of Parliament.

A FINE SAMPLE to be had of all Grocers, Chemists and Wine Merchants or of the
Proprietors: FELTOE & SMITH, Ltd., AUGUSTUS ST., LONDON, N.W.

**SPECIALITE
LIME JUICE
CORDIAL**

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

BRIGHTON.—FREQUENT TRAINS

From Victoria and London Bridge Termini.
Also Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison Road).
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available one month.
Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday.
From Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.
Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton.
From Victoria and London Bridge every Saturday.
Admission to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday.
From Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare 10s.
Cheap Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday.
Return Tickets, from London, 15s. 8s. 6d., and 6s. 4d.
Pullman Cars run in London and Brighton Fast Trains.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, and EASTBOURNE.—EVERY WEEK-DAY. Cheap Fast Trains from Victoria 8.10 and 9.50 a.m., London Bridge 8.5 and 10 a.m., East Croydon 8.30 and 10.15 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.50 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; Clapham Junction 8.15 and 10.10 a.m. Returning by any Train the same day.

EVERY SUNDAY Special Fast Trains from London Bridge 9.25 a.m., New Cross 9.30 a.m., Victoria 9.25 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; Clapham Junction 9.30 a.m., New Cross, Forest Hill, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon.
Special Day Return Tickets, 10s., 7s., 5s. 6d. Returning by any Train same day only.
Special Day Return Tickets 15s., 10s. 6d., and 6s.

WORTHING.—Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria every Weekday 10 a.m., every Sunday 10.45 a.m. Fare, including Pullman Car between Victoria and Brighton, weekdays, 13s. 6d., Sundays, 13s. Every Saturday Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 a.m. Fare 11s.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—Every WEEKDAY. Cheap Fast Trains from Victoria 9.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m. From London Bridge 9.30 a.m., calling at East Croydon.

EVERY SUNDAY.—Cheap Return Tickets by all Trains from Victoria, Clapham Junction, London Bridge, New Cross, Forest Hill, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon.
Special Day Return Tickets, 10s., 7s., 5s. 6d. Returning by any Train same day only.

PARIS.—SHORTEST & CHEAPEST ROUTE, through the charming Scenery of Normandy, to the Paris terminus near the Madeleine.

Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
Two Special Express Services (Weekdays and Sundays).

London to Paris (1 & 2) (1, 2, 3).	Paris to London (1 & 2) (1, 2, 3)
a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
Victoria .. dep. 9.0 8.50	Paris .. dep. 9.30 9.0
London Bridge .. " 9.0 9.0	London Bridge .. arr. 7.0 7.40
Paris .. arr. 6.35 8.0	Victoria .. " 7.0 7.50

Fares—Single, First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return, First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d.
A Pullman Drawing-Room Car runs in the First and Second Class train between Victoria and Newhaven.

Powerful Steamers, with excellent Deck and other Cabins.
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.
Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest on the Continent.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Time Books and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—HANDEL FESTIVAL, JUNE 25, 27, and 29.

ON each of the above Days, Special Fast Trains by the short and direct route to the Crystal Palace will run from Victoria, London Bridge, and Kensington (Addison Road) Stations, calling at Clapham Junction, New Cross, &c.

The last Fast Special Train will run on each day:
From London Bridge 1.20 p.m., arriving at Crystal Palace 1.55 p.m.
From Victoria 1.20 p.m., arriving at Crystal Palace 1.40 p.m.
From Kensington 1 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction, arriving at Crystal Palace at 1.30 p.m.

All Return Tickets from Victoria and London Bridge to the Crystal Palace are available to return to either Station.

Cheap Day Tickets (1, 2, 3 Class) to the Crystal Palace (including admission), available by all Trains (according to Class) will be issued at Brighton, Hastings, St. Leonards, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Worthing, and Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, Havant, Portsmouth, Ryde, and other Stations, as per bills.

(By Order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.

TOURIST FORTNIGHTLY and FRIDAY to TUESDAY CHEAP TICKETS to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Cromer, Southend-on-Sea, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-Naze, Dovercourt, Harwich, Felixstowe, Aldeburgh, Southwold, and Hunstanton are issued by all trains from LONDON (Liverpool Street); also from G.E. Suburban Stations and New Cross (L.B. and S.C.) at same fares as from Liverpool Street. These Cheap Tickets are also issued from St. Pancras (Midland) and Kentish Town to Hunstanton, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and Cromer.

CHEAP DAY TRIPS TO THE SEASIDE, &c.
Southend-on-Sea and Back, 2s. 6d. daily, by through fast trains from Liverpool Street and Fenchurch Street. Cheap Tickets are also issued at Metropolitan Line Stations, via Bishopsgate.

Clacton, Walton, and Harwich and Back, 4s. From Liverpool Street on Sundays at 9.10 a.m., and on Mondays at 8.25 a.m.
For full particulars see bills.

London, June 1894. Wm. Birt, General Manager.

HOOK OF HOLLAND route to the Continent via Harwich daily (Sundays included). New twin screw S.S. AMSTERDAM (1745 tons), BERLIN (1745 tons), and CHELMSFORD (1635 tons). Cheapest and best route to Germany and Holland.

ANTWERP EXHIBITION, via Harwich, every Weekday. First, Return, 30s.; Second, 20s.
Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. Direct Service to Harwich, via Lincoln or Peterborough and March from Scotland, the North and Midlands, saving time and money.

Dining Car from York, HAMBURG by G.S.N. Co.'s S.S. Wednesdays and Saturdays. Cheap Tickets and Tours to all parts of the Continent. Read the G.E.R. Co.'s "Tourist Guide to the Continent," price 6d., post 8d. Particulars at 61, Regent Street, W., or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

QUICK CHEAP ROUTE TO DENMARK.

SWEDEN AND NORWAY via HARWICH and ESBJERG. The Steamers of the United Steam-ship Company of Copenhagen sail from Harwich (Parkinson Quay) for Esbjerg every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the Train leaving London (Liverpool Street Station) at 9 a.m.; returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9 a.m. Train from Copenhagen. Return Fares: Esbjerg, 35s.; Copenhagen, 80s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the Steam-ships Koldinghus and Nidaros. These fast steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers, and carry no cattle. For further information address TEIGNER, PRICE, and CO., 107, Fenchurch Street, London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

SUMMER TOURS IN NORWAY.—Tour of

TWELVE DAYS to the WEST COAST and FIORDS OF NORWAY. The well-known steam yacht ST. SENNIA will leave Leith during the season as under: June 25; July 7 and 21; August 4 and 18. Berths can be secured and full particulars with Handbook, obtained in London from W. Beattie, 102, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; or from Messrs. Gaze and Son, 142, Strand, W.C., and branches; H. Gaze and Son, 142, Strand, and branches; or from G. Hourston, 64, Constitution Street, Leith, and Chas. Merryce, Northern Wharf, Aberdeen.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SERVICES.
CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, } Monthly, via
ROUND THE WORLD. } VANCOUVER.

Fastest, finest, only Twin-screw Steamers on Pacific Ocean. Specially interesting route for tourists, through grandest scenery on American Continent. Luxurious Hotels, CANADIAN TOURS arranged. Shooting, Fishing. For tickets, free illustrated books, time tables, apply—Canadian Pacific Rly., 67 and 68, King William St., London, E.C.; and 30, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

P. AND O. MAIL-STEAMERS
FROM LONDON TO
BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI, EGYPT, ADEN, and MADRAS, via BOMBAY.

Every week.

Every Fortnight.

DIRECT SERVICES FROM BRINDISI to EGYPT and the EAST.

Cheap Return Tickets.
For Particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C.; and 25, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

HOT MINERAL SPRINGS OF BATH.

Daily yield, 507,600 gallons. Natural temp., 117° to 120° Fahr. The Baths were founded by the Romans in the First Century. Most valuable in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Skin Affections. The Baths have been recently enlarged and perfected at great expense. One of the greatest hygienic physicians says: "They are the most complete in Europe."

They include Thermal, Vapour, Douche with Massage (by Douches and Douchettes from Continental Spas), Needle Baths, Pulverisation, Spray, Dry and Moist Heat, Humage, and Inhalation Rooms. All forms of Shower and Medicated Baths. Bath Daily in the Pump-Room. Address Manager for every information.

PETER ROBINSON'S

256 to 264, REGENT ST.

SALONS DE LUXE

for every requisite for

FASHIONABLE MOURNING

and for

Mantles, Gowns, & Millinery

in all subdued Art Shades, equally adapted for wearing out of Mourning.

The Richest Silks and Fancy Materials. Newest Designs in Laces, Trimmings, &c. The First Talent in Dressmaking.

LINGERIE, SUNSHADES, HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c.

Patterns, Estimates, and Illustrations Free.

PETER ROBINSON, 256 to 264, REGENT ST.

"EXCELLENT—OF GREAT VALUE." *Lancet*, June 15, 1889.

Peptonized

[PATENT]

SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON.

Most Delicious, Nutritious & requiring no digestive effort.

COCOA

& Milk

TINS 2/6. Half-Tins (Samples, 1/6).

WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES.

An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at reduced prices sent free on application to JOHN WALKER, 77, Cornhill; and 230, Regent Street.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE

produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Price 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world. Agents, R. HOVENDE and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners Street, W.

FORMER CLOCK AND WATCH MAKERS

AND THEIR WORK. By F. J. BRITTON. Price 6s.; by post, 6s. 5d., 400 pp., illus. Contains list of over 500 old makers and portraits of the Masters of Horology. E. and F. N. SPON; and of Author, 35, Northampton Square, E.C.

ANEMIA (or Bloodlessness) Positively Cured.

ECZEMA eradicated and driven from the system. Send stamped addressed envelope to B.A. "Mercury" Office, Bridgewater, Somerset. No Cure No Pay.

In Use all over the Globe.

THE BEST. THE SAFEST. THE OLDEST PATENT MEDICINE.

Free from Mercury.

Of Vegetable Drugs.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS

FOR BILE,

LIVER,

HEADACHE,

HEARTBURN,

INDIGESTION,

ETC.

A RIDE TO KHIVA.

By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.G.

"Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is as well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvellous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab Sheikh, who was impervious to all native medicines when I administered to him five

COCKLE'S PILLS,

will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my fame as a 'medicine man' had not died out."

THE ONLY FULL AND ADEQUATE FINE ART REPRESENTATION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Now Ready, Part IV. price 1s. 6d.

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES, 1894.

To be completed in Five Parts, 1s. each, or 1 vol., price 7s. 6d.

The pictures come out with all the clearness of line engravings.

—Literary World.

"Messrs. Cassell and Co. have had many imitators, but nothing of the kind that is issued can compare in quality with Cassell's

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES."—Western Daily Mercury.

Copies of Part I. are nearly exhausted, and the Work will not be reprinted.

Reproductions of important Academy pictures appear EXCLUSIVELY in this work.

CASSELL and COMPANY, Limited, Ludgate Hill, London.

HURST and BLACKETT'S NEW NOVELS.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS. By Mrs. FORRESTER. Author of "Viva," "My Lord and My Lady," &c. 2 vols.

SHALLOWS. By MYRA SWAN. 2 vols.

Second Edition of MARY FENWICK'S DAUGHTER. By BEATRICE WILBY, Author of "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick," "One Reason Why," &c. 3 vols.

THE FOOL OF DESTINY. By COLIN MIDDLETON, Author of "Innes of Blairavon," 3 vols.

THE HUSBAND OF ONE WIFE. By Mrs. VENN, Author of "Some Married Fellows," &c. 3 vols.

ORCHARD DAMEREL. By ALAN ST. AUBYN, Author of "A Fellow of Trinity," &c. 3 vols.

London: Hurst and Blackett, Limited, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

WITH R. L. STEVENSON IN SAMOA.

GLEAMS OF MEMORY. By JAMES PAYN. CHAP. I. SERIAL STORY—A FATAL RESERVATION.

NOTICE.—The CORNHILL MAGAZINE for

JULY contains the first of a series of Articles by JAMES PAYN, entitled "GLEAMS OF MEMORY: WITH SOME REFLECTIONS," also the opening Chapters of a new Serial story, entitled "A FATAL RESERVATION," by R. O. PROWSE; and the following Articles: "WITH R. L. STEVENSON IN SAMOA," "THE STORY OF 'LIZA BEGG'—THE 'PIONEERS'—ORCHID HUNTING IN DEMERARA"—"MATTHEW AUSTIN," by W. E. NORRIS, Chaps. 25 to 28.

Ready at all Booksellers' and Newsagents', Price Sixpence.

London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

MISS BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

Now ready, in 3 vols. at all Libraries.

THOU ART THE MAN.

A Novel, by the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "All Along the River," &c. &c.

London: SIMPKIN and Co., Ltd.

JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS'

PIANOFORTES are unsurpassed, and possess features which give to them distinct advantages, viz.:

Perfect Materials. Perfect Adjustment.

Perfect Inventions. Perfect Finish.

Perfect Construction. Perfect Action.

Perfect Sensibility of Touch and Tone.

Legion of Honour. Numerous Gold Medals.

JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS,

Makers to T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, 18, 20, and 22, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

Lists Free and of the leading Musicians.

JOHN BROADWOOD AND SONS.

Appointed By Special Royal Warrants

Pianoforte Makers to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh (Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha).

Great Pulteney Street (near Piccadilly Circus), London, W.

D'ALMAINE and CO.'S PIANO AND

ORGAN CLEARANCE SALE. END OF SEASON.

Ten years' warranty. Easy terms, approval, carriage free.

Cottages, 7, 9, and 11 guineas.

Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 3, 23 guineas. Class 6, 35 guineas.

Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 4, 26 guineas. Class 7, 40 guineas.

Class 2, 20 guineas. Class 5, 30 guineas. Class 8, 50 guineas.

American Organs, by all the best Makers, from 45 guineas upwards.

Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken. Illustrations and particulars post free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 108 Years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. Open till 7:30 p.m., Saturdays, 3.

£10 to £100

CHEAP PIANOS.—Broadwood, £10; Broadwood, £15; Cramer, £16; Chappell, £18; Kirkman, £19; Erard, £20; Broadwood, £22; Collard, £30; Bechstein, £40; Erard, £50; Broadwood, £75; Broadwood, £100. Write for Descriptive Lists of THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S GREAT SALE, 27, Baker Street, London, W.

ERARD

ON HIRE ROYAL EXCHANGED

18, Gt. Marlboro. St. w. PIANOS

ORIENT COMPANY'S

YACHTING CRUISES

By the Steam-ships LUSITANIA, 3877 tons register, and GARONNE, 3876 tons register, leaving LONDON as under, and GRANTON two days later:—

For the NORWAY FIORDS and NORTH CAPE. June 28, for 29 days; July 18, for 28 days.

For NORWAY and SPITZBERGEN, Aug. 1, for 33 days.

At the most Northern point of these cruises the sun will be above the horizon at midnight.

For SOUTHERN NORWAY and COPENHAGEN, Aug. 22, for 21 days.

String Band, Electric Light, Electric Bells, Hot and Cold Baths, high-class Cuisine.

Managers { F. GREEN and Co. and Head Offices, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.; or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur St., S.W.

CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE

(Established half a century).—Searches and Authentic Information respecting Family Arms and Pedigrees. Crest and Motto in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. Book-plates engraved in Modern and Mediaeval styles. Heraldic Seal Engraving.

ILLUMINATED ADDRESSES ON VELLUM.

Prospectus post free.—25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX OF CRESTED

STATIONERY.—Best quality Paper and Square Court Envelopes, all stamped in colour with Crest, or with Monogram or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Signet ring, 18 carat, from 42s. Card plate and 50 best visiting cards, 2s. 8d.; ladies', 3s. Wedding and invitation cards. Specimens free.—25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.

"The most perfect-fitting made."—Observer.

Gentlemen desirous of Purchasing Shirts of the Best Quality should try FORD'S EUREKA.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.

30s., 40s., the half-dozen. Celebrated for Fit, Durability, and Appearance. All domesticated.

R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

SHIRTS.—New Patterns in French Printed

and Oxford Mat Shirtings for making FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS, forwarded post free; also prices and self-measure.

R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

OLD SHIRTS Refronted, Wrist and Collar

Banded, fine linen, three for 6s.; Superior, 7s. 6d.; Extra Fine, 9s. Send three (not less) with cash. Returned ready for use, carriage paid.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

KEATING'S POWDER.—Kills Bugs, Fleas,

Moths, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unvalued). Harmless to everything but insects. To avoid disappointment insist on having "Keating's." See the signature of THOMAS KEATING is on the outside wrapper, without which none is genuine. No other powder is effective. Sold in tins, 6d. and 1s.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only

thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free, sent for 1d. or 3d. penny stamps.

MOST INVALUABLE.

J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

THE OPERA.

M. Jean de Reszko followed up his successful *rentrée* in "Werther" by appearing in two of his most famous and popular impersonations, *Roméo* and *Lohengrin*. It would be difficult to say in which he afforded the greater amount of pleasure, since both as the Shaksperian and the Wagnerian hero he is simply ideal. Comparison, however, is none the less permissible, and in the mind of the habitué it would probably resolve itself into a question of which opera or which music yielded the greater measure of enjoyment. The answer of the general public would scarcely enlighten us on the matter, inasmuch as the opera-house was crammed from floor to ceiling on each occasion, and receipts and enthusiasm alike touched within an infinitesimal trifle the same mark. It may be more instructive, therefore, to turn from the subject of comparative appreciation to a recognition of the remarkable versatility that enables the artist to imbue with a distinct individuality, yet with every attribute of vocal and histrionic perfection, two characters so widely removed from one another in all essential details. The world has now for some time bestowed plentiful admiration upon Jean de Reszko. It has revelled in his "velvety"

tones and his delightful singing; it has dwelt effusively upon his elegant and handsome appearance and the distinction with which he wears his costumes; it has grown demonstrative over his love-making and his heroic bearing. But with all this it has not quite done justice to his rare gift of making every part that he undertakes an absolutely distinct conception—unlike not alone in aspect, but in manner, in dramatic outline, in temperament, and even in vocal colouring and accentuation. It is doubtless easier to create the marked distinction between *Roméo* and *Lohengrin* than between *Roméo* and *Faust*, or between *Lohengrin* and *Walther von Stolzing*. The two Gounod lovers and the two Wagner heroes are cast in very opposite moulds. But the Polish tenor avoids points of resemblance in these four characters—as in every one that he delineates—by approaching each in an entirely different spirit and working out each conception upon purely independent lines. The consequence is that he is always interesting, always truthful to nature and art, as an actor as well as a singer, and that his embodiments invariably present the charm of freshness, intellectuality, and contrast. In the two operas to which we are especially alluding, M. de Reszko received admirable support from Madame Melba, whose Juliette and Elsa have both immensely improved

during the last two or three seasons. M. Edouard de Reszko, who has returned, like his brother, in wonderful voice, delivered the music of *Frère Laurent* and *Henry the Fowler* with a sonorous grandeur and grace of phrasing that no other bass on the operatic stage can emulate, receiving on his first night the hearty welcome due to an established favourite. The casts otherwise presented no features now calling for comment.

The series of German opera performances at Drury Lane, for which Sir Augustus Harris has created a special subscription, began in a very satisfactory manner on Tuesday, June 19. The house was crowded by a typical Wagnerian audience, which, judging by the warmth of its applause each time the curtain fell, and the expressions of contentment heard in the corridors during the *entr'actes*, enjoyed the performance thoroughly. Needless to say that Herr Alvary as Siegmund, Frau Klafsky as Brünnhilde, Herr Wiegand as Wotan, and Mr. David Bispham as Hunding, fulfilled all reasonable requirements. The tenor improved as he went on; and the talented soprano, who won golden opinions here in 1892, sang splendidly throughout. Mlle. Gherlsen looked the part of Sieglinde, but was vocally weak. Mlle. Olitzka was excellent as Fricka. The orchestra, under Herr Lohse, did very creditable work.

MARRIAGE.

On June 14, at St. Stephen's, South Kensington, by the Rev. Mark Cassidy, M.A., assisted by the Rev. C. J. M. Shaw, M.A., Vicar of Swanley, Kent, Sydney Flower Jackson, M.A. Oxon, son of J. Flower Jackson, J.P., Bourne Place, Bexley, to Ethel Janet, only child of J. G. Patey and the late Madame Patey, of Tresilian, Falmouth.

LYCEUM.—FAUST. Every Evening at 8. MARGARET. Miss ELLEN TERRY. MATINEES, Saturdays, June 23 and July 7, at 2 (Theatre closed at night). Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5, and during the performance. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.

EARL'S COURT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO EARL'S COURT. THE BAND of H.M. SCOTS GUARDS, Conductor, Mr. H. T. Dunkerton (by kind permission of Colonel W. J. Gascoigne). BAND of the ROYAL MARINE ARTILLERY, from Portsmouth. Conductor, Mr. A. Williams (by kind permission of the Commander, R.N. School, Portsmouth). THE EXHIBITION ORCHESTRA and ORGAN RECITALS. Beautiful Gardens. Exhibit of Hardy Flowers. Brilliant Illuminations. Art Galleries. Extensive Covered Garden and Fernery. Coloured Fountains. Tabernacles Vivants. VISIT of the ROYAL MARINE ARTILLERY, from Portsmouth, on FRIDAY, JUNE 22. TUG of WAR and MUSICAL DRILL by the R.M.A., in conjunction with the GRAND MILITARY TOURNAMENT. BOYTON'S WORLD'S WATER SHOW. 2000 FREE SEATS. Admission to the Exhibition Buildings, Central and Western Gardens, from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m., one of 1000 Free Admissions to the Military Tournament, and one of 2000 Free Seats at the Water Show, may be obtained for ONE SHILLING. SEASON TICKETS, 10s. 6d.

MONTE CARLO.

THE SEASON.

The winter season on the Riviera is rendered much more enjoyable by the facilities of access to Monaco and Monte Carlo, with the multitude of quick trains on the double line of railway between Nice and Mentone, enabling parties to return, after a performance at a theatre or a concert, or in the evening after dinner, to any of the towns on the coast where visitors are accustomed to sojourn.

The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul Aubourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Judic achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a company all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo at a theatre or a concert, or in the evening after dinner, to any of the towns on the coast where visitors are accustomed to sojourn.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Montazon and Gilberte, Messrs. David and Paul Bert; "Mon Prince," by Andrée; and "Ruy Blas," with Mounet-Sully, on Jan. 9. The director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

The programme from March 10 to April 1 consisted of two representations every week in the following order: "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saëns, with Madame Desclamps-Jehin, Salza and Fabre; "La Sonnambula," Madame Marcella Sembrich, Messrs. Queyria and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robart," by Irlande de Larb, with Madame Sembrich and Messrs. Melchior and Queyria; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment," and on April 17, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mlle. Elven, M. Queyria, and M. Boudouresque, fils.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at the theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at Monte Carlo.

There are the Conférences to be held by M. Francisque Sarcey. Twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, there are the Classical and International Concerts, under the competent direction of M. Arthur Steck.

Every day will have its artistic performance and attraction. The International Fine Arts Exhibition, opened from Jan. 16, is superior to those of past years, in the choice and value of the works collected, paintings by great masters, and in the arrangements made by the efforts of the distinguished president, M. Georges de Dramard.

Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Gêrôme, Jules Lefebvre, Desmille, and Barrias, of the Institut, Bartholdi, Burne-Jones, Carolus Duran, Edelfelt, Sir Frederick Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo Michetti, Munkesey, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee, with M. de Dramard, have been able to collect examples of the most esteemed French and foreign artists.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown. Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and manifold delight. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance, they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairyland, at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter here does not exist.

ALPINE HEALTH RESORT. MALOJA. ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND. 6000 feet altitude. The GRAND HOTEL, KURSAAL, MALOJA: open from June to September; contains 330 Bed-rooms. Every home comfort. Special system of ventilation and heating. New sanitary arrangements. In- and out-door sports; golf. English and Catholic Church services. Resident English Physician, Dr. M. G. Forster. For all particulars apply to the Manager, J. F. Walther, Hôtel Kursaal, Maloja.

ONE HUNDRED PER CENT. PROFIT. Anyone financing advertiser to the extent of ten thousand pounds or less can make the above profit on the amount invested upon results of an invention which is the most important one of the century, and must shortly achieve a brilliant success. Principals or solicitors.—A. B. C., 8, Waldegrave Road, Upper Norwood.

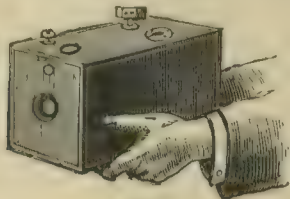
THE BOONS & BLESSINGS



"They come as a boon and a blessing to men, The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."

Sample Box, 1s. 1d. by Post.

MAGNIVEN & CAMERON, EDINBURGH.



THE KODAK

These famous hand or tripod cameras, whilst embodying the most advanced ideas in camera construction, are the simplest and most compact photographic instruments made.

Equally suitable for boy or girl, novice in photography, or photographic expert. From 1 to 100 pictures can be made without recharge.

Strongly recommended by travellers in all parts of the globe.

Prices from £1 6s 0d to £22 1s 0d.

Illustrated Catalogue free on application.

Manufactured solely by

EASTMAN

Photographic Materials Co. Ltd.,

115-117 OXFORD ST., LONDON.

PARIS: 4 Place Vendôme.



They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no Skill to use. Made in Five Colours.

12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS. Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, now being sold by Drapers and Others. The Genuine bear our TRADE MARK on the Right-Hand Corner of each Label.

WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDE & SONS, BERNERS ST., W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

JUNO Cycles



CASH DIS & CARRIAGE PAID.

Metropolitan Machinists' Company, Ltd., 75 & 76, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT, LONDON, E.C. N.B.—Every JUNO guaranteed.

are the VERY BEST.

RIGID. LIGHT. SWIFT.

Sent at once for large Illustrated List of JUNO Cycles and Cycle Sundries, sent Post Free to any part of the world. Machines shipped to all parts. Roadsters, Racers, Ladies', and Military Cycles.

FIRE PROTECTION OF MANSIONS AND WATER SUPPLY TO MANSIONS ARE THE TWO CHIEF SPECIALTIES OF MERRYWEATHER & SONS.

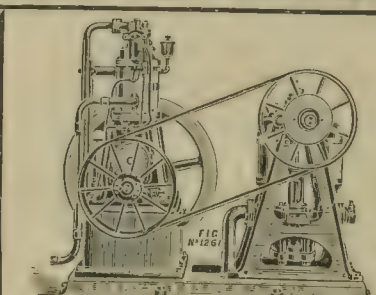


MERRYWEATHERS' "SQUIRE'S" ENGINE.

No Estate perfect without one. Throws Two Jets for Fire Extinguishing, or Pumps 10,000 Gallons per hour for Domestic Water Supply; also Drives all kinds of Estate Plant.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET—"WATER SUPPLY TO MANSIONS."

60 GOLD MEDALS AND FIRST AWARDS. ESTABLISHED 201 YEARS. Call at 63, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C., and see Water Supply Appliances in Action, OR WRITE, GREENWICH, S.E.



OIL-ENGINE AND PUMP.

Made by Merryweathers'. Cost 5d. for 10 hours' work, per Brake Horse-Power. For deep or shallow water, lakes, &c. IRRIGATION, FIRE SERVICE, and DOMESTIC WATER SUPPLY.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Awarded the HIGHEST HONOURS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER

In 1-lb. and 1/2-lb. Tackets.

For BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Daily Consumption exceeds 50 tons.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Paris, London, New York. Sold Everywhere.

GUARANTEED SPECIALITIES

OF THE SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN.

Manufactured in three sizes at 10s. 6d., 16s. 6d., and 25s. each. For a Present or Memento you could not give a more faithful, ready, or willing friend than a SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN.

1. 14-Carat Gold—therefore never corrodes.
2. Iridium-tipped—therefore never wears out.
3. Instantly ready for use.
4. Writes continuously for many hours.
5. Economical—outlasting 20,000 steel pens.
6. Saves fully £15 in cost of steel pens and ink pots.
7. Ink in reservoir always limpid—no evaporation.
8. For every writer in every land a necessity.

A Pen as nearly perfect as the inventive skill of the day can produce.

FOR WEDDING AND COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS THE IDEAL OBJECT.

We only require your steel pen and handwriting to guide us in selecting a pen.

Gold Pens, Iridium-Tipped. Everlasting Wear.

Gold Pens, Iridium-Tipped. From 4s. to 19s. each.

Gold Pens, Iridium-Tipped. Short, Long, Broad, Fine Nibs.

Gold Pens, Iridium-Tipped. Made to suit your Handwriting.

Complete Illustrated Catalogue sent post free on application. MABIE, TODD, and BARD, 93, Cheapside, E.C., or 95A, Regent Street, W.

LIQUEUR OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

This delicious Liqueur, which has lately come so much into public favour on account of its wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants. Sole Consignee—W. DOYLE, 35, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

Allen & Hanburys' Castor Oil

Tasteless. Pure. Active. Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/1, 1/9 & 3/.

THE BEST JUDGES OF CIGARS NOW OBTAIN THEIR SUPPLIES AT

BENSON'S, 61, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, London.

Really good Foreign Cigars at 16s., 20s., 22s. per 100 (and upwards). Samples 5 for 1s. (14 Stamps).

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

CAMBRIC Children's 13 doz. Ladies' 23 " Gents' 33 " HEMSTITCHED. Ladies' 29 doz. Gents' 31 " "The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame."—The Queen.

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS. ROBINS & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

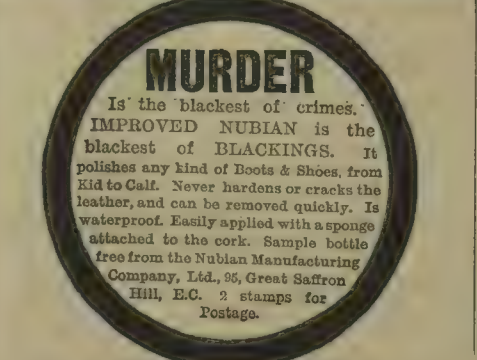
EXQUISITE MODEL, PERFECT FIT, GUARANTEED WEAR.

THE Y&N PATENT DIAGONAL SEAM CORSET

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black, and all the Fashionable Colours and Shades in Italian Cloth, Satin and Coutil; also in the new Sanitary Woolen Cloth. 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair and upwards. CAUTION.—Every Genuine Y & N Corset is Stamped. Three Gold Medals. Sold by all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

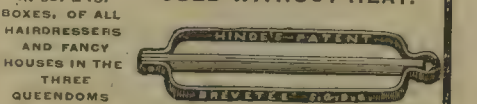
Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture

is a guaranteed cure for all Blood and Skin Diseases. It is the most searching blood cleanser ever discovered, and it will free the system from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. Sold everywhere, at 2s. 9d. per bottle. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.



HINDE'S PATENT HAIR CURLERS

USED WITHOUT HEAT. IN 6D. & 1S. BOXES, OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS AND FANCY HOUSES IN THE THREE QUEENDOMS



HINDE LIMITED, MANUFACTURERS OF BRUSHES AND TOILET ARTICLES BIRMINGHAM & LONDON.

BEWARE.

MR. JOHN CARTER, Invalid Furniture Manufacturer, regrets that he is again compelled to warn the Public against the unscrupulous imitations of his Trade Marks, Catalogues, and Advertisements by a certain Defendant.

There is only **ONE GENUINE ORIGINAL CARTER**, and that is

JOHN CARTER, 6a, New Cavendish St., Portland Place, W.

NO OTHER ADDRESS IN THE CITY OR ELSEWHERE.

Any firm representing that they are (or are in any way connected with) the Original Firm, are impostors.

In the High Court of Justice.

CHANCERY DIVISION.

Mr. JUSTICE NORTH.

Friday the 16th day of February, 1894.

Between **JOHN CARTER** - - - - Plaintiff.
ALFRED CARTER - - - - Defendant.

Upon motion this day made unto this Court by Counsel for the Plaintiff for committal, or in the alternative, for an attachment against the Defendant for his contempt in having disobeyed the Judgment made in this action and dated the 23rd day of June, 1893, or so much thereof as restrains him from using, copying, or colorably or otherwise imitating or infringing any of the Trade Marks, Copyrights, Catalogues, Circulars or Advertisements referred to in paragraph 3 of the Agreement of the 21st of March, in the pleadings mentioned, and from using the engraving of "The man reading in an Easy Chair," and this Court being of opinion that the Defendant has committed a breach of the said Injunction doth (at the suggestion of the Plaintiff's Counsel) not think fit to make any order upon the said Motion, but doth order that the Defendant Alfred Carter do pay to the Plaintiff his costs of the said Motion (to be taxed by the Taxing Master as between Solicitor and Client).

For full Illustrated Catalogue of Bath Chairs, &c., write to **CARTER'S SOLE ADDRESS:**

6A, NEW CAVENDISH STREET, PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.

"Highest Award at Chicago, 1893"
"Lanoline"

Toilet "Lanoline".....6^d & 1/₂.
"Lanoline" Soap.....6^d & 1/₂.
"Lanoline" Pomade.....1/₆.
& Cold Cream.

"Once tried
always used"

Should be used in every household, as { nothing is better
for the complexion
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. WHOLESALE DEPOT: 67, HOLBORN VIADUCT.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS cure pleasantly, permanently, and unfailingly Torpid Liver, Bilious Headaches, the tendency to Bilious Attacks, Pale and Sallow Skin, Feverishness, &c.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS give the clear eye and bright-coloured complexion of perfect health and beauty. They are purely vegetable, and absolutely harmless.



Exact Size
and
appearance
of Package.

SMALL PILL.
SMALL DOSE.
SMALL PRICE.

THIS IS A VIAL OF

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

1s. 1¹/₂d. at the Chemist's.

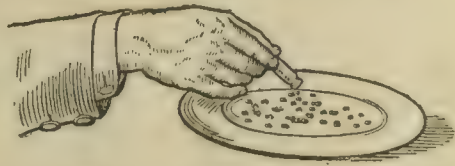
It is secured in
a white wrapper
engraved in

blue, and wrapped
in a paper
which
contains
the
directions
for use.



The Vial contains Forty
little Sugar-coated Pills, far
cheaper than pennyworths
of doubtful medicine.

One Pill is a dose.



CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits adopting the Title.

WHITE SOUND TEETH. FRAGRANT BREATH. HEALTHY GUMS.



JEWSBURY & BROWN'S

**Oriental
Tooth
Paste**
Beautifies
and
Preserves the
Teeth and
Gums to
Old Age.

SIXTY YEARS
IN USE.

CAUTION.—The ONLY GENUINE is
signed by JEWSBURY & BROWN.

OF ALL CHEMISTS. Pots, 1s. 6d. & 2s. 6d.



FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the **BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE** in the World.

PREVENTS the **DECAY** of the **TEETH**.

RENDERS THE **TEETH** **PEARLY WHITE**.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Is **PERFECTLY HARMLESS** and **DELICIOUS** to the **TASTE**.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

LATEST IMPROVEMENTS **MADE OF SPECIAL STEEL**

PATENTEES & SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF
ALL STERLING IMPROVEMENTS IN UMBRELLA FRAMES.

S. FOX & CO. LIMITED

AND **S. FOX & CO. LIMITED**

TOGETHER WITH

PARACON OR **LAURUS**

OR ONE OF THEIR OTHER
TRADE MARKS

IS DISTINCTLY MARKED ON EVERY UMBRELLA FRAME THEY MAKE

NEATNESS **STRENGTH**

UMBRELLAS & SUNSHADES ON THESE FRAMES
ARE SOLD AT ALL RESPECTABLE SHOPS.

The only awarded at the Paris
Exhibition 1889.

VELOUTINE
Special,
hygienic, adherent & invisible
Poudre de Riz — **CH. FAY**, Inventor

9, Rue de la Paix, PARIS. — BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Judgement of 8th May 1875.

"WILLS'S"

NAVY CUT

"CAPSTAN" BRAND.



"CAPSTAN" BRAND.

Can now be obtained in 2oz. Patent Air-Tight Tins

IN THREE GRADES OF STRENGTH, VIZ. :—



"MILD," Yellow Label.
"MEDIUM," Blue Label.
"FULL," Chocolate Label.



As well as in 1oz. Packets and 1/4 lb. Patent Air-Tight
Tins, by all Dealers in Tobacco.

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Ltd.,
BRISTOL AND LONDON.

BEECHAM'S

For **THE CASTLE** OR **THE COTTAGE**

PILLS

ALL TIMES

SHOWERPROOF VELVETEEN.

Made in all Art Shades and Colours.
Guaranteed J. & J. M. Worrall's Best Dye
and Finish.

A REVOLUTION IN THE VELVETEEN TRADE

Rainproof
The
MJC
MILLERAIN

Patent Finish

REPELS DAMPNESS.
SHOWERPROOF.
POROUS.
DURABLE.

COLORS are PERMANENT

Every Half-yard is stamped
"MILLERAIN."
To be had of all the leading Drapery Houses.

SHOWERPROOF VELVETEEN.



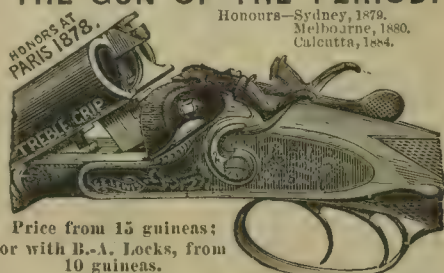
GOLD MEDAL,
International Health Exhibition, London.

BENGER'S

FOOD For
INFANTS,
INVALIDS, & THE AGED.

Benger's Food is sold in Tins at 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d.,
5s., and 10s., by all Chemists, &c.

New Illustrated Catalogue now ready.
"THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."



THIS Gun, wherever shown, has always taken honours. Why buy from Dealers when you can buy at half the price from the Maker? Any gun sent on approval on receipt of P.O.O. and remittance returned if, on receipt, it is not satisfactory. Target trial allowed. A choice of 200 Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers, embracing every novelty in the trade. B.L. Guns, from 50s. to 50 guineas; B.L. Revolvers, from 6s. 6d. to 100s. Send six stamps for New Illustrated Catalogue, now ready, embracing every Gun, Rifle, and Revolver up to date; also Air-Cane and Implement Sheets. For conversions, new barrels, Pin Fires to Central Fires, Muzzleloaders to Breechloaders, re-stocking, &c., we have a staff of men second to none in the trade. SPECIAL—We sell Guns, &c., at one profit on first cost of manufacture; Re-stocking, from 15s.; Pin Fires altered to Central Fires, from 30s.; New Barrels, from £2 to £10; M.L. altered to O.F., B.L., from 60s., with B.A. Locks; and from 80s. with Bar Locks, including new hammers, and making up as new; Altering Locks to Relound, 12s.

G. E. LEWIS, BIRMINGHAM. Established 1850.
Telegram: "Period, Birmingham."

MELLIN'S

TRADE MARK

FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS

FOOD

MARIANI

WINE

This inimitable COCA WINE restores Health, Strength, and Vigour. It is the most efficacious of Tonics and Stimulants, without any unpleasant reaction. It is universally recommended by Physicians as "A powerful rejuvenator and renovator of the vital forces." Sold by Chemists and Stores, or delivered free by Importers, WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford Street, London. 4s. per bottle, or 45s. per dozen.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ROYALTY—BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND H.R.H. ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

By our Special Photographer, Mr. Russell, of Baker Street, London.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST ABROAD.

A CHAT WITH MR. J. RUSSELL.

The success, or, at least, the ascendancy, of the photographer over the black-and-white artist has been very marked recently at some of the greater royal gatherings on the Continent. During the wedding ceremonies at Coburg and the betrothal festivities at Rosenau, Mr. J. Russell was working from morning until the light failed, producing group after group with a fecundity which was phenomenal. His work, indeed, has attracted so much notice that his own views upon it are of particular interest just now, especially in relation to the competition with art correspondents which the functions brought about.

"Do you think, Mr. Russell," our representative asked him in a recent chat, "that photography is going to supersede the sketcher at future gatherings of this sort?"

"In a great measure, yes. It must be apparent to everyone that the most valuable feature of such pictures must be portraiture. People want to see how the royal

many of the drawings of the Coburg gaieties, I have seen her Majesty the Queen made to look about forty-five, which is obviously absurd."

"You took a great many pictures of her at Coburg?"

"Yes, I was very fortunate, and owe much to the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness could not have been kinder. I should never have got that group at Rosenau if it had not been for his assistance. The Master of the Horse, to whom I applied, said that no work could be done on the day of the betrothal. I was coming down the staircase in a gloomy mood when the Prince of Wales met me, and, learning my case, had it put right at once. 'You go over to the restaurant,' he said, 'and I will make it all right in a moment. They don't understand what I mean.' Sure enough, I had not been in the restaurant ten minutes when I was sent for, and the group was posed."

"Is it true that the Queen has refused to be photographed during recent years?"

"Quite untrue. During the last two years, at any rate, I have had the honour to take her Majesty on many occasions. As a rule, she does not care to be taken in a

"Everyone was very pleased at the betrothal, of course?"

"I have never known anything cause so much enthusiasm. The German Emperor was full of it; you will see that he is taken in one of the pictures with his arm upon the Czarévitch's shoulder. He was simply full of enthusiasm, and in the very highest spirits."

"He is a very good-looking man, isn't he?"

"There can be no question of it, and he has a much finer figure than most people think. I have never seen him look better than he did in uniform on the day of the marriage."

"And the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha?"

"He grows more like his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales every day. You can see from the pictures how strong is the resemblance. Altogether the gathering was remarkable for the handsome men present. Prince Paul of Russia was one of the finest figures I have ever seen. He made a magnificent picture in that gorgeous uniform. But it would be unfair to individualise."

"I suppose you have had a large experience in photographing royalty?"



Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

Prince of Wales.

Duke of Connaught.

THREE ROYAL BROTHERS.

By our Special Photographer, Mr. Russell, of Baker Street, London.

people looked. They will not be satisfied with a rough pen-and-ink sketch of the town and the palace, and the drawing of a few faces, which might be the faces of princes or might be those of policemen. Please do not think that I am depreciating the artist in any way. I merely mean to emphasise the fact that he has not the opportunities. Business of this sort is necessarily a rush. You are rushed from place to place with an enthusiasm which is most trying. The celebrities do not seem to rest in any one spot for ten minutes together. Under such circumstances the black-and-white artist can do little. To get a sitting even for ten minutes is an idle hope. He must be content to catch the scenic picturesqueness and the general effect. But, as I say, people want more than that nowadays: they ask for actual likenesses of the celebrities concerned, and they see that they get them."

"You suggest, then, that the photographer must cut the other artist out wherever portraiture is concerned?"

"Exactly; but with this qualification—where hasty portraiture is concerned. To my way of thinking, the photographer and the artist work well side by side. The former cannot be comic, or attain those effects of the picturesque which follow pencil work. The latter cannot possibly get likenesses into his work in the face of the haste and the movement and the confusion. Why, in

group; but she was most kind at Coburg, and I made many pictures of her. It was just the same with the German Emperor. He was quite delighted about the whole business, and sat to me most readily. After I had taken him in that group with the three Princes, I wanted to get him alone. He said, 'Oh, Russell, you've taken me so many times!' but I urged, 'Not in that uniform, your Majesty,' and he said 'Very well, come along,' and I got a fine picture of him."

"Did you have any difficulty in posing so many people, say, in the great group at Coburg?"

"Well, the group was not exactly as I should have liked it. It would have been better if it had been extended on the right hand of the picture; and, as you see, one of the princesses at the back is partly obscured. This was not my fault. There were three cameras allowed at the group, and one of the rivals did not act quite fairly to me. He had a smaller camera than mine, and he rushed the work, compelling me to hurry so much that I was not sure that I had anything at all when I brought away the plate."

"You got a good photo of the Czarévitch, I see."

"Yes, a very good one, I think. Has it occurred to you that he resembles Prince George very strongly? The Princess, too, is extremely pretty, and they will make a very handsome couple."

"I made my first picture of the Prince of Wales when I was very young, and since that time I have taken thousands of photos of him. As I say, he has always been most kind to me. There is scarcely a member of any royal family in Europe that I have not taken at some time or other, and that, I think, is a unique experience."

"Do you find much opposition from amateurs in royal circles?"

"There are a great many amateurs, but in portraiture, at any rate, you can hardly describe them as the opposition. Mind you, I think that where landscape work is concerned many amateurs have attained very high excellence. When we can couple their skill with ours for illustrated journalism, I am afraid that the chance of the black-and-white artist will be even less than it is now."

"This applies to journalism, of course?"

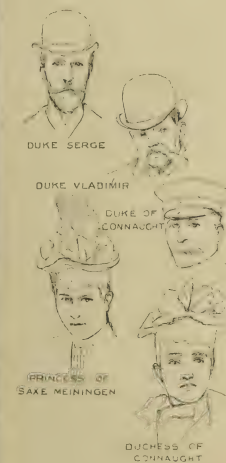
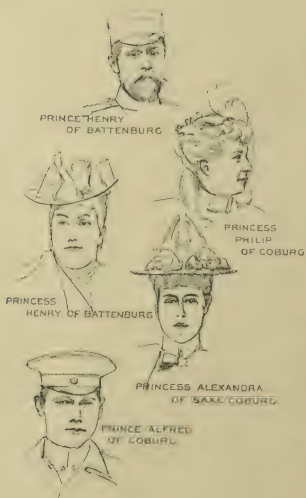
"As you say, of course. We are not discussing art as a whole—only the needs of the illustrated paper which must be produced in haste, and whose patrons seek faithful likenesses and quick results. Such conditions imply, I venture to think, the increasing use of the camera over the pencil. At least, everything points that way. I believe, however, that there will always be a field for the artist even in newspaper work. We run in harness with them admirably."



HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY WILHELM II., GERMAN EMPEROR.

Photographed by Special Desire of the Prince of Wales by Mr. J. Russell, of Baker Street, London

Grand Duke Paul of Russia. Prince Philip of Coburg. Count M. de Saxe. Princess of Romania. Grand Duchess Olga. Duke Alfred of Coburg.
 Prince Louis of Battenberg. Prince Henry of Battenberg. Princess Philip of Coburg. Grand Duke Serge. Prince of Romania. Grand Duke Vladimir. Duke of Connaught.
 Prince of Wales. Princess Henry of Battenberg. Prince's Alexandra of Coburg. Princess of Saxe-Meiningen. Duchess of Cornwall.



Prince Alfred of Coburg. The Czarvitch. Princess Alix of Hesse. The Queen. Princess Louise of Battenberg. Princess Henry of Prussia. Grand Duchess Vladimir. Duchess of Coburg.
 Emperor of Germany. Princess Beatrice of Coburg. Empress Frederick. Princess Frederica of Saxe-Meiningen.

ROYAL GROUP AT PALAIS EDINBURGH, COBURG.

MET BY DESIRE OF HER MAJESTY SPECIALLY TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED BY OUR ARTIST, MR. RUSSELL, OF BAKER STREET, LONDON.

CANADA'S INTELLECTUAL STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness: A Short Historical View of Literature, Art, and Education in Canada. By T. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., D.L. (Laval).—Of the intellectual strength of Canada the source is manifest. Her people, as Mr. Bourinot in this essay says, "are sprung from nations whose not least enduring fame has been the fact that they have given to the world of letters a Shakespeare, a Montesquieu, a Balzac, a Dickens, a Dumas, a Tennyson, a Victor Hugo, a Longfellow, a Hawthorne, a Théophile Gautier, and many other names that represent the best literary genius of the English and French races." Mr. Bourinot might even add a third race, for there is a colony of Germans in Ontario. Of the intellectual weakness the most obvious sources are immaturity, the

France before the Revolution. The Roman Catholic priesthood have hitherto been masters of the province, inheriting, besides the share of power which was theirs in old France, the shares of the kings and the noblesse. It is due to them to say that they have done their best to make the people moral according to the ecclesiastical standard, and that in no other land, perhaps, does the Roman Catholic system show so well. But they would have belied all experience of their rule if they had stimulated intellectual civilisation. The French peasantry of Quebec are a kindly and courteous race, happy on a little, highly domestic, and marvellously prolific; but education among them has been backward, nor has illiteracy been confined to the lowest class. Literary production, of a kind native to the soil, has hardly gone beyond simple tales and rhymes. The clergy have, of course, felt themselves bound, in the interest of the faith, to restrict intellectual freedom. A notable and rather

chiefly farmers. Toronto is the only large city, and it is essentially commercial. This is all to which a literary man of the province has to look. A wide expanse of water or wilderness divides the peopled part of Ontario from the sparse settlements of the North-West and the few thousands of British Columbia lying beyond. On the east, intellectual circulation is barred by the French province, on the other side of which lies a wilderness, increasing the remoteness of the thinly peopled and not opulent provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. A high-class literary man would write for the market of the continent, in which he would find sixty millions of reading people, but he cannot acquire copyright in the United States unless his book is printed there. The inevitable result is the hopeless depression of the publishing trade in Ontario, where little appears except what is purely local, while the subscription-hunter and the pedlar usurp



Duke of Connaught.

Duke Alfred of Coburg. Queen Victoria.

Emperor of Germany. Empress Frederick.

Prince of Wales.

ROYAL GROUP TAKEN AT PALAIS EDINBURGH, COBURG.

By our Special Photographer, Mr. Russell, of Baker Street, London.

predominance of material interests during the early stages of Colonial civilisation, and the overshadowing of literature in a dependency by the mighty branches of the parent tree. But, besides these, Canadian intellect has special difficulties with which to contend. In the first place, that which is politically termed Canada is made up of two nationalities, the French and the British, locally separate, uncommingling, and at this moment brought into rather sharp antagonism over the question of the Manitoba schools. In the second place, the British provinces are divided from each other, both by the compact French nationality wedged into the midst of them, and by barriers of nature, wildernesses or mountain ranges, so as to preclude intellectual co-operation or the circulation of literary products. A writer on Canada in the *Times* speaks of the Dominion as comprising thirty-five per cent. of the whole British Empire, and half of the North American Continent. He must include in Canada the North Pole. A glance at the habitable and cultivable part of the Dominion, as portrayed in a physical map, will show how highly panegyrical is this writer's description. French Canada is or has hitherto been a survival of

ludicrous instance was the case of Guibord, a French Canadian, who, for belonging to a literary society which took in heretical books, was excommunicated, and when he died was denied by the Church burial in the consecrated ground where his wife, who had died before him in the odour of orthodoxy, lay. A struggle ensued between the Church and State: collision seemed imminent, and preparations were being made to bury Guibord with the bayonet, when the Bishop of Montreal cut the knot by the happy device of deconsecrating the spot in which Guibord was to be laid. Of late years the filial connection with Old France has been renewed, and, Liberalism having gained ground in Quebec, there has been a growth of literature simply French, of which M. Frechette, a poet crowned by the French Institute, is generally regarded as the brightest star. Of local polemics, political or ecclesiastical, there is no lack, nor has the pulpit failed to bear its fruits.

Turning to British Canada, we find that Ontario, with two millions and a quarter of inhabitants, is the only populous province, ranging in that respect with the American States of the second class. The people are

the place of the legitimate trade. If any work of a higher kind is produced, it is published in England or in the United States, and takes its place in the literature of those countries. Mr. Bourinot rightly declines to class with the fruits of Canadian intellect the works of English authors who are merely resident in Canada, and look to it neither for the publication nor for the sale of the book. There are works genuinely Canadian on Canadian law, municipal and constitutional, Mr. Bourinot himself being at the head of the writers on the latter. Canada, as Mr. Bourinot is aware, has proved hitherto unable to keep on foot a magazine. Mr. Bourinot speaks favourably of the *Canadian Monthly*; but that periodical was sustained by unpaid contributions. *The Week*, a literary journal, still appears at Toronto, but its history is understood to be one of self-denying effort, like that of the *Canadian Monthly*. The superb magazine literature of the United States commands the Canadian market. In American magazines warble the birds of Canadian song. Nor have Canadians shown much tendency to patronise, from patriotic motives, a periodical literature of their own.



RUSSIA'S FUTURE CZAR AND CZARINA.

PRINCESS ALIX OF HESSE-DARMSTADT AND THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, CZAREVITCH OF RUSSIA.

By our Special Photographer, Mr. Russell, of Baker Street, London.

Princess of Saxe-Meiningen.

Prince Henry of Prussia.

Prince Ferdinand of Roumania.

Grand Duchess Serge
of Russia.

Prince Louis of Battenberg.



Prince of Wales. Duchess of Coburg.

Princess Ferdinand
of Roumania.

Duke of Coburg. Emperor of Germany.

Grand Duke Paul
of Russia.

Duchess of Connaught.

Prince of
Saxe-Meiningen. Duke of
Connaught.

ROYAL GROUP AT SCHLOSS COBURG AFTER THE DEPARTURE OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

By our Special Photographer, Mr. Russell, of Baker Street, London.

Prince
Henry of Battenberg.

Prince
Philip of Coburg.

Prince
of Roumania.

Prince
Henry of Prussia.

Grand Duke Paul of Russia.

Duke of Coburg.

Czarevitch. Emperor of Germany.

Grand Duke
Vladimir.

Prince Louis of Battenberg.
Duke of Connaught. Princess
Alexandra of Coburg.

Prince of Wales.



Princess.
Louis of Battenberg.

Princess
Philip of Coburg.

Princess
Henry of Battenberg.

Duchess
of Connaught.

Grand Duke
Serge of Russia.

Duchess
of Coburg.

Princess
of Roumania.

Princess
Alix of Hesse.

Grand Duchess
Vladimir.

Princess of
Saxe-Meiningen.

Princess Henry of Prussia.
Princess Beatrice of Coburg.

Grand Duchess Serge of Russia. Prince Alfred of Coburg.
Princess Feodora of Saxe-Meiningen.

ROYAL GROUP AT ROSENAU CASTLE ON THE OCCASION OF THE BETROTHAL OF THE CZAREVITCH WITH PRINCESS ALIX OF HESSE.

By our Special Photographer, Mr. Russell, of Baker Street, London.

WITH TWO COLOURED PICTURES.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Summer Number



VIOLETS.

From a Picture by Prescott-Davies.



His Good Fairy

BY M. E. BRADDON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

DOLDRUM was a rural village in Warwickshire, surrounded by the small country seats of small gentry who thought themselves great, having lost the sense of proportion for want of contrast, since the only place of consequence in the neighbourhood, a ducal castle, was seldom occupied. There it stood, a pile of grey stone, with keep and drawbridge, towering above the oaks and beeches of Doldrum Chase, frowning down the insignificance of the Doldrum gentry.

It was said by people who pretended to know that the Duchess hated Doldrum, and that it was on her account that the Duke had left off coming to the Castle, even for so much as a fortnight in October, to shoot his pheasants, which filled the woods with the whirr of their wings and the splendour of their colour, although they were no longer preserved as carefully as in the days of the Duke's father.

At Doldrum he was "the Duke." No closer description was necessary. In London he was the Duke of Ambleside, renowned for his vast acreage and for the pride of his Duchess. She was an elderly woman, and had held her own in the foremost front of fashion for the last thirty years, proud as Lucifer, still eminently handsome in a grand Roman style. So might look and move the statue of Agrippina, were life breathed into it.

Even in London there were people who talked of her as "the Duchess." And yet! And yet she was nobody—absolutely nobody; for those dumb witnesses, Burke and Lodge, could find no more to say of her than that she was the youngest daughter of Sampson Stedd, Esq., of Warwickshire.

"Of Warwickshire!" There were no Warwickshire Stedds to be found in Burke or Walford. Sampson Stedd of Warwickshire was doubtless some small tradesman—tax-gatherer, bailiff—something so obscure that the poor Duke must be unable to look at a Peerage without reflecting the crimson of the cover on his shame-stricken countenance.

And yet! And yet for thirty years his Grace of Ambleside had seemed perfectly happy in his union with Sarah, only daughter of Sampson Stedd. He had shown her the utmost consideration—he had fashioned his life to please her. A dull man, without marked talents or proclivities of any kind, in appearance a farmer, in manner shy and retiring, he had allowed himself to acquire distinction as the Duchess's husband. He became an arbiter of fashion without knowing it. A nod or an invitation from him was social advancement to any young man, because, although the Duke was a nobody, the Duke's house was one of the smartest in London.

It was an old family mansion in Grosvenor Square, with Adam decoration and walls a little less thick than those of Newgate. Her Grace had built new rooms, winter garden, corridors and staircases at the back, and had doubled the size and importance of the mansion; and her popularity had been sufficient to ensure those rooms being always filled by the best people in London. She had only to lift up her finger



Doldrum was a rural village in Warwickshire.

and the town flocked to her. She had no need to lay down groundbait of quails and early strawberries, iced asparagus and the newest champagne à la mode. Had she said, "I shall give you nothing but tea and bread and butter," people would have crowded her rooms all the same, as they used to go to dance and eat bread and butter at Almack's.

Francis Daintree was a young man on his promotion. He had not long left the 'Varsity and was but newly called to the Bar, having eaten his dinners at the Temple while working for his degree at Cambridge. He had come out very well in the honours list and he was pleased with himself, but when questioned by casual acquaintance about the smart world he was compelled to admit blushing that he knew very few people in town. His father was a Yorkshire parson, his father's brothers were Indian officials, spoiling their tempers and constitutions in the North-West Provinces. He had a couple of aunts who were well off but distinctly suburban. He could hardly confess to New Year dances at Norwood or Finchley, yet he had to dance in those barbarous regions, or he would have offended not only the givers of the dances but the good people at home. Among the few nice people he knew was a man who had achieved some reputation as a consulting barrister in the Probate Court, and who had retired while still in the prime of life to a charming little property at Doldrum. This gentleman, who was married to a refined and amiable wife, had taken kindly to an old friend's son, and had asked Daintree to spend part of the vacation at Doldrum. He had some shooting of his own to give his friends, and the ducal covers were always at his disposal for a day or two. And then there was golf. Where is there not golf nowadays? The Doldrumites rather prided themselves on their links and still more upon the local play.

Daintree enjoyed his friend's hospitality, the pretty house and perfect garden, the shooting and golf; but he was an ambitious youth, full of dreams and schemes, and perhaps he most enjoyed his solitary rambles in Doldrum Chase, during which woodland walks he abandoned himself to castle-building, and raised many a pile as vast and picturesque as the ducal mansion frowning at him in granite massiveness over the edge of the beeches and oaks.

One afternoon, on his way to the wood, he was startled by something that seemed to him strange and incongruous. It was in a narrow hill-side lane, skirting the Chase, where there was a solitary cottage, not so bad as cottages go—a low roomy building, with a thatched roof and a substantial brick chimney, a rustic porch, and a liberal allowance of garden.

The thing that startled him was a horse—nearly thoroughbred—sleek, beautiful, a horse with a side-saddle upon him, tied to the cottage gate-post, and contentedly cropping the young shoots at the top of a holly hedge. He looked about for cavalier or groom in attendance, since the rider of such a horse would hardly be likely to jog about the country unattended, but he could see no one. He noted the elaborately stitched doe-skin, the newest thing in patent stirrups, the patrician and West-End air of beast and saddle—looked at the cottage, concluded that the fair rider must have dismounted on an errand of charity, conjured up a vision of youth and beauty, had half a mind to knock at the door and ask his way to Doldrum in order to catch a glimpse of that beauty, but scorned himself for the caddish notion, and trudged on into the pathless loneliness of the wood. Pathless though there were a hundred

tracks, for he knew not whither any of them led. He gave himself up to the forestal charm, and wandered without thought or care for his footsteps, save to escape a bit of bog here and there.

He was awakened from one of his dreams by the crackle of dry wood close to him, and looking in the direction of that sound he saw an old peasant woman stooping over a load of light branches, the fallen timber which might have cost her half a day to collect. The rough bit of canvas she had tied round her bundle of sticks had burst asunder, and they were scattered on the grass at her feet. While he stood looking at her, she gave a heart-breaking sigh, and suddenly dropped on her knees, covered her face with her hands, and murmured as if in prayer. He fancied he caught the word "forgive, forgive," repeated several times.

"Cracked, evidently, poor soul," thought Daintree.

He withdrew a few paces and stood silently watching her, as her head sank lower and lower, till her forehead almost touched the sod. Then she rose as suddenly as she had knelt, and began to pick up the scattered

"Let me carry your faggots home for you," he said. "I can spare half an hour. Is your cottage far from here?"

"No, no, it's not far; but I can carry my bundle. I've carried one many and many a day. You're a kind feller to offer help; but I can do my own work. I was born and brought up to toil and poverty."

He smiled at the tone in which she called him "a kind feller." It sounded very free and easy from such a quarter. He flung her bundle across his shoulder and walked off with it, she leading him back by the way he had come.

She walked fast, and crooned her country song as she walked.

And Lubin asked his lass for a kiss,
And Dorothy, she said yes,

sang the dame with her rustic twang.

He had made up his mind from the first that the good woman's wits were somewhat astray. She was what he called "dotty"; and he was full of compassion for poverty, loneliness, toil, and weak wits. Even in her rough attire of stuff gown, grey woollen shawl, and crumpled black bonnet—decent, but most unbecoming—he could see that she had been remarkably handsome. He had never seen a finer profile, of a bold and massive type; and the eyes that flashed upon him from the shadow of her loosened hair were almost as brilliant as the eyes of youth.

"How Romney or Gainsborough would have loved to paint such a face and figure!" he thought. "Lady So-and-So as a wood-gatherer."

She led him to the lane he had left.

"What, Goody! do you live in the cottage yonder? Then there is a fine lady waiting to see you."

"A fine fool!" she muttered. "Why can't they leave me alone?"

The horse was there still, but no longer tied to the gatepost. A lady was leading him across the road to a bank, just as they came in sight of the cottage. She mounted from the bank, springing lightly into her saddle, and refusing any assistance from an elderly man in a black coat, who was standing at her horse's head. She was moving away when she caught sight of those two figures at the bottom of the hill, and drew up her

horse again, waiting for them. Daintree, whose active imagination had made such a pretty picture of her, felt himself amply rewarded for his kindness to the wood-gatherer.

For once in his life fancy had not cheated him. The rider of the thoroughbred was young and beautiful, with a willowy figure and a waist and throat that became a riding-habit, fine grey eyes, and a lily-and-rose complexion.

"I thought you were never coming back," she said to the old woman, as she sprang from her horse and tied him to the gatepost again. "And this gentleman has carried your bundle," she went on, smiling at Daintree. "How very kind!"

"Yes, he's a good feller," and the peasant woman held out her ungloved hand, scratched and roughened by woodland work, to shake hands with her benefactor.

"Good-night," she said. "I shall always remember you."

He took her hand and shook it heartily, though he could scarcely take his eyes from the lovely vision in the little round hat and neat plain riding-habit. Some Lady Bountiful's daughter, no doubt, come with a quarter of a pound of tea or a packet of groats for gruel, and a few wise saws and Scriptural lessons for the improvement of an aged Christian. How pretty, how gracious,



The thing that startled him was a horse, with a side-saddle upon him, tied to the cottage gate-post.

sticks, with a wonderful activity, singing some country ditty *sotto voce* as she toiled—

And Colin was king o' the wain that day,
And Margery she said yes.

He heard the end of her song, as she crooned over her sticks, and advanced to her with a friendly air, rustling the fallen beech-leaves with his feet, lest his sudden appearance should scare her.

"Let me help you, Goody," he said kindly.

"No, no, I want no help," she answered with her country accent, not even deigning to look up at him.

The load was heavier than she thought, perhaps, for she failed in her struggles to collect the rough, broken branches into a portable bundle. There were some heavy pieces among the lighter twigs. She gave a deep sigh—a heart-broken sigh, like that which Daintree had heard before he spoke to her—and stood wringing her hands, an image of despair.

"Oh, the poor, the poor! How hard their lives are!" she moaned.

"Come, Goody, don't take matters so dismally when I'm here to help you," said Daintree, kneeling down on the dry grass and packing the bundle with the dexterity that comes of surplus power.

He made quite a comfortable bundle, and the old woman was going to shoulder it, when he stopped her.

how elegant she looked, as she stood at her horse's head, the auburn of her hair melting into the golden-bay of his neck! Well might he bring his exquisite head round, and nestle his velvet nose between her throat and shoulder. The lady was every bit as thoroughbred as her horse.

As he let go Goody's hand after that cordial shake he started at seeing a ring upon her third finger. A jewel on a peasant's hand, and such a jewel! He had a keen eye for beautiful things, living or dead, and he noted an emerald intaglio of the rarest kind, in a Roman setting—of all ornaments the last he would have expected to see upon such a hand.

"Good night, Sir; and many thanks for your kindness," said the young lady, dismissing him with a smile, as she put her arm through the old woman's, and led her into the cottage garden. The elderly person in black had taken charge of the wood, and carried it to a shed by the side of the cottage. A woman came out of the door to meet the peasant and her young lady patroness—a decent, neatly dressed, middle-aged person, in a black gown and white apron, the pink of respectability. The man followed them into the cottage, and the scene closed. Nothing remained but the horse standing at the gate, as he had seen it nearly an hour before.

Daintree was full of his adventure that evening at dinner, but nothing he could say about the old woman, the young lady, or the horse could lead to any distinct identification. His hostess knew of no such crazy old woman among any of the cottagers she had ever visited. His host was sure that no local young lady rode a thoroughbred horse. The cottage was on that side of the Chase farthest from Doldrum village, and nearest to Doldrum Castle—one of the Duke's cottages, no doubt; all the land and all the houses on that side of Doldrum belonged to the Duke.

"The young lady might be staying at the Castle," hazarded Daintree.

"What! among rats and mice and such small deer? Not likely. No one ever stays at the Castle. The Duchess hates the place."

Daintree went back to London, and although he did not forget his woodland adventure, he ceased to think about it in the cold within and fog without of the Law Courts; but not before he had related the story to several of his particular friends across the biscuits and the cheese at luncheon, who were evidently bored by it, and upon whose half-interested minds it left only the impression of an old woman riding a thoroughbred horse in a wood.

Time went on. The young man got a brief or two, was found to be intelligent and painstaking, and began to make friends. But though he had pierced the outer ring of society, he remained still as far from the inner ring, the narrower and more sacred circle where the really smart people move about and nod to each other, affecting to believe there is no world outside them.

At his club he heard certain youths, and all of that privileged circle, telling each other of dances, luncheons, dinners, afternoon tea on the terrace at the House—good fun here, good fun there—revels of which duchesses and "pretty people" were the leaders. He had to listen, and had to confess now and then that he was on the visiting book of no duchess, and that he only knew the "pretty people" by sight, having learnt to distinguish them at Sandown and at Church Parade, where a crowd of intruders from Brixton and Highbury pressed into the sacred ring on fine summer Sundays, and made recognition of the elect so much the more difficult.

He had occupied his Temple chambers three years, and was beginning to fancy himself an outsider, albeit, as his mother reminded him, he knew plenty of very nice people. Nice people, yes! but not the people.

He ran against an old Varsity chum in the Park one summer Sunday, a lordling with whom he had lived on very friendly terms at Trinity. Since getting himself plucked for his degree this youth had been round the world in a yacht, had widened his mind in the South Seas and the West India Islands, and had come home as good-natured and as ignorant as when he left Erith. He was delighted to see Daintree, recalled those nights

at poker when they had outwatched the stars and sat till the gyp brought their breakfast batteners.

"You must dine with me to-night at the Oxford and Cambridge," he said. "I hope you have nothing to do."

No, Daintree had nothing to do. The cover supposed to be laid for him every Sunday evening at his aunt's house in St. John's Wood—hot soup and cold dinner at seven—could wait yet another Sunday. It was five weeks since he had availed himself of her hospitality, but the cold dinner and the semi-sacred music afterwards—"Lost Chord," "Better Land," &c.—would keep.

"Then you'll dine? And, I say, my aunt has some music afterwards—it's generally fiddling. It's an awful bore, but I wish you'd come with me. I could bear it better with an old pal. We needn't hear the fiddlers!"

Daintree said he would help his friend to bear the



While he stood looking at her, she suddenly dropped on her knees, and covered her face with her hands.

fiddling or to exist in the house where it was going on. He reproached himself for not having his Peerage by heart. He could not ask who Blombart's aunt was. He was expected to know. Knowledge of that kind is expected of all civilised people. She was a person of some rank, no doubt—dowdy perhaps, but titled.

He armed himself at the cosy little dinner-table in the kind of shirt he liked best, and presented an inflexible appearance, and a tie measured to the season's fashion by the breadth of a hair. He had his ties from the man who made for the people.

"I've only got one other fellow," said Blombart, "and he won't go to the Duchess's with us. He don't much mind a dance, but he's a surly brute when it comes to music."

The Duchess! Poor Daintree's heart gave a great leap. After to-night he would be able to say that he knew a Duchess. She would have shaken hands with him, perhaps. At the worst she would have nodded to him. No matter how dowdy, she was a Duchess.

The "other fellow" turned out to be a Marquis whom

Daintree had known at Cambridge, but who seemed more of a Marquis in London.

He had none of Blombart's rough frankness and merchant-navy manner. He was inclined to give himself airs, and Daintree was inclined to detest him.

The dinner was pleasant, in spite of the Marquis's little affectations. They sat near an open window, for the night was tropical, and they took their iced champagne at the rate of a bottle apiece.

The Marquis rose from the table after his coffee and chasseur.

"I've got to go and see the girl I'm engaged to," he said. "They don't give Sunday parties, but they let me look in and say good-night. She's a good sort." And so he departed.

"We'll have a smoke and then be off," said Blombart. "My aunt's show begins at half-past ten."

"Is the Duchess your favourite aunt?" Daintree asked feebly, thinking he might arrive at the name casually, without revealing his benighted condition.

"She's a good sort," answered Blombart, in the words of his friend, for patrician youth studies not variety of language, "and she's no end of a swell, and I don't suppose it's known to outsiders that she has ever been off her chump."

"Really! A strain of madness in the family history?"

"She has no family history. Nobody knows where my uncle picked her up. It was in the dark ages, don't you know, before you and I were born, and I suppose people were not so up to trap, and didn't ask as many questions as they do now. Anyhow, the Duke made people tumble under to her, and as long as I can remember she has been in the first flig' t, and nobody has asked for her pedigree. Only those who are in the know will tell you that she is queer, and that she sometimes makes a sudden disappearance, and nobody knows where she is—St. Jean de Luz they told me one year, a quiet hole by the Atlantic; but I had friends who spent the whole winter there, and never a word they heard of the Amblesides."

The Amblesides! Then the lady in question was the Duchess of Ambleside, a woman of the highest social standing, whose favour could make any man the fashion.

"Don't let us be late for the music," urged Daintree; "I adore the fiddle!"

Grosvenor Square seemed alive with carriage-lamps and the snorting of impatient horses when the young men alighted from their hansom.

"This is my aunt's small and early," said Blombart. "I don't believe there's another party in the square."

The Duchess's house was too large to appear crowded, even though all fashionable London had come to hear Wolff and Hollman discourse excellent melody in the great yellow-and-gold music-saloon in the rear of all the other fine reception-rooms.

A throng of people were going slowly up the double staircase to the spot where her Grace was standing. Daintree found himself wedged in by fine gowns, pearly shoulders, and a glitter of diamonds, amid which the sober black of the men's coats was hardly visible. He heard voices and light laughter on the landing above as the Duchess greeted her guests. It was evidently a merry house—no starched propriety, no chilling hauteur here. The warm flower-scented atmosphere was not more genial than the voices he heard above and around him.

"Thanks for remembering Maupassant's last volume, Freddy. You're a good feller."

The voice was full and firm—somewhat masculine—yet a woman's voice. He had heard those very words before, in that very voice. He began to think he must be dreaming, that his introduction to the Duchess, with its promise of social advantage, was only a vision of his head upon his bed in his Temple bed-room.

He was bowing before the great lady three minutes later, while Blombart introduced him.

"Mr. Daintree, a Varsity friend of mine, Duchess. He adores music, and you're to be sure and send him a card for all your parties."

"I will," said the Duchess, holding out her hand to Daintree, who took it, still as one in a dream.



He took her hand and shook it heartily, though he could scarcely take his eyes from the lovely vision in the little round hat and neat plain riding-habit.

"HIS GOOD FAIRY."—BY M. E. BRADDON.



He was bowing before the great lady three minutes later, while Blombart introduced him.

"HIS GOOD FAIRY."—BY M. F. BRADDON.

She was the most magnificent-looking woman of her age that he had ever seen. Tall, stately, with Roman features and silver-white hair, dressed in black, but black which neither Memnon's sister nor Cleopatra of Egypt could have surpassed for splendour, and radiating light from brow and bosom, where the Ambleside diamonds flashed as whitely as the waterdrops dashing from crag to crag on an Ambleside gill. A grand woman, an overpowering woman, in port and presence; falcon eye and massive feature: every inch a Duchess—and yet the same old woman he had found gathering sticks in Doldrum Chase.

"You can take me in to supper when the music is over, Mr. Danvers," she said. "You'll find me here or in the next room."

"That's a little way of my aunt's," Blombart told his friend as they moved on. "She never gets a name right, but when she has fixed on a wrong one she sticks to it for ever. You'll always be Danvers."

Danvers he was an hour later, when he rejoined his hostess and offered his arm to lead her to the supper-room, which might be in the attics for aught he knew. There were no royalties at Ambleside House on that particular evening, but there were all possible grandeurs short of royal blood—stars and garters, orders English and foreign. No one but the eccentric Duchess would have slighted this brilliant throng in favour of an unknown youth from the Temple.

The supper-room was on the ground floor, and opened into a spacious winter-garden. It seemed to Daintree that only Aladdin's lamp could have commanded such ample spaces in any London square. He looked about him wonderingly when, after a plover's egg and a glass of champagne, the Duchess led him into this place of palms and tree-ferns.

"Sit down," she said, sinking into a divan in the shadow of tall palms; and he seated himself at her side.

"You remember me?" she began abruptly. "I saw it in your face as you came upstairs."

"I remember your voice," he replied meekly, resolving that he would answer as if he had been in the witness-box, committing himself to no expression of opinion.

"Well, you think me a queer old person, I suppose?" This question embarrassed him.

"I am queer," she said. "I have had a queer life—and the strangeness of it—and the sin of it—are too much for me sometimes; and then my head gets a little wrong, and I want to go back to the place where I was born, and the wood where I used to gather sticks when I had hardly shoes to my feet."



"Sit down," she said, sinking into a divan in the shadow of tall palms.

She paused, fanned herself, and went on again, cool, dignified, with the air of royalty, that can do no wrong.

"I was a wicked daughter, Danvers. That is at the bottom of it all. Have you ever felt remorse? Of course you have. You ain't a saint, I daresay, and you must have been sorry for things you've done. I've been sorry for the last thirty years. I ran away from home—and I had a rough life of it in London for a year or two—singing in the chorus at a twopenny-halfpenny

little theatre—and Ambleside saw me, and fell in love with me. I was what you call a good girl—remember that, Danvers. There was no nonsense about me. A girl that had picked up sticks in Doldrum Chase could live on a shillin' a day, and didn't need to sell herself body and soul, for West-End lodgin's and a sealskin coat. And when Ambleside found I had a will of my own he married me. I was a Duchess, and I could do what I liked: but I never went near my own people. I sent 'em money, bank-notes, stiff ones—anonymous, and I thought they were having as jolly a life as I was—roaming over the Continent with Ambleside, by land and water, and getting myself educated. When we came back to England I went down to Doldrum, and to the old cottage. It was empty, mother and father were both dead. They had died as they had lived, in poverty. My father had taken the bank-notes to the vicar, and asked him to send them to the county hospital. He thought they were the price of his daughter's shame—his wicked daughter, who was afraid to own him and the mother that bore her. Sometimes the thought of what I might have done and did not do, of the happy home I might have made for them, the love I might have given them, comes over me like a flood of bitterness. The deep waters close over my soul. I am so miserable that I get a little mad: and if my good old Duke didn't let me have my own way, and if my good young daughter didn't bear with me, I might never be sane again. But they let me do what I like, Danvers. They send me down to Doldrum with my maid and my doctor, and I live in my father's old cottage, and I pick up sticks in the wood, and I am

sorry—God knows how sorry!—for my sin."

There was a pause—a silence—and then the Duchess resumed in her cheeriest voice: "You're a good fellow, Danvers, and I shall always be your friend."

The Duchess kept her word, and Daintree became to her as a favourite godson. She launched him in the best set in London; and somehow or other his social success helped him at the Bar and among those Parliamentary barristers who make large incomes, and of whom the outside world knows very little.





ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

PERSONS.

LEON DE FALSAC, a Banished Councillor.

LOUISE, his Wife.

LE VICOMTE DE RAINCY, a Protégé of the Duc
GERMAIN, an Old Servant. [d'Aiguillon.

A TROOPER.

SCENE.—*A Pavilion in the Forest of Fontainebleau. An elegant room, with a fire of logs; a harpsichord under the window to the right; a bureau to the left. A view of the Forest without.*TIME.—*The Spring of the year 1771.*

When the curtain rises, DE FALSAC is seen asleep at the bureau, his head resting upon his arms. A sound of loud altercation is heard outside the door of the room, and, this continuing, DE FALSAC awakes with a start.

DE FALSAC (*calling*). Germain!*Enter GERMAIN and TROOPER together.*GERMAIN (*to TROOPER*). By the Mass, I told you that he had sleep in him, and yet you must squeal like a boar at the knife! Out on you for a brawling rogue!

TROOPER. Had I less urgent message, rascal, I would so shape thy face with a cudgel that the fiend should seek thee for a sponsor!

GERMAIN. To stand witness for thee! Nay——

DE FALSAC (*to GERMAIN*). Who is this fellow?

GERMAIN. The very question I have put to him—who is he?

TROOPER. My business is with Léon de Falsac; it is writ there, and will not wait for prattling meddlers. (*He throws a sealed paper upon the table.*)

GERMAIN. Name of a hound, listen to him! Prattling meddlers! He who hath so barked, yelped, frolicked, and crowed that all the dogs in the forest are crying for the sound of horn; he who hath so long a tongue that did you stretch it from tree to tree——

DE FALSAC. Germain, seek Madame!

GERMAIN (*shrugging his shoulders*). Madame!

DE FALSAC. As I say.

GERMAIN (*pointing*). But you have not read the paper?DE FALSAC (*angrily*). Do you hear me?

GERMAIN. Saprissi! and leave you with this knave, who will so persuade you that you will not know——

DE FALSAC. Get you gone!

(*GERMAIN goes out quickly; the TROOPER closes the door after him; DE FALSAC reads the paper.*)

DE FALSAC. Have you other news but what is writ here?

TROOPER. None; save that I have not drawn rein since I left the Count thirty hours ago.

DE FALSAC. Did he seem to think that pursuit would trouble you?

TROOPER. He said, "Let not the sun go down and find you idle."

DE FALSAC (*starting*). He says that also to me. How came it that you found me here, and not at the Château, where your errand was?TROOPER: *Had I less urgent message, rascal, I would so shape thy face with a cudgel that the fiend should seek thee for a sponsor.*

TROOPER. Parbleu! it was the veriest chance in the world; I lost my way at the cross-roads, and, by good hap, a man of your company overtook me as I sat. He told me that you left the Château at the Purification, and were come to the Pavillon now more than a month.

DE FALSAC. You have no reason to think that you were followed?

TROOPER. Nom de Dieu! there's not a horse in France that would have held a mile with me.

DE FALSAC (*pacing to and fro, reading from letter*). "Choiseul has fallen; the influence of Madame condemns those who seek it; let not the sun go down and find thee idle." (*To the TROOPER*) You have nothing more to say to me—is it so?

TROOPER. Nothing—but—

DE FALSAC. Well?

TROOPER. If I may speak, let me tell you to believe but a half of your intelligence!

DE FALSAC. And why a half?

TROOPER. Because a half of their promise to me is proved a lie.

DE FALSAC. Indeed!

TROOPER. 'Tis so: they said that I had a hard ride before me, and I give them truth for that; but when they told me that I should be richer for the journey, you see yourself what a figure they cut.

DE FALSAC. Ha! you have a nice wit, my friend. (*He takes a gold piece from his purse.*) Let us save the conscience of your master. (*Gives him money.*) You will find Germain in the kitchen; tell him that he is helping a soul when he feeds you well.

TROOPER. By my life I will! An he does not, I will put him a league nearer purgatory with the haft of my pike. [*Exit.*]

DE FALSAC (*sitting again at his table and reading the letter*). "I am thankful that this opportunity has been given to me to learn of the intentions of those that lean not well toward thee at this time; but who were thought in the recent more public business of Parliament—if it were not folly so to call it—to have forgotten thee. But now there goes the rumour that the prospect of thy arrest is like to be imminent; and I have taken all despatch to urge thee to destroy the papers we wot of, and to quit France, where there can no longer be a safe asylum for thee, no man being able to foretell the day when that which has come to others may come upon us all. Choiseul has fallen; the influence of Madame condemns those who seek it; let not the sun go down and find thee idle." (*Folding up the letter.*) He speaks strong words, yet he is not one who loves them. It must be as he says; they have stopped their work to think of me, and France is no longer a home—

Enter GERMAIN.

GERMAIN. V'là! my master, would you thirst for a month?

DE FALSAC (*thinking to himself*). He does not spare me even for an hour—

GERMAIN. Corbleu! he does not; yon rogue will not leave one keg, cask, barrel, or bottle an the sun goes down.

DE FALSAC (*turning and seeing him*). How now, what hath set your tongue babbling again?

GERMAIN. Hath set me babbling! Nay, ask what hath given thy fellow so powdery a palate that all the wine of Burgundy will not wash the dust off it. Lord's mercy! he cracks a second bottle while—

DE FALSAC (*rising*). I care not if he drink a flood. Tell me how soon can you quit this place with Madame, and ride day and night for Strasbourg!

GERMAIN. Mon Dieu! for Strasbourg?

DE FALSAC. Exactly as I say; for Strasbourg—to the house of Count Kiel, whose letter I hold in my hand, and whose messenger is your guest in the kitchen.

GERMAIN. You mean it, mon maître?

DE FALSAC. Mean it—do I seem to jest with you?

GERMAIN. But Madame—

DE FALSAC. Well?

GERMAIN. You do not forget that she will demand reasons?

DE FALSAC. I am going to give them to her; attend to your part of the affair, and see that the horses are saddled at once.

GERMAIN. Mon maître, if my part of the affair is the persuasion of Madame, I am like to have business enough. If it were to the Palace now?

DE FALSAC. But it is not, I tell you; I am weary of the Palace! Pshaw! I have heard that tale for six months!

GERMAIN. And are like to hear it for six more. A woman may ripen in solitude, Monsieur, but if she be not worn in company she will fade. Madame has seen no one since her marriage, and that was long ago!

DE FALSAC. You call the half of a year long ago? (*Gloomily.*) Perhaps you are right; to me it has been an age.

GERMAIN (*watching him*). You desire still that I should order the horses?

DE FALSAC (*arousing himself*). I must desire it. Germain, I have not an hour to lose; De Choiseul has fallen; D'Aiguillon succeeds him; he has even now begun his work, and will seek me at the Château before another day. I must ride there for my life, lest others read what was writ for me alone. You will leave with Philip at my going, and come to Troyes to the House of the Golden Horn, where you will lay until I shall

overtake you; after that the road to Strasbourg should be easy.

Enter MADAME DE FALSAC, a girl of twenty years of age.

GERMAIN. Easy—if Madame would find it so!

MADAME DE FALSAC. And what should I find easy, Germain?

GERMAIN. The road to Strasbourg, Madame.

MADAME. Indeed! (*To DE FALSAC.*) You have been making plans for me, I see!

DE FALSAC. Nay, others have been making them for both of us, my child.

MADAME. How good of them! Well, it is pleasant to hear that someone has sufficient thought of me even to do that. I like plans. (*She sits and takes up a drawing and crayons.*)

GERMAIN (*across to DE FALSAC*). I told you that we are not like to find the road easy.

DE FALSAC (*impatiently*). Get the horses, and do not chatter.

GERMAIN (*with a shrug*). I'll get them. Have no fear, Monsieur. An you get riders, I'll find a troop. [*Exit.*]

DE FALSAC (*after a pause*). Louise, you have heard what has been said. There are urgent reasons why you should set out for Strasbourg within the hour.



LÉON DE FALSAC.

MADAME. It is true I have heard what has been said, but not the reasons for my setting out to Strasbourg.

DE FALSAC. Is it not reason enough if I tell you that my life depends upon it?

MADAME. You have told me for many weeks that your life depended upon your staying here. Is a change so very necessary?

DE FALSAC. It is all necessary. De Choiseul has fallen, and if I haste not, I fall with him.

MADAME. Then why not to the Palace? You say that you would be safe before the King. Why not seek him? And who knows that I should not have influence? There is the Vicomte de Raincy, for instance. (*She laughs lightly.*)

DE FALSAC. The Vicomte! You mention his name very frequently.

MADAME. I like the sound of old friends' names.

DE FALSAC (*softly*). Louise, I do not wish you to speak of him.

MADAME. Indeed! and why not?

DE FALSAC. There are reasons.

MADAME. Reasons again. Life of mine! am I to hear of nothing else but reasons? Reasons that I stay in this dismal place, where neither friends nor enemies come to me; reasons why I am treated as a child that should still be gaping in the convent; reasons why you imprison me in this solitude when all the world is at Versailles—nay, what care I for reasons!

DE FALSAC. You care for nothing that is dear to me!

MADAME. How much I must love myself, then!

DE FALSAC. Would you stay here when I must quit France?

MADAME. When you must quit France! Say, rather, when you choose to quit France, fearing that I, being in France, should see other faces than those of my servants. That's a fine affection which is built upon fear, my husband—which battens upon solitude and feeds upon apprehension!

DE FALSAC (*contemptuously*). I will not contend with you. Do as you will; but if I go not to Strasbourg before the dayfall, I am like to go to the Bastille with the night. If you are not at Troyes to-morrow you may never see my face again.

MADAME (*half fearful*). A month ago when you left the Château to come to this hermitage in the forest, you spoke the same words to me; I came then at your bidding. Léon, have you no sympathy for me?

DE FALSAC (*turning to her*). Have I no sympathy for you? Louise, is there one on all the earth who loves you as I love you? Are you not as a very vision of heaven to me, the spirit and hope of all my thought, the end of my life? What more should existence bear to me if not the whispers of your voice and the touch of your lips? Think you that I would beg your patience to mope here in this place of melancholy if it were not that I fear the cabals of the world, which crush the glossy shell of love as the sea crushes the frail things it beats upon? Nay, I am selfish, and would harbour my own life from the winds of this unresting strife that I may lay it always at your feet, as now, for you to take or leave, to dispose of in your pleasure, to do aught with that shall give you the joy I seek for you. (*He kisses her.*)

MADAME (*laughingly*). And yet you do not wish me to see the Vicomte!

DE FALSAC. The Vicomte again!—cannot you find another name upon your lips but that?

MADAME (*still flippantly*). Nay, surely! It trips off the tongue so readily.

DE FALSAC. Pshaw! I have no time to bandy more words—

MADAME. And I have time enough. Upon my word, if it were not for recollections—I should wither like the lily. There is a world of amusement, mon mari, in the memory of a handsome face.

Enter GERMAIN.

DE FALSAC. So it would seem, Madame, and sufficient pleantry in wounding where many would be glad to heal. May you enjoy your womanly occupation! (*To GERMAIN*). Well, are the horses ready?

GERMAIN. They wait bit and bridle.

DE FALSAC. Madame will start within the hour!

GERMAIN (*looking at her and shaking his head*). I hope so—and you?

DE FALSAC. I leave now, and shall not draw rein until I have come to the Château and my papers. You may look to see me at Troyes before the Angelus to-morrow. (*He takes up his cloak and whip, and turns to MADAME.*) Louise, I am going now, will you not give me a God-speed? [*Exit GERMAIN.*]

MADAME. It cannot be of much moment to you, since you leave me to the care of servants.

DE FALSAC. Should I ask you to risk your life with me? I have told you that if I am not at the Château before the Duke's men, you will never see my face again.

MADAME (*rising*). Léon, you are not in earnest with me!

DE FALSAC. Not in earnest? Mon Dieu! can you think that this is the hour for a fool's wit?

MADAME (*clinging to him*). Then let us quit France together; if there be danger is there not place for me? I have borne months of banishment with you; shall I not share also this new peril?

DE FALSAC (*tenderly*). It would but make it greater, dearest; I have need of haste, and a woman's pace is not for work like this!

MADAME. Then why must you go to the Château at all?

DE FALSAC. There are a hundred reasons to send me there: the honour of friends, the vengeance of enemies—above all, my own safety.

MADAME. And of these things I am to know nothing, and am sent as a child that leaves its home for the first time!

DE FALSAC. It must be so, but only for a day.

MADAME (*angrily*). For a day! That has been my promise every hour since you married me.

Enter GERMAIN.

GERMAIN. Your horse waits, mon maître.

DE FALSAC. Good-bye, Louise.

MADAME (*indifferently*). Good-bye.

DE FALSAC. Have you no other word?

MADAME. None but that which trips off the tongue readily.

DE FALSAC. A name I shall not hear for twenty-four hours, Madame. [*Exit.*]

MADAME (*calling after him*). Léon! Léon! (*She runs to the door and stands, then to the window.*) He must have heard me, and yet he does not look back. Oh, my God! and I may never see his face again! (*She sinks sobbing upon an ottoman.*)

GERMAIN. If Madame would only take heart, all would be well before Mass to-morrow.

MADAME. It will never be well again, Germain. My heart is weary.

GERMAIN. Yet no more weary than my master's.

MADAME. He can be weary with no burden of mine.

GERMAIN. In truth, that is the only burden he has ever known. Believe me, Madame, he has hid much from you, and what you have seen is but the cloak which covers a great sorrow.

MADAME. It may be so, but must a woman participate only in her husband's joys?

GERMAIN. Madame, this is no time for such talk. I am an old man, and I have served my master twenty years; I would stake my life upon his lightest word.

MADAME (*earnestly*). And so would I—God guard him! (*She rests her head wearily upon her arms.*)

GERMAIN. Amen to that! And now we may think about Strasbourg.

MADAME. Indeed!

GERMAIN (*doggedly*). We are to set out within the hour.

MADAME (*tapping with her foot*). We are to set out—did ever one listen to such a thing!

GERMAIN. And to reach Troyes before the Angelus.

MADAME (*more angry*). You have it perfectly.

GERMAIN. And we must not let the sun go down and find us idle.

MADAME. A gentleman of his Majesty's theatre could not give it more finely.

GERMAIN. So, if it please you, we will be preparing.

MADAME (*rising and stamping*). Enough of this—get you gone from my sight (*She grips a riding-whip, and slashes the air with it*), or, in truth, I shall forget that I am not riding this morning!

GERMAIN (*turning to go*). My poor master!

(*A loud sound of knocking without, and a cry of "Ho! there!" repeated several times. They stand and listen while the knocking continues.*)

GERMAIN. Parbleu! someone is in a hurry. (*He goes to the window.*) God's mercy! there's a whole troop of horse about the place.

MADAME. A troop of horse! My husband spoke of that. Have they the look of the Duke's men, think you?

GERMAIN. They wear the countenances of rogues, as I live, and are merry enough.

MADAME. If they should be the messengers that Léon feared!

GERMAIN. Madame, it seems to me that my master has beaten the iron while it is hot; we should have set out for Strasbourg after all.

MADAME. And it was my caprice that may cost him his life! What shall I do, Germain? What shall I do to save him?

GERMAIN (*with a shrug*). If they do not know that this is the pavilion of Monsieur, very well. They may wish to rest, and you may keep them; but if they do, then, as the proverb goes, qui dit averti, dit muni.

MADAME (*thinking*). To keep them? How should I keep them—I—I?

(*The knocking is heard again.*)

GERMAIN. You hear that? Mon Dieu! they will beat the door down. I shall let them in. But whether they go on or stay for meat or drink, Madame—that is your affair. [*Exit.*]

MADAME. My affair?—he speaks well. If they should be the Duke's troop, and I detain them, Léon may yet reach Troyes. God give me strength! (*She turns away towards R.*)

Enter the VICOMTE DE RAINCY.

DE RAINCY. Madame, I must crave your pardon for thus intruding, but I have been beating at your door for many minutes.

MADAME (*seeing him and starting back*). The Vicomte!

DE RAINCY (*coming forward eagerly*). Mademoiselle Louise, as I live!

MADAME (*aside*). Mademoiselle! Then he has not heard of my marriage?

DE RAINCY (*gaily*). I do not know how to pay sufficient gratitude to fortune. I came here to get refreshment for my men, and to ask for the Château Primaticcio, which they tell me lies to the southward. Happily, I parted with the road some miles gone.

MADAME. You are on your way to the Château Primaticcio, Monsieur le Vicomte? Have you business with M. de Falsac there?

DE RAINCY. You know the man?

MADAME (*with apparent indifference*). He is known about here. Is he one of your friends?

DE RAINCY. Truly; and I have so firm an attachment to him that I shall press him to come to Paris with me the very moment I can clap hands upon him. But what good chance, may I ask, sends you to such a house of nightingales as this?

MADAME (*drawing off her wedding ring and concealing it*). Oh! I should say—that is, my father flits here with the swallows every summer. (*With forced gaiety.*) You remember his love for seclusion in the old time?

DE RAINCY. Perfectly! and his daughter's (*with a profound bow*).

MADAME (*with agitation*). Indeed you do me honour to give me any place in your thoughts; but you must be weary. It is almost the hour of dinner; you will not proceed, at least, until that is over. (*She sounds a gong and they cross.*)

DE RAINCY. Nay, I know not how to refuse you aught, but the work I am doing for the Duke will not wait to pay homage even at such a shrine as this—made the richer from sweet recollection, Mademoiselle.

Enter GERMAIN.

MADAME. In that case you must drink a cup of wine with us; that will not detain you even a breathing space. (*He goes to window while she turns to GERMAIN.*)

GERMAIN (*in a low voice*). It is as we thought. Keep him.

MADAME. And you?

GERMAIN. Philip has left and will ride for his life to the Château.

MADAME (*in a louder tone*). You will see that Monsieur le Vicomte's men want for nothing, and set wine, Germain.

GERMAIN. It is done, Madame! (*She starts.*)

[*Exit GERMAIN.*]

DE RAINCY (*coming down*). Did I hear that fellow call you Madame?

MADAME (*quickly*). I should not be surprised if he did: he is the stupidest and the best servant in the whole of the forest; and you know, of course, there is my mother. But won't you sit?



MADAME DE FALSAC.

DE RAINCY (*sitting*). I did not mean to, but I can refuse you no longer; the rest tells me that I have ridden far.

MADAME. And yet would ride farther, and all for these dreadful reasons which you hint at? How grateful I should be for the privilege of my sex!

DE RAINCY (*gallantly*). Nay! not with half my gratitude, Mademoiselle. (*Aside.*) By my faith! there is not a woman to be compared to her in all Paris.

MADAME (*pulling up a low stool and sitting near him*). Now, won't you tell me something more of this work of yours, and of the Palace? If you knew what a life it is to hear no sound but of birds singing and the rustle of the trees, and the dreary sound of one's own voice!

DE RAINCY. I demur to that when Mademoiselle Louise speaks—

MADAME (*laughingly*). Ready as ever, Vicomte. How they must miss your wit at the Court!

DE RAINCY. Truly, there are few there to inspire it!

(*GERMAIN sets wine.*)

MADAME. Say rather, there are few who do not fear it. (*She rises and pours him wine.*) But come, here is something which will make you forget even your fatigue.

DE RAINCY (*rising with cup in his hand*). It is already forgot in your presence. I pledge the House of Nightingales. (*He sits again, but drops a paper from his cloak upon the table as he does so.*)

MADAME (*observing him pick up the paper quickly*). What a heavy burden of writing, Vicomte! You must forgive me that I did not remember how pretty a ballad you turned long ago—and still, I doubt not.

DE RAINCY. In truth, 'tis a ballad which hath neither lilt nor love-song, and made for him who presently would sooner hear a dirge than look upon it.

MADAME. And yet it is your burden!

DE RAINCY. As you say, but a light one, since it gives me one enemy the less.

MADAME. An enemy—the Vicomte de Raincy has enemies!

DE RAINCY. Aye, as thick as you have flowers—nor would I wish it otherwise. He who has no enemies has never had a friend.

MADAME. And you never forgive?

DE RAINCY. Mademoiselle, he who is wise never forgives a man nor forgets a woman!

MADAME. What a memory you must have, Vicomte!

DE RAINCY (*looking at her*). You find it so?

MADAME. Surely I do, since you have cared to remember two years ago.

DE RAINCY. It were impossible to live and forget that.

MADAME. But won't you tell me, for I die of curiosity, for whom is that dreadful dirge designed?

DE RAINCY. I am grateful to please you at so light a cost. The paper is for the man De Falsac.

MADAME (*half rising, and gasping*). For De Falsac?

DE RAINCY (*sharply*). You do know him, then?

MADAME (*agitated*). Nay—that is—as I told you—he is my father's neighbour. They are old friends!

DE RAINCY. In that case, Mademoiselle, I am afraid your father will have one friend the less. If I were the man, I would sooner lose my head than be named in that writing.

MADAME. It is, then, his sentence of banishment?

DE RAINCY. You divine well; but it is a sentence of banishment to a country where the harvest is of bread and the courts are of stone.

MADAME (*aghast*). To the Bastille?

DE RAINCY. Exactly—to the Bastille. (*He opens the paper and seems to read.*)

MADAME (*with a sudden inspiration*). Vicomte, you would not carry out such a decree as that?

DE RAINCY. And why not? By my life! you have a heart which is all tenderness, Mademoiselle—and worthily!

MADAME. But the man is innocent!

DE RAINCY (*looking hard at her*). Possibly. That is a question to which I have given no thought.

MADAME. But I am sure of it—believe me, I have known him for many years; he has a heart of velvet and a mind of love; there is no kinder soul in France. Oh, God! he cannot deserve such a fate as that.

DE RAINCY (*aside*). A reason the more for hastening it. (*Aloud.*) What a consolation it should be to him in his misfortunes to know that he has so eloquent an advocate!

MADAME (*recovering herself*). Indeed, but I am no advocate, Vicomte; I was but overcome to think that even a—(*with effort*)—a stranger should suffer that which they tell me is the living death. (*With a forced laugh.*) Let me read the paper for myself. (*She puts out her hand.*)

DE RAINCY (*looking at her suspiciously*). It could be of no possible interest to you; it is writ with all the rhetoric of Courts and it has the King's signature—look you. (*He shows her.*) Yet it represents to me many weary days of work, and is precious. The King's caprice is old talk; he signs no man's warrant twice.

MADAME (*aside*). If I could get the paper—if—if—(*Aloud.*) But Vicomte, you will have another cup of wine.

DE RAINCY. Nay, I have rested too long, and if I haste not, the quarry will be fled. (*He rises, and takes up his cloak.*)

MADAME (*eagerly and rising*). Oh, no, no; you must not go, the dinner will be set with the next hour, and the sun is yet high. Visits such as yours make fête-days in our lives, Vicomte; would you end my pleasure ere it has well begun? (*She looks up at him.*)

VICOMTE (*taking her hand and kissing it*). As well ask me if I would give the light for the dark. (*She shrinks from him.*)

MADAME. Then you will stay awhile, and I will press Germain that you do not leave us fasting. If you leave before the Angelus, there will yet be day to guide you to the Château. (*She strikes the gong.*)

VICOMTE. 'Tis a hard case, and I' faith! you put it so, Mademoiselle, that I cannot refuse it, but it is upon condition.

Enter GERMAIN.

MADAME. And that?

VICOMTE. You sing to me—did you not mind me that I remembered two years ago?

MADAME. Aye; you have a great memory, Vicomte, never to forget a woman.

GERMAIN (*aside*). Certainly, she is detaining him. (*Aloud.*) Did Madame require me?

MADAME (*lightly*). Oh, yes! set dinner as soon as possible, and let the servants of Monsieur le Vicomte know that he does not proceed yet.

VICOMTE. For some half-hour, tell them.

MADAME (*reproachfully*). For only half an hour, Vicomte—shame on you for your promises!



VICOMTE: *De Falsac!* DE FALSAC: *Your last word, Monsieur le Vicomte!*

"THE HOUSE OF NIGHTINGALES."—BY MAX PEMBERTON.



MADAME: I say you shall not touch it! Stand from me!

VICOMTE. Well, as you choose. (To GERMAIN.) Give them the message of Mademoiselle.

GERMAIN (*as he goes*). Of Mademoiselle! (*Aside*.) Certainly, she is detaining him. My poor master!

VICOMTE (*amorously*). And now for the song; I vow there is no such music as you make in all the thousand rooms in Versailles; if I could but hear your voice there! (*He clasps her hand*.)

MADAME (*struggling to free herself*). No, no, Vicomte; you will never hear it there!

VICOMTE. And why? Upon my life they know not what they lose. If I could persuade your father that you return with me. (*Aside*.) It would be worth a province to let the King see her.

MADAME. You would never persuade him. But I am to sing to you! (*She goes to a harpsichord. He follows her, sitting upon a low stool at her side. He leaves the paper upon the table*.)

MADAME (*pressing her head with her hands, then suddenly striking a few chords and singing*)—

SONG.

Love is come reaping,
And the woods awake!

Hearken! Hearken!
The buds ope and quake,
There is morn in the brake,
There is light on the lake:

The thicket is sleeping!
Love is come girdled with blossom, and
singing!
Hark to the note of the nightingale
winging!

Love has come wailing
On the antlers of light!
Hearken! Hearken!
The east is a-bright,
The swallow in flight,
For the dead be the night:

The shadows are paling.
Love is come girdled with myrtle, and
weeping!
Tears for the living, and tears for the
sleeping!

VICOMTE. A plaintive burden, and a sad note.

MADAME. What would you?—it is the note of the forest, where all is solitude. But come, you shall see my work. (*She reaches a portfolio, and takes out drawings*.) You remember my love of crayons two years ago? Well, I will show you something. Look, now, that is the yoke-elm under which the King sat when he first had thought to plan the Palace; that is the oak of Francis I.; that is the little lake which you came by in the wood not an hour from here. (*She shows him the sketches quickly, and, looking over his shoulder, sees the paper upon the table*.) (*Aside*.) He has forgot the paper!

VICOMTE (*examining a drawing*). And what have we here? Nay, it is the face of the Abbé Mourelle, as I live! Ha! ha! He has the eyes of a hawk and the body of a wine-butt. (*Laughs*.) I compliment you, Mademoiselle.

MADAME. It is a jest, and does not err in kindness. I fear! (*Aside*.) If I could get the paper, Léon should reach Troyes.

VICOMTE (*laughing loudly at another picture*). Why, this is the old Sieur de Florien! I knew him by his nose. Upon my life, Mademoiselle Louise, you have a fortune awaiting you at Court!

MADAME. Surely it would be a poor task to make the pain of one the pleasure of the many. (*Aside, and thinking*.) The King signs no man's warrant twice.

VICOMTE. By the Mass! what goes here?

MADAME (*aside*). He has got his own picture!

VICOMTE. Forsooth, Mademoiselle, you remember me in an ill setting.

MADAME (*laughingly*). The memory is very treacherous, Vicomte.

VICOMTE. Nay, but I have not ears like that.

MADAME. I had forgot your ears.

VICOMTE (*turning the picture about*). I' faith! if I were so, I were the mockery of France.

MADAME (*seizing the picture*). You shall not look upon it. It is ill done, and I must atone. For a truth, you shall have a picture as you sit, and shall carry it to Paris for memory of me. Nay, I order you come to the light here, and I will make a sketch, ere Germain set the dinner, that all the Court shall speak of. Indeed, you would not rob me of such an opportunity.

Enter DE FALSAC. He steps behind the tapestry near the door.

VICOMTE. I would rob you of nothing (*softly*) but your love. (*He tries to kiss her*.)

MADAME. No, no; we must not talk of that! Come to the window that my work may be done before the sun fail. And now, sit you like that. I insist!

VICOMTE. Scarce that, when to obey is a pleasure. (*He sits, with much affectation of attitude*.)

MADAME. My crayons—where are my crayons? Ah! I have them! And paper (*She looks in a portfolio*)—what shall I do for paper? Let me think. Ah! this will do perfectly. (*She picks up the VICOMTE'S warrant*.)

VICOMTE (*rising*). Nay, touch not that! What would you do?

MADAME. The King signs no man's death-warrant twice. What would I do, Monsieur le Vicomte? I would burn your paper to save my husband's life! (*She throws the paper into the fire. The VICOMTE comes angrily to her. She falls sobbing, and calling "Léon! Léon!" and keeps him from the fire*.)

MADAME. No, no! You shall not touch it! I say you shall not touch it! Stand from me! Léon! Léon!

VICOMTE. Léon! Then De Falsac is your husband! (*Sternly*.) In truth, Madame, you turn your humour well!

MADAME. As you turn your malice!

VICOMTE. And now?

MADAME. Nay, now! I care not now!

VICOMTE (*laughing fiercely*). But you shall learn to care! I' faith! I have the mind to teach you, and at Paris. (*Goes to window and calls "Ho! there!"*)

MADAME. At Paris? You dare not take me there!

VICOMTE. Dare not! Think you that a soldier of fortune knows such a word? By my life! you have wit which shall be in better keeping and in brighter company, Mademoiselle Louise (*satirically*), at Paris. (*He grasps her by the arm and tries to drag her to the door*.)

MADAME. No, no! let me go! Would you break my heart? (*She calls*.) Léon! Léon! (*She half falls*.)

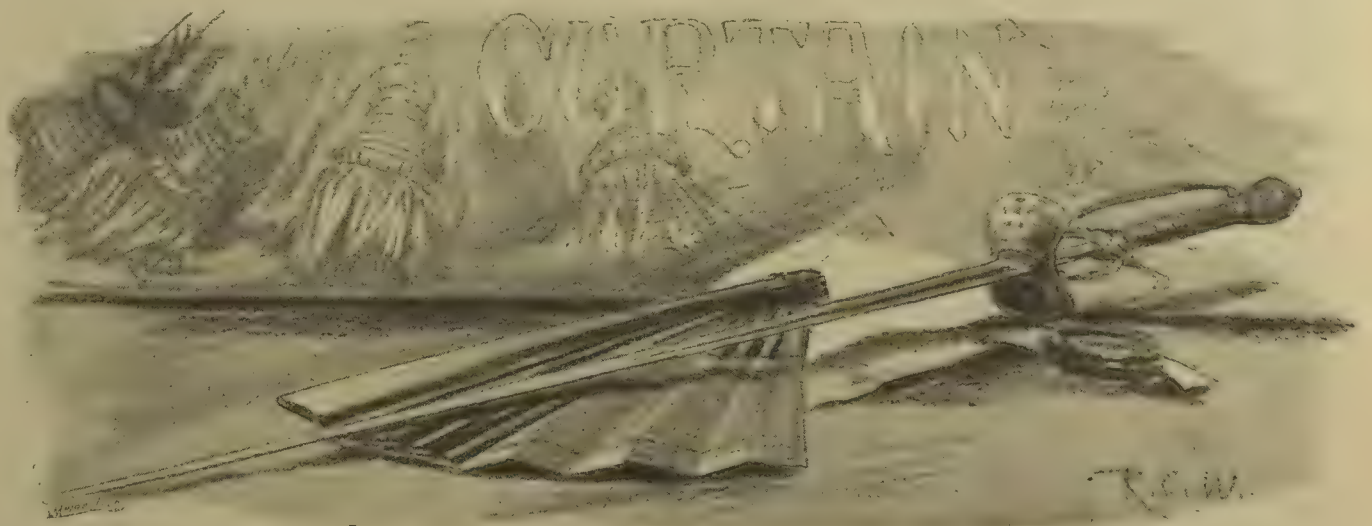
VICOMTE. Aye, but I would for a better than you. (*He goes to raise her, but she faints*.) Ha! the quarry drops; so much the lighter task. She shall wake at Paris! (*He laughs sardonically*.)

DE FALSAC (*coming out and drawing his sword*). But not with you!

VICOMTE (*staggering back*). De Falsac!

DE FALSAC. Your last word, Monsieur le Vicomte! (*He plunges his sword into him and the VICOMTE falls*.)

DE FALSAC (*kneeling over LOUISE*). My wife! my wife!





A QUIET BACKWATER.

Drawn by J. Bernard Partridge.



THE ETERNAL FEMININE

By
ZANGWILL

ILLUSTRATED BY A. BIRKENRUTH.

"Oh! you'll make lots of money with your pictures," I said heartily.

He shook his head. "That's the chap who's going to scoop in the dollars," he said, indicating a brawny Frenchman attired in a blanket that girdled his loins, and black feathers that decorated his hair. "That fellow's got the touch of Velasquez. You should see the portrait he's doing for the Salon!"

"Well, I don't see much art in his costume, anyhow," I retorted. "Yours is an inspiration of genius."

"Yes—so prophetic, don't you know," he replied modestly. "But you are not the only one who has complimented me. To it I owe the proudest moment of my life—when I shook hands with a European prince." And he laughed with returning merriment.

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "With which?"

"Ah! I see your admiration for my rig is mounting. No; it wasn't with the Prince of Wales—confess

your admiration is going down already. Come, you shall guess. *Je vous le donne en trois.*"

After teasing me a little he told me it was the Crown Prince of Denmark. "At the *Kunstner-Karnival* in Copenhagen," he explained briefly. His front face had grown sad again.

"Did you study art in Copenhagen?" I inquired.

"Yes, before I joined that expedition," he said. "It was from there I started."

"Yes, of course," I replied; "I remember now. It was a Danish expedition. But what made you chuck up your studies so suddenly?"

"Oh! I don't know. I guess I was just about sick of most things. My stars! Look at that little gipsy-girl dancing the cancan—isn't she fresh? Isn't she wonderful? How awful to think she'll be used up in a year or two!"

"I suppose there was a woman—the eternal feminine," I said, sticking him to the point, for I was more interested in him than in the seething saturnalia, our common sobriety amid which seemed somehow to raise our casual acquaintanceship to the plane of confidential friendship.

"Yes, I suppose there was a woman," he echoed in low tones. "The eternal feminine!" And a strange unfathomable light leapt into his eyes, which he raised

HE wore a curious costume, representing the devil carrying off his corpse; but I recognised him at once as the lesser lion of a London evening party last season. Then he had just returned from a Polar expedition, and wore the glacier of civilisation on his breast. To-night he was among the maddest of the mad, dancing savagely with the Bacchantes of the Latin Quarter at the art-students' ball, and some of his fellow-Americans told me that he was the best marine painter in the *atelier* which he had joined. More they did not pause to tell me, for they were anxious to celebrate this night of nights, when, in that fine spirit of equality born of belonging to two Republics, the artist lowers himself to the level of his model.

The young Arctic explorer—so entirely at home in this more tropical clime—had relapsed into respectability when I spoke to him. He was sitting at a supper-table smoking a cigarette, and gazing somewhat sadly—it seemed to me—at the pandemoniac phantasmagoria of screaming dancers, the glittering cosmopolitan chaos that multiplied itself riotously in the mirrored walls of the great flaring ball-room, where under-dressed women, waving many-coloured paper lanterns, rode on the shoulders of grotesquely clad men prancing to joyous music. For some time he had been trying hard to get someone to take the money for his supper; but the frenzied waiters suspected he was clamouring for something to eat, and would not be cajoled into attention.

Moved by an impulse of mischief, I went up to him and clapped him on his corpse, which he wore behind. There was a death-mask of papier-maché on the back of his head with appropriate funereal drapings down the body.

"I'll take your money," I said.

He started, and turned his devil upon me. The face was made Mephistophelian, and the front half of him wore scarlet.

"Thanks," he said, laughing roguishly when he recognised me. "It's darned queer that Paris should be the place where they refuse to take the devil's money."

I suggested, smilingly, that it was the corpse they fought shy of.

"I guess not," he retorted. "It's dead men's money that keeps this place lively. I wish I'd had the chance of some, anyhow; but a rolling stone gathers no moss, they say—not even from graveyards, I suppose."

He spoke disconsolately, in a tone more befitting the back than the front of him, and quite out of accord with the reckless revelry around him.



"I'll take your money," I said.

slightly towards the gilded ceiling, where countless lustres glittered.

"Deceived you, eh?" I said lightly.

His expression changed. "Deceived me, as you say," he murmured, with a faint, sad smile, that made me conjure up a vision of a passionate lovely face with cruel eyes.

"Won't you tell me about it?" I asked, as I tendered him a fresh cigarette, for while we spoke his half-smoked one had been snatched from his mouth by a beautiful Maenad, who whirled off, puffing it.

"I reckon you'll be making copy out of it," he said, his smile growing whimsical.

"If it's good enough," I replied candidly. "That's why I'm here."

"What a lovely excuse! But there's nothing in my affair to make a story of."

I smiled majestically.

"You stick to your art—leave me to manage mine." And I put a light to his cigarette.

"Ah, but you'll be disappointed this time, I warrant," he said laughingly, as the smoke circled round his diabolically handsome face. Then, becoming serious again, he went on: "It's so terribly plebeian, yet it all befell through that very *Kunstner Karnival* I was telling you of when I first wore this composite costume which gained me the smile of royalty. It was a very swell affair, of course, not a bit like this, but it was given in hell."

"In hell!" I cried, startled.

"Yes. '*Underrøden*' they called it in their lingo. The ball-room of the palace (the *Palaet*, an old disused mansion) was got up to represent the infernal regions—you tumble?—and everybody had to dress appropriately. That was what gave me the idea of this costume. The staircase up which you entered was made the mouth of a great dragon, and as you trod on the first step his eye gleamed blazes and brimstone. There were great monsters all about, and dark grottoes radiating around; and when you took your dame into one of them, your tread flooded them with light. If, however, the cavalier modestly conducted his mistress into one of the lighted caves, virtue was rewarded by instantaneous darkness."

"That was really artistic," I said, laughing.

"You bet! The artists spent any amount of money over the affair. The whole of Hades bristled with ingenious devices in every corner. I had got a couple of tickets, and had designed the dress of my best girl, as well as my own, and the morning before (there being little work done in the studios that day, as you may well imagine) I called upon her to see her try it on. To my chagrin, I found she was down with influenza, or something of that sort appropriate to the bitter winter we were having. And it did freeze that year, by Jove!—so hard that Denmark and Sweden were united—to their mutual disgust I fancy—by a broad causeway of ice. I remember, as I walked back from the girl's house towards the town along the Langelinie, my mortification was somewhat allayed by the picturesque appearance of the Sound, in whose white expanse boats of every species and colour were embedded, looking like trapped creatures unable to stir oar or sail. But as I left the Promenade and came into the narrow old streets of the town, with their cobble

stones and their quaint, many-windowed houses, my ill-humour returned. I had had some trouble in getting the second ticket, and now it looked as if I should get left. I went over in my mind the girls I could ask, and what with not caring more for one than for another, and not knowing which were booked already, and what with the imminence of the ball, I felt the little brains I had getting addled in my head. At last, in sheer despair, I had what is called a happy thought: I resolved to ask the first girl of my acquaintance I met in my walk. Instantly my spirits rose like a thermometer in a Turkish bath. The clouds of irresolution rolled away, and the touch of adventure made my walk joyous again. I peered eagerly into every

refreshments. So go ahead and—I say—do cut your interruptions à la Fielding and Thackeray. *C'est vieux jeu.*"

"All right, don't get mad. Fröken Jensen had the most irregular and ungainly features that ever crippled a woman's career—her nose was—but no! I won't describe her, poor girl. She was about twenty-six years old, but one of those girls whose years no one counts, who are old maids at seventeen. Well, you can fancy what a fix I was in. It was no good pretending to myself that I hadn't seen her, for we nearly bowled each other over—she was coming along quick trot with a basket on her arm—and it seemed kind of shuffling to back out of my promise to her, though she didn't know

anything about it. It was like betting with yourself and wanting to cheat yourself when you lost. I felt I should never trust myself again, if I turned welsher—that's the word, isn't it?"

"It's like Jephtha," I said. "He swore, you know, he would sacrifice the first creature that he saw on his triumphant return from the wars—and his daughter came out and had to be sacrificed."

"Thank you for the compliment," he said, with a grimace. "But I'm not up in the classics, so the comparison didn't strike me. But what did strike me, after the first moment of annoyance, was the humour of the situation. I turned and walked beside her—under cover of an elaborate apology for my dashing behaviour. She seemed quite concerned at my regret, and insisted that it was she that had dashed—it was her marketing-day, and she was late. You must know she kept a boarding-house for art and university students, and it was there that I had made her acquaintance when I went to dine once or twice with a studio chum who was quartered there. I had never exchanged two sentences with her before, as you can well imagine: she was not inviting to the artistic eye; indeed, I rather wondered how my friend could tolerate her at the head of the table, till he jestingly told me it was reckoned off the bill. The place was, indeed, suited to the student's pocket. But this morning I was surprised by the sprightliness of her share in the dialogue of mutual apologies. Her mind seemed as alert as her step, her voice was pleasing and gentle, and there was a refreshing gaiety in her attitude towards the situation."

"But I am quite sure it was my fault," I wound up rather lamely at last, "and, if you will allow me to make you amends, I shall be pleased to send you a ticket for the ball to-morrow night."

"She stood still. 'For the *Kunstner Karnival*!' she cried eagerly, while her poor absurd face lit up."

"Yes, Fröken; and I shall be happy to escort you there if you will give me the pleasure."

"She looked at me with sudden suspicion—the idea that I was chaffing her must have crossed her mind. I felt myself flushing furiously, feeling somehow half-guilty by my secret thoughts of her a few moments ago. We had arrived at the *Amager-torv*—the market-place—and I recollect getting a sudden impression of the quaint stalls and the picturesque *Amager*-women—one with a preternaturally hideous face—and the frozen canal in the middle with the ice-bound fruit-boats from the islands, and the red sails of the Norwegian boats, and the



I saw her eyes fill with tears as she turned her head away.

female face I met, but it was not till I approached the market-place that I knew my fate. Then, turning a corner, I came suddenly and violently face to face with Fröken Jensen."

He paused and relit his cigarette, and the maddening music of brass instruments and brazen creatures, which his story had shut out, crashed again upon my ears. "I reckon if you were telling this, you'd stop here," he said, "and put down, 'to be continued in our next.' There seemed a trace of huskiness in his flippant tones, as if he were trying to keep under some genuine emotion."

"Never you mind," I returned smiling. "You're not a writer anyhow, so just keep straight on."

"Well, Fröken Jensen was absolutely the ugliest girl I have seen in all my globe-trottings. . . . On second thoughts, that is the place to stop at, isn't it?"

"Not at all—it's only in long novels one stops for

Egyptian architecture of Thorwaldsen's Museum in the background, making up my mind to paint it all, in the brief instant before I added in my most convincing tones: 'The Crown Prince will be there.'

"Her incredulous expression became tempered by wistfulness, and with an inspiration I drew out the ticket and thrust it into her hand. I saw her eyes fill with tears as she turned her head away and examined some vegetables.

"You will excuse me," she said presently, holding the ticket limply in her hand, 'but I fear it is impossible for me to accept your kind invitation. You see I have so much to do, and my children will be so uncomfortable without me.'

"Your children will be at the ball—to a man," I retorted.

"But I haven't any fancy costume," she pleaded, and tendered me the ticket back. It struck me—almost with a pang—that her hand was bare of glove, and the workaday costume she was wearing was ill adapted to the rigour of the weather.

"Oh! come anyhow," I said. 'Ordinary evening dress. Of course, you will need a mask.'

"I saw her lip twitch at this unfortunate way of putting it, and hastened to affect unconsciousness of my blunder.

"She wouldn't," I added with affected jocularly, nodding towards the preternaturally hideous *Amager*-woman.

"Poor old thing," she said gently. 'I shall be sorry when she dies.'

"Why?" I murmured.

"Because then I shall be the ugliest woman in Copenhagen," she answered gaily.

"Something in that remark sent a thrill down my backbone—there seemed an infinite pathos and loveableness in her courageous recognition of facts. It dispensed one from the painful necessity of pretending to be unaware of her ugliness—nay, gave it almost

freed from the distracting companionship of her face, was rather elegant, while the lively humour of her conversation had now fair play. She danced well, too, with a natural grace. I believe she enjoyed her incog. almost as much as the ball, and I began to feel quite like a fairy godmother who was giving poor little Cinderella an outing, and to regret that I had not the power to make her beautiful for ever, or at least to make life one eternal fancy ball, at which silk masks might veil the horrors of reality. I dare say, too, she got a certain kudos through dancing so much with me, for, as I have told you *ad nauseam*, this lovely costume of mine was the hit of the evening, and the Crown Prince asked for the honour of an introduction to me. It was rather funny—the circuitous etiquette. I had to be first introduced to his aide-de-camp. This was done through an actress of the Kongelige theatre, with whom I had been polking (he knew all the soubrettes, that aide-de-camp!). Then he introduced me to the Crown Prince, and I held out my hand and shook his royal paw heartily. He was very gracious to me, learning I was an American, and complimented me on my dress and my dancing, and I answered him affably; and the natives, gathered round at a respectful distance, eyed me with reverent curiosity. But at last, when the music struck up again, I said, 'Excuse me, I am engaged for this waltz!' and hurried off to dance with my Cinderella, much to the amazement of the Danes, who wondered audibly what mighty foreign potentate his Royal Highness had been making himself agreeable to."

"It was plain enough," I broke in. "His Satanic Majesty, of course."

"I am glad you interrupted me," he said, "for you give me an opening to state that the Crown Prince has nothing to do with the story. You, of course, would have left him out; but I am only an amateur, and I get my threads mixed."

"Shut up!" I cried. "I mean, go on."

"Oh, well, perhaps he has got a little to do with the

Axel Larson was one of my Cinderella's 'children,' so I could not resist introducing him formally to 'Fröken Jensen.' His happy air of expectation was replaced by a scowl of surprise and disgust.

"What thou, Ingeborg!" he cried.

"I could have knocked the man down. The familiar *tutoiement*, the Christian name—these, perhaps, he had a right to use; but nothing could justify the contempt of his tone. It reminded me disagreeably of the ugliness I had nigh forgotten. I felt Ingeborg's arm tremble in mine.

"Yes, it is I, Herr Larson," she said, with her wonted gentleness, and almost apologetically. 'This gentleman was good enough to bring me.' She spoke as if her presence needed explanation—with the timidity of one shut out from the pleasures of life. I could feel her poor little heart fluttering wildly and knew that her face was alternating from red to white beneath the mask.

"Axel Larson shot a swift glance of surprise at me, which was followed by a more malicious bolt. 'I congratulate you, Ingeborg,' he said, 'on the property you seem to have come into.' It was a clever *double entente*—the man was witty after his coarse fashion—but the sarcasm scarcely stung either of us. I, of course, had none of the motives the cad imagined; and as for Ingeborg, I fancy she thought he alluded merely to the conquest of myself, and was only pained by the fear I might resent so ludicrous a suggestion. Having thrown the shadow of his cynicism over our innocent relation, Axel turned away highly pleased with himself, rudely neglecting to ask Ingeborg for a dance. I felt like giving him 'Hail Columbia!' but I restrained myself.

"Some days after this—in response to Ingeborg's grateful anxiety to return my hospitality—I went to dine with her 'children.' I found Axel occupying the seat of honour, and grumbling at the soup and the sauces like a sort of autocrat of the dinner table, and generally making things unpleasant. I had to cling to my knife and fork so as not to throw the water-bottle at his head. Ingeborg presided meekly over the dishes, her ugliness more rampant than ever after the illusion of the mask. I remembered now he had been disagreeable when I had dined there before, though not being interested in Ingeborg then, I had not resented his ill-humour, contenting myself with remarking to my friend that I understood now why the Danes disliked the Swedes so much—a generalisation that was probably as unjust as most of one's judgments of other peoples. After dinner I asked her why she tolerated the fellow. She flushed painfully and murmured that times were hard. I protested that she could easily get another boarder to replace him, but she said Axel Larson had been there so long—nearly two years—and was comfortable, and knew the ways of the house, and it would be very discourteous to ask him to go. I insisted that rather than see her suffer, I would move into Larson's room myself, but she urged tremulously that she didn't suffer at all from his rudeness, it was only his surface-manner; it deceived strangers, but there was a good heart underneath, as who could know better than she? Besides, he was a genius with the brush, and everybody knew well that geniuses were bears. And, finally, she could not afford to lose boarders—there were already two vacancies.

"It ended—as I daresay you have guessed—by my filling one of those two vacancies, partly to help her pecuniarily, partly to act as a buffer between her and the swaggering Swede. He was quite flabbergasted by my installation in the house, and took me aside in the *atelier* and asked me if Ingeborg had really come into any money. I was boiling over, but I kept the lid on by main force, and answered curtly that Ingeborg had a heart of gold. He laughed boisterously, and said one could not raise anything on that, adding, with an air of authority, that he believed I spoke the truth, for it was not likely the hag would have kept anything from her oldest boarder. 'I daresay the real truth is,' he wound up, 'that you are hard up, like me, and want to do the thing cheap.'

"I wasn't aware you were hard up," I said, for I had seen him often enough flaunting it in the theatres and restaurants.

"Not for luxuries," he retorted with a guffaw, 'but for necessities—yes. And there comes in the value of our domestic eyesore. Why, I haven't paid her a *skilling* for six months!'

"I thought of poor Ingeborg's thin winter attire, and would have liked to reply with my fist, only the reply didn't seem quite logical. It was not my business, after all; but I thought I understood now why Ingeborg was so reluctant to part with him—it is the immemorial fallacy of economical souls to throw good money after bad; though when I saw the patience with which she bore his querulous complaints and the solicitude with which she attended to his wants, I sometimes imagined he had some secret hold over her. Often I saw her cower and flush piteously, as with terror, before his insolent gaze. But I decided finally his was merely the ascendancy of the strong over the weak—of the bully over his victims, who serve him the more loyally because he kicks them. The bad-tempered have the best of it in this vile world. I cannot tell you how I grew to pity that poor girl. Living in her daily presence, I marked the thousand and one trials of which her life was made up, all borne with the same sweetness and good-humour. I discovered that she had a bed-ridden mother, whom she kept in the attic, and whom she stole up to attend to fifty times a



Well, I took her to the ball, and—will you believe it?—she made quite a little sensation.

a *cachet*—made it as possible a topic of light conversation as beauty itself. I pressed her more fervently to come, and at last she consented, stipulating only that I should call for her rather late, after she had quite finished her household duties and the other boarders had gone off to the ball.

"Well, I took her to the ball (it was as brilliant and gay as this without being riotous), and—will you believe it?—she made quite a little sensation. With a black domino covering her impossible face, and a simple evening dress, she looked as *distinguée* as my best girl would have done. Her skin was good, and her figure,

story, after all; for after that, Fröken Jensen became more important—sharing in my reflected glory—or, perhaps, now I come to think of it, it was only then that she became important. Anyway, important she was; and, among others, Axel Larson—who was got up as an ancient Gallic warrior, to show off his fine figure—came up and asked me to introduce him. I don't think I should have done so ordinarily, for he was the filthiest-mouthed fellow in the *atelier*—a great swaggering Don Juan Baron Munchausen sort of chap, handsome enough in his raffish way—a tall, stalwart Swede, blue-eyed and yellow-haired. But the fun of the position was that

day, sitting with her when her work was done and the moonlight on the Sound tempted one to be out enjoying one's youth. Alone she managed and financed the entire establishment, aided only by a little maid-of-all-work, just squeezing out a scanty living for herself and her mother. If ever there was an angel on earth it was Ingeborg Jensen. I tell you, when I see the angels of

said. 'You have always been kind to me. But you do not love me.'

"I assured her I did, and in that moment I daresay I spoke the truth. For in that moment of her reluctance and diffidence to snatch at proffered joy, when the suggestion of rejection made her appear doubly precious, she seemed to me the most adorable creature in the world.



"You love Axel Larson!" I cried chokingly.

the Italian masters I feel they are all wrong, I don't want flaxen-haired cherubs to give me an idea of heaven in this hell of a world. I just want to see good honest faces full of suffering and sacrifice, and if ever I paint an angel its phiz shall have the unflinching ugliness of Ingeborg Jensen, God bless her! To be near her was to live in an atmosphere of purity and pity and tenderness, and everything that is sweet and sacred."

As he spoke I became suddenly aware that the gaslights were paling, and glancing towards the window on my left I saw the splendour of the sunrise breaking fresh and clear over the city of diabolical night, where in the sombre eastern sky—

God made himself an awful rose of dawn.

A breath of coolness and purity seemed to waft into the feverish ball-room; a ray of fresh morning sunlight. I looked curiously at the young artist. He seemed transfixed. I could scarcely realise that an hour ago he had been among the rowdiest of the Comus crew whose shrieks and laughter still rang all around us. Even his duplex costume seemed to have grown subtly symbolical, the diabolical part typical of all that is bestial and selfish in man, the death-mask speaking silently of renunciation and the peace of the tomb. He went on, after a moment of emotion: "They say that pity is akin to love, but I am not sure that I ever loved her, for I suppose that love involves passion, and I never arrived at that. I only came to feel that I wanted to be with her always, to guard her, to protect her, to work for her, to suffer for her if need be, to give her life something of the joy and sweetness that God owed her. I felt I wasn't much use in the world, and that would be something to do. And so one day—though not without much mental tossing, for we are curiously, complexly built, and I dreaded ridicule and the long years of comment from unsympathetic strangers—I asked her to be my wife.

"Her surprise, her agitation, was painful to witness. But she was not incredulous, as before; she had learned to know that I respected her. Nevertheless, her immediate impulse was one of refusal.

"It cannot be," she said, and her bosom heaved spasmodically.

"I protested that it could and would be, but she shook her head.

"You are very kind to me! God bless you!" she

"But still she shook her head. 'No one can love me,' she said sadly.

"I took her hand in mute protestation, but she withdrew it gently.

"It cannot be," she repeated.

"Why not—Ingeborg?" I asked passionately.

"She hesitated, panting and colouring painfully, then—the words are echoing in my brain—she answered softly: '*Jeg kan ikke elske Dem*' (I cannot love you).

"It was like a shaft of lightning piercing me, rending and illuminating. In my blind conceit the obverse side of the question had never presented itself to me. I had taken it for granted I had only to ask to be jumped at. But now, in one great flash of insight, I seemed to see everything plain.

"You love Axel Larson!" I cried chokingly, as I thought of all the insults he had heaped upon her in her presence, all the sneers and vile jocosities of which she had been the butt behind her back, in return for the care she had lavished upon his comfort, for her pinching to make both ends meet without the money he should have contributed.

"She did not reply. The tears came into her eyes, she let her head droop on her heaving breast. As in those visions that are said to come to the dying, I saw Axel Larson feeding day by day at her board, brutally conscious of her passion, yet not deigning even to sacrifice her to it; I saw him ultimately leave the schools and the town to carry his clever brush to the welcome of a wider world, without a word or a thought of thanks for the creature who had worshipped and waited upon him hand and foot; and then I saw her life from day to day unroll its long monotonous folds, all in the same pattern, all drab duty and joyless sacrifice, and hopeless undying love.

"I took her hand again in a passion of pity. She understood my sympathy, and the hot tears started from her eyes and rolled down her poor wan cheeks. And in that holy moment I saw into the inner heaven of woman's love, which purifies and atones for the world. The eternal feminine!"

The sentimental young artist ceased, and buried his devil's face in his hands. I looked around and started. We were alone in the abandoned supper-room. The gorgeously grotesque company was seated in a gigantic circle upon the ball-room floor, furiously applauding the efforts of two sweetly pretty girls who were performing the celebrated *danse du ventre*.

"The eternal feminine!" I echoed pensively.

FATHER TO THE THOUGHT.

IT was strange to see her again—strange and delightful. She was standing in the crowded vestibule of the theatre, unattended, alone, desolate. I darted up to her. Seeing me, she held out her hand with a little exclamation of pleasure and a bright blush. There were romantic reasons why she should blush on meeting me again.

"Fancy it being you, Mr. Vane!" she cried, giving me her hand.

"Don't be afraid; I've forgiven you," said I.

"And forgotten me too, perhaps," she suggested, with an upward cast of her eyelashes.

I told her that I had never forgotten her. Somehow, in the course of this remark, we both became so embarrassed that she descended to remarking—

"How awfully it rains! I wonder if a cab is quite impossible?"

"Impossible!" I cried. "It would be charming. You stay here, and I'll get one."

"Oh! but it's such a shame to trouble you, Mr. Vane. Really, I oughtn't to, but—"

"If you had never troubled me worse than that!" said I, in a reminiscent tone.

"Now, Mr. Vane! But, seriously, I'm sorry to be so helpless. The truth is, I've lost my husband, and here I am alone!"

"I'm very sorry," said I, in a dutiful but perfunctory manner, gazing the while at Mrs. Denton's admirable eyes. I was not the least sorry; I could not be expected to be.

"And I don't know what to do without him," she pursued.

"Oh, you mustn't distress yourself too much."

Mrs. Denton laughed; and that she should laugh encouraged me to say, not without some trepidation—

"No loss is irreparable, Mrs. Denton, not even the severest. I thought once that I could not live a day away from—a certain lady—but I have found—"

"Now, I believe you're going to say something uncomplimentary," said she smiling.

"I believe I was—and, I begin to think, untrue too."

"Please, Mr. Vane!"

I did not wish to go too fast, although I confess that the news had excited me considerably, so I said—

"Well, I can get you a cab, anyhow."

"I really think I'd better take one if I can get it."

"Of course you had," said I.

"There's such a crowd that it's no use waiting, is it?"

"Not a bit," said I, and I darted across the vestibule, seized a commissionaire, gave him a shilling, promised him another, and returned to Mrs. Denton.

"The cab will be here in three minutes," said I.

She had watched the transaction, and nodded appreciatively, observing—

"I wish John had done the same."

"Oh, well," said I, "it's too late now."

"But he was so sure he could do the whole thing best himself."

She did not speak unkindly, yet it was evident that her grief was not extreme. I was quite content with her bearing. I had never believed in her caring much for Denton. I admit that I gazed admiringly at her till she startled me by remarking suddenly—

"I wonder where the poor man has gone to!"

It seemed a strange subject to broach in such a place, yet it was a mark of the intimate friendship she evidently felt for me.

"I feel confident," said I soothingly, "that he is not unhappy."

"What, without his wife, Mr. Vane?"

I could not follow this train of reflection, so I suggested—

"Let's talk of yourself, Mrs. Denton. I hope you are not unhappy either?"

"Unhappy? Oh, no, thank you, Mr. Vane. Of course, my life is no more perfect than most other people's, but—"

"It could be made more perfect," I murmured.

"Perhaps it could," said she, with a little sigh.

"I also," said I, bending towards her, "feel that my life is incomplete, that it wants something to make it the perfect ideal—"

"Your cab is here, Sir," interrupted the commissionaire. I offered my arm to Mrs. Denton; she took it, and said, with a shrug of her shoulders—

"Well, as John's gone, I must look after myself."

"Let me look after you, Mrs. Denton," said I, quite tenderly.

"You're really too kind. If you would just put me in!"

I approached the cab with that intention, and with the further intention of putting myself in also; but at this moment I observed a man in evening dress step into the portico and dash the rain-drops from his opera-hat. He spoke to the commissionaire, and I observed an expression of relief appear on his face.

"Here we are, Mrs. Denton. Get in!" and I handed her into the cab and was about to follow when the man whom I had noticed came up.

"I am very much obliged to you—" he began.

"Forgive me," said I, "but this is my cab."

A little mirthful cry came from inside the cab. The man looked at me with some perplexity. I wore a suave but firm air.

"Well," said the man, "it may be your cab; but you'll excuse me for mentioning that it's my wife."

"What?" I cried, leaping back in horror.

"Why, Mr. Vane, I forgot you didn't know John," said Mrs. Denton, in her sweetest tones.

I gazed from one to the other. Then Mrs. Denton said to her husband—

"Mr. Vane was so kind as to get me a cab, because I thought I'd lost you beyond recall."

I turned to Mrs. Denton. I suppose she read my thoughts, for she blushed very red and suddenly fell into a fit of laughter. And I said to Mr. Denton—

"Quite so; and I thought she had."

"Well, thank you very much, but here I am," said he.

"It is," said I, "undeniable."

So I went to the Club.

ANTHONY HOPE.

A ROSE OF GLENBOGIE

BY BRET HARTE.

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY HARDY.

THE American Consul at St. Kentigern stepped gloomily from the train at Whistlecrankie station. For the last twenty minutes his spirits had been slowly sinking before the drifting procession past the carriage windows of dull grey and brown hills—mammi-form in shape, but so cold and sterile in expression that the swathes of yellow mist which lay in their hollows, like soiled guipure, seemed a gratuitous affectation of modesty. And when the train moved away, mingling its escaping steam with the slower mists of the mountain, he found himself alone on the platform—the only passenger and apparently the sole occupant of the station. He was gazing disconsolately at his trunk, which had taken upon itself a human loneliness in the emptiness of the place, when a railway porter stepped out of the solitary signal-box, where he had evidently been performing a double function, and lounged with exasperating deliberation towards him. He was a hard-featured man, with a thin fringe of yellow-grey whiskers that met under his chin like dirty strings to tie his cap on with.

"Ye'll be goin' to Glenbogie House, I'm thinkin'?" he said moodily.

The Consul said that he was.

"I kenned it. Ye'll no be gettin' any machine to tak' ye there. They'll be sending a carriage for ye—if ye're expected." He glanced half doubtfully at the Consul as if he was not quite so sure of it.

But the Consul believed he *was* expected, and felt

Far, far too often! She's a strange flagrantitious creature; her husband's but a *puir fule*, I'm thinkin', and ye did yersel' nae guid gaunin' there."

It was a besetting weakness of the Consul's that his sense of the ludicrous was too often reached before his more serious perceptions. The absurd combination of the bleak, inhospitable desolation before him, and the sepulchral complacency of his self-elected monitor quite upset his gravity.

"Aye, ye'll be laughin' the noo," returned the porter, with gloomy significance.

The Consul wiped his eyes. "Still," he said demurely, "I trust you won't object to my giving you sixpence to carry my box to the carriage when it comes, and let the morality of this transaction devolve entirely upon me. Unless," he continued, even more gravely, as a spick and span brougham drawn by two thoroughbreds dashed out of the mist up to the platform, "Unless you prefer to state the case to those two gentlemen"—pointing to the smart coachman and footman on the box—"and take *their* opinion as to the propriety of my proceeding any further. It seems to me that their consciences ought to be consulted as well as yours. I'm only a stranger here, and am willing to do anything to conform to the local custom."

"It's a saxpence ye'll be payin' anyway," said the porter, grimly shouldering the trunk, "but I'll be no takin' any other mon's opinion on matters of my ain dooty and conscience."

"Ah," said the Consul gravely, "then you'll perhaps be allowing *me* the same privilege."

The porter's face relaxed, and a gleam of approval—purely intellectual, however—came into his eyes.

"Ye were always a smooth deevil wi' your tongue, Mr. Consul," he said, shouldering the box and walking off to the carriage.

Nevertheless, as soon as he was fairly seated and rattling away from the station, the Consul had a flashing conviction that he had not only been grievously insulted, but also that he had allowed the wife of an acquaintance to be spoken of disrespectfully in his presence. And he had done nothing! Yes—it was like him!—he had *laughed* at the absurdity of the impertinence without resenting it! Another man would have slapped the porter's face! For an instant he hung out of the carriage window, intent upon ordering the coachman to drive back to the station, but the reflection—again a ludicrous one—that he would now be only bringing witnesses to a scene which might provoke a scandal more invidious to his acquaintance, checked him in time. But his spirits, momentarily diverted by the porter's effrontery, sunk to a lower ebb than before.

The clattering of his horses' hoofs echoed back from the rocky walls that occasionally hemmed in the road was not enlivening, but it was less depressing than the recurring monotony of the open. The scenery did not suggest wildness to his alien eyes so much as it affected him with a vague sense of scorbutic impoverishment. It was not the loneliness of unfrequented nature, for there was a well-kept carriage road traversing its dreariness; and even when the hillside was clothed

with scanty verdure, there were "outcrops" of smooth glistening weather-worn rocks showing like bare brown knees under the all too imperfectly kilted slopes. And at a little distance, lifting above a black drift of firs, were the square rigid sky-lines of Glenbogie House, standing starkly against the cold, lingering northern twilight. As the vehicle turned, and rolled between two square stone gate-posts, the long avenue before him, though as well kept as the road, was but a slight improvement upon the outer sterility, and the dark iron-grey rectangular mansion beyond, guiltless of external decoration,



even to the outlines of its small lustreless windows, opposed the grim inhospitable prospect with an equally grim inhospitable front. There were a few moments more of rapid driving, a swift swishing over soft gravel, the opening of a heavy door into a narrow vestibule, and then—a sudden sense of exquisitely diffused light and warmth from an arched and galleried central hall, the sounds of light laughter and subdued voices half-lost in the airy space between the lofty pictured walls; the luxury of colour in trophies, armour, and hangings; one or two careless groups before the recessed hearth or at the centre table, and the halted figure of a pretty woman on the broad, slow staircase. The contrast was sharp, ironical, and bewildering.

So much so that the Consul, when he had followed the servant to his room, was impelled to draw aside the heavy window-curtains and look out again upon the bleak prospect it had half obliterated. The wing in which he was placed overhung a dark ravine or gully choked with shrubs and brambles that grew in a new luxuriance. As he gazed a large black bird floated upwards slowly from its depths, circled around the house with a few quick strokes of its wing, and then sped away—a black bolt—in one straight undeviating line towards the paling north. He still gazed into the abyss—half expecting another, even fancying he heard the occasional stir and flutter of obscure life below and the melancholy call of night-fowl. A long-forgotten fragment of old English verse began to haunt him—

Hark! the raven flaps hys wing
In the briered dell belowe.
Hark! the dethe owl loude doth synge
To the night maers as thaie goe.

"Now, what put that stuff in my head?" he said as he turned impatiently from the window. "And why does this house, with all its interior luxury, hypocritically oppose such a forbidding front to its neighbours?" Then it occurred to him that perhaps the architect instinctively felt that a more opulent and elaborate exterior would only bring the poverty of surrounding nature into greater relief. But he was not in the habit of troubling himself with abstruse problems. A nearer recollection of the pretty frock he had seen on the staircase—in whose wearer he had just recognised his vivacious friend—turned his thoughts to her. He remembered how at their first meeting he had been interested in her bright audacity, unconventionality and high spirits, which did not, however, amuse him as greatly as his later suspicion that she was playing a self-elected rôle, often with difficulty, opposition, and feverishness, rather than spontaneity. He remembered how he had watched her in the obtrusive assumption of a new fashion, in some reckless departure from an old one, or in some ostentatious disregard of certain hard and set rules of St. Kentigern; but that it never seemed to him that she was the happier for it. He even fancied that her mirth at such times had an undue nervousness; that her pluck—which was undoubted—had something of the defiance of despair, and that her persistence often had the grimness of duty rather than the thoughtlessness of pure amusement. What was she trying to do?—what was she trying to *undo* or forget? Her married life was apparently happy and even congenial. Her young husband was clever, complaisant, yet honestly devoted to her, even to the extension of a certain *camaraderie* to her admirers and a chivalrous protection



"Ye'll be goin' to Glenbogie House, I'm thinkin'?"

relieved at the certain prospect of a conveyance. The porter meanwhile surveyed him moodily.

"Ye'll be seein' Mistress MacSpadden there!"

The Consul was surprised into a little over-consciousness. Mrs. MacSpadden was a vivacious acquaintance at St. Kentigern, whom he certainly—and not without some satisfaction—expected to meet at Glenbogie House. He raised his eyes inquiringly to the porter's.

"Ye'll no be rememberin' me. I had a machine in St. Kentigern and drove ye to MacSpadden's ferry often.



R. Taylor & Co.

LB

THE LOST C(H)ORD.

Drawn by Fred Barnard.

by half-participation in her maddest freaks. Nor could he honestly say that her attitude towards his own sex—although marked by a freedom that often reached the verge of indiscretion—conveyed the least suggestion of passion or sentiment. The Consul, more perceptive than analytical, found her a puzzle—who was, perhaps, the least mystifying to others who were content to sum up her eccentricities under the single vague epithet, “fast.” Most women disliked her: she had a few associates among them, but no *confidante*, and even these were so unlike her, again, as to puzzle him still more. And yet he believed himself strictly impartial.

He walked to the window again, and looked down upon the ravine, from which the darkness now seemed to be slowly welling up and obliterating the landscape, and then, taking a book from his valise, settled himself in the easy-chair by the fire. He was in no hurry to join the party below, whom he had duly recognised and greeted as he passed through. They or their prototypes were familiar friends. There was the recently created baronet, whose “bloody hand” had apparently wiped out the stains of his earlier Radicalism, and whose former provincial self-righteousness had been supplanted by an equally provincial scepticism; there was his wife, who through all the difficulties of her changed position had kept the stalwart virtues of the Scotch *bourgeoisie*, and was—“decent”; there were the two native lairds that reminded him of “parts of speech,” one being distinctly alluded to as a definite article, and the other being “of” something, and apparently governed always by that possessive case. There were two or three “workers”—men of power and ability in their several vocations; indeed, there was the general over-proportion of intellect characteristic of such Scotch gatherings, and often in excess of minor social qualities. There was the usual foreigner, with Latin quickness, eagerness, and misapprehending adaptability. And there was the solitary Englishman—perhaps less generously equipped than the others—whom everybody differed from, ridiculed, and then looked up to and imitated. There were the half-dozen smartly frocked women, who far from being the females of the foregoing species, were quite indistinctive, with the single exception of an American wife, who was infinitely more Scotch than her Scotch husband.

Suddenly he became aware of a faint rustling at his door, and what seemed to be a slight tap on the panel. He rose and opened it—the long passage was dark and apparently empty, but he fancied he could detect the quick swish of a skirt in the distance. As he re-entered his room, his eye fell for the first time on a rose whose stalk was thrust through the keyhole of his door. The Consul smiled at this amiable solution of a mystery. It was undoubtedly the playful mischievousness of the vivacious MacSpadden. He placed it in water—intending to wear it in his coat at dinner as a gentle recognition of the fair donor’s courtesy.

Night had thickened suddenly as from a passing cloud. He lit the two candles on his dressing-table, gave a glance into the row scarcely distinguishable abyss below his window, as he drew the curtains, and by the more diffused light for the first time surveyed

his room critically. It was a larger apartment than that usually set aside for bachelors; the heavy four-poster had a conjugal reserve about it, and a tall cheval glass and certain minor details of the furniture suggested that it had been used for a married couple. He knew that the guest-rooms in country houses, as in hotels, carried no suggestion or flavour of the last tenant, and therefore lacked colour and originality, and he was consequently surprised to find himself impressed with some distinctly novel atmosphere. He was puzzling himself to discover what it might be, when he again became aware of cautious footsteps apparently halting outside his door. This time he was prepared. With a half-smile he stepped softly to the door and

strides but the mechanical purposelessness of embarrassment. Then he stiffened and stood erect. Yet in spite of all this he was strikingly picturesque and unconventional in his Highland dress, worn with the freedom of long custom and a certain lithe, barbaric grace. As the Consul continued to gaze at him encouragingly, the quick resentful pride of a shy man suddenly mantled his high cheek-bones, and with an abrupt “I’ll not deesturb ye longer,” he strode out of the room.

The Consul watched the easy swing of his figure down the passage and then closed the door. “Delightful creature,” he said musingly, “and not so very unlike an Apache chief either! But what was he doing outside my door? And was it he who left that rose—

not as a delicate Highland attention to an utter stranger, but”—the Consul’s mouth suddenly expanded—“to some fair previous occupant? Or was it really *his* room—he looked as if he were lying—and”—here the Consul’s mouth expanded even more wickedly—“and Mrs. MacSpadden had put the flower there for him.” This implied snub to his vanity was, however, more than compensated by his wicked anticipation of the pretty perplexity of his fair friend when he should appear at dinner with the flower in his own buttonhole. It would serve her right, the arrant flirt! But here he was interrupted by the entrance of a tall housemaid with his hot water.

“I am afraid I’ve dispossessed Mr.—Mr. Kilerathie rather prematurely,” said the Consul lightly.

To his infinite surprise the girl answered with grim decision, “Nae too soon.”

The Consul stared, “I mean,” he explained, “that I found him hesitating here in the passage, looking for his room.”

“Aye, he’s always hovering and glowerin’ in the passages—but it’s no’ for his room! And it’s a deesgrace to decent Christian folk his carryin’ on wi’ married weemen—mebbe they’re nae better than he!”

“That will do,” said the Consul curtly. He had no desire to encourage a repetition of the railway porter’s freedom.

“Ye’ll no fash yoursel’ about *him*,” continued the girl, without heeding the rebuff. “It’s no’ the meestreess’ wish that he’s keepit here in the wing reserved for married folk, and she’s no’ sorry for the excuse to pit ye in

his place. Ye’ll be married yoursel’, I’m hearin’. But, I ken ye’s nae mair to be lippeden tae for *that*.”

This was too much for the Consul’s gravity. “I’m afraid,” he said with diplomatic gaiety, “that although I am married, as I haven’t my wife with me, I’ve no right to this superior accommodation and comfort. But you can assure your mistress that I’ll try to deserve them.”

“Aye,” said the girl, but with no great confidence in her voice as she grimly quitted the room.

“When our foot’s upon our native heath, whether our name’s Macgregor or Kilerathie, it would seem that we must tread warily,” mused the Consul as he began to dress. “But I’m glad she didn’t see that rose, or my reputation would have been ruined.” Here another knock at the door arrested him. He opened it impatiently to a tall gillie, who instantly strode into the room. There was such another suggestion of Kilerathie



There were sounds of light laughter and subdued voices.

opened it suddenly. To his intense surprise, he was face to face with a man.

But his discomfiture was as nothing compared to that of the stranger—whom he at once recognised as one of his fellow-guests—the youthful Laird of Whistlecrankie. The young fellow’s healthy colour at once paled, then flushed a deep crimson, and a forced smile stiffened his mouth.

“I—beg your par-r-rdon,” he said, with a nervous brusqueness that brought out his accent. “I couldna find ma room. It’ll be changed, and I—”

“Perhaps I have got it,” interrupted the Consul smilingly. “I’ve only just come, and they’ve put me in here.”

“Nae! Nae!” said the young man hurriedly, “it’s no’ thiss. That is, it’s no’ mine noo.”

“Won’t you come in?” suggested the Consul politely, holding open the door.

The young man entered the room with the quick

in the man and his manner that the Consul instantly divined that he was Kilerathie's servant.

"I'll be takin' some bit things that yon Whistlecrankie left," said the gillie gravely, with a stolid glance around the room.

"Certainly," said the Consul; "help yourself." He continued his dressing as the man began to rummage in the empty drawers. The Consul had his back towards him, but, looking in the glass of the dressing-table, he saw that the gillie was stealthily watching him. Suddenly he passed before the mantelpiece and quickly slipped the rose from its glass into his hand.

"I'll trouble you to put that back," said the Consul quietly, without turning round. The gillie slid a quick glance towards the door, but the Consul was before him.

"I don't think *that* was left by your master," he said in an ostentatiously calm voice, for he was conscious of an absurd and inexplicable tumult in his blood, "and perhaps you'd better put it back."

The man looked at the flower with an attention that might have been merely ostentatious, and replaced it in the glass.

"A thoct it was hiss."

"And I think it isn't," said the Consul, opening the door.

Yet when the man had passed out he was by no means certain that the flower was not Kilerathie's. He was even conscious that if the young Laird had approached him with a reasonable explanation or appeal he would have yielded it up. Yet here he was, looking angrily pale in the glass, his eyes darker than they should be, and with an unmistakable instinct to do battle for this idiotic gage! Was there some morbid disturbance in the air that was affecting him as it had Kilerathie? He tried to laugh, but catching sight of its sardonic reflection in the glass became grave again. He wondered if the gillie had been really looking for anything his master had left—he had certainly *taken* nothing. He opened one or two of the drawers, and found only a woman's tortoiseshell hairpin—overlooked by the footman when he had emptied them for the Consul's clothes. It had been probably forgotten by some fair and previous tenant to Kilerathie. The Consul looked at his watch—it was time to go down. He grimly pinned the fateful flower in his buttonhole and half-defiantly descended to the drawing-room.

Here, however, he was inclined to relax when, from a group of pretty women, the bright grey eyes of Mrs. MacSpadden caught his, were suddenly diverted to the lapel of his coat, and then leaped up to his again with a sparkle of mischief. But the guests were already pairing off in dinner couples, and as they passed out of the room, he saw that she was on the arm of Kilerathie. Yet, as she passed him, she audaciously turned her head, and in a mischievous affectation of jealous reproach, murmured—

"So soon!"

At dinner she was too far removed for any conversation with him, although from his seat by his hostess he could plainly see her saucy profile midway up the table. But, to his surprise, her companion, Kilerathie, did not seem to be responding to her gaiety. By turns abstracted and feverish, his glances occasionally wandered towards the end of the table where the Consul was sitting. For a few moments he believed that the affair of the flower, combined, perhaps, with the overhearing of Mrs. MacSpadden's mischievous sentence, rankled in the Laird's barbaric soul. But he became presently aware that Kilerathie's eyes eventually rested upon a quiet-looking blonde near the hostess. Yet the lady not only did not seem to be aware of it, but her face was more often turned towards the Consul, and their eyes had once or twice met. He had been struck by the fact that they were half-veiled but singularly unimpassioned eyes, with a certain expression of cold wonderment and criticism quite inconsistent with their veiling. Nor was he surprised when, after a preliminary whispering over the plates, his hostess presented him. The lady was the young wife of the middle-aged dignitary who, seated further down the table, opposite Mrs. MacSpadden, was apparently enjoying that lady's wildest levities. The Consul bowed, the lady leaned a little forward.

"We were saying what a lovely rose you had."

The Consul's inward response was "Hang that flower!" His outward expression was the modest query—

"Is it so peculiar?"

"No; but it's very pretty. Would you allow me to see it?"

Disengaging the flower from his buttonhole he handed it to her. Oddly enough, it seemed to him that half the table was watching and listening to them. Suddenly the lady uttered a little cry. "Dear me! it's full of thorns; of course you picked and arranged it yourself, for any lady would have wrapped something around the stalk!"

But here there was a burlesque outcry and a good-humoured protest from the gentlemen around her against this manifestly leading question. "It's no fair! Ye'll not answer her—for the dignity of our sex." Yet in the midst of it, it suddenly occurred to the Consul that there *had* been a slip of paper wrapped around it, which had come off and remained in the keyhole. The blue eyes of the lady were meanwhile sounding his, but he only smiled and said—

"Then it seems it is peculiar?"

When the conversation became more general he had time to observe other features of the lady than her placid eyes. Her light hair was very long, and grew low down the base of her neck. Her mouth was firm, the upper lip slightly compressed in a thin red line, but the lower one, although equally precise at the corners, became fuller in the centre and turned over like a scarlet leaf, or as it struck him, suddenly, like the telltale drop of blood on the mouth of a vampire. Yet she was very composed, practical, and decorous, and as the talk grew more animated—and in the vicinity of Mrs. MacSpadden, more audacious—she kept a smiling reserve of expression which did not, however, prevent her from following that lively lady, whom she evidently knew, with a kind of encouraging attention.

"Kate is in full fling to-night," she said to the

"I see you don't know him," said the Consul smilingly, "and I'd be delighted to make you acquainted. Jock"—he continued, raising his voice as he turned towards MacSpadden—"let me introduce you to Sir Alan Deeside, who don't know *you*, although he's a great admirer of your wife," and unheeding the embarrassed protestations of Sir Alan and the laughing assertions of Jock that they were already acquainted, he moved on beside his host. That hospitable knight, who had been airing his knowledge of London smart society to his English guest with a singular mixture of assertion and obsequiousness, here stopped short. "Aye, sit down, laddie, it was so guid of ye to come, but I'm thinkin' at your end of the table ye lost the bit fun of Mistress MacSpadden. Eh, but she was unco' lively to-night. 'Twas all Kilerathie could do to keep her from proposin' your health with Hieland honours, and offerin' to lead off with her ain foot on the table! Aye, and she'd ha' done it. And that's a braw rose she's been given ye—and ye got out of it claverly wi' Lady Deeside."

When he left the table with the others to join the ladies, the same unaccountable feeling of mingled shyness and nervous irascibility still kept possession of him. He felt that in his present mood he could not listen to any further criticisms of his friend without betraying some unwonted heat, and as his companions filed into the drawing-room he slipped aside in the hope of recovering his equanimity by a few moments' reflection in his own room. He glided quickly up the staircase and entered the corridor. The passage that led to his apartment was quite dark, especially before his door, which was in a bay that really ended the passage. He was consequently surprised and somewhat alarmed at seeing a shadowy female figure hovering before it. He instinctively halted; the figure became more distinct from some luminous halo that seemed to encompass it. It struck him that this was only the light of his fire thrown through his open door, and that the figure was probably that of a servant before it, who had been arranging his room. He started forward again, but at the sound of his advancing footsteps the figure and the luminous glow vanished, and he arrived blankly face to face with his own closed door. He looked around the dim bay; it was absolutely vacant. It was equally impossible for anyone to have escaped without passing him. There was only his room left. A half-nervous, half-superstitious thrill crept over him as he suddenly grasped the handle of the door and threw it open. The leaping light of his fire revealed its emptiness: no one was there! He lit the candle and peered behind the curtains and furniture and under the bed: the room was as vacant and undisturbed as when he left it.

Had it been a trick of his senses or a bonâ-fide apparition? He had never heard of a ghost at Glenbogie—the house dated back some fifty years: Sir John Macquoid's tardy knighthood carried no such impedimenta. He looked down wonderingly on the flower in his buttonhole. Was there something uncanny in that innocent blossom? But here he was struck by another recollection, and examined the keyhole of his door. With the aid of the tortoiseshell hairpin he dislodged the paper he had forgotten. It was only a thin spiral strip, apparently the white outer edge of some newspaper, and it certainly seemed to be of little service as a protection against the thorns of the rose-stalk. He was holding it over the fire, about to drop it into the blaze, when the flame revealed some pencil-marks upon it. Taking it to the candle he read, deeply bitten into the paper by a hard pencil-point: "At half-past one." There was nothing else—no signature; but the handwriting was *not* Mrs. MacSpadden's!

Then whose? Was it that of the mysterious figure whom he had just seen? Had he been selected as the medium of some spiritual communication, and, perhaps, a ghostly visitation later on? Or was he the victim of some clever trick? He had once witnessed such dubious attempts to relieve the monotony of a country house. He again examined the room carefully, but without avail. Well! the mystery or trick would be revealed at half-past one. It was a somewhat inconvenient hour, certainly. He looked down at the baleful gift in his buttonhole, and for a moment felt inclined to toss it in the fire. But this was quickly followed by his former revulsion of resentment and defiance. No! he would wear it no matter what happened, until its material or spiritual owner came for it. He closed the door and returned to the drawing-room.

Midway of the staircase he heard the droning of pipes. There was dancing in the drawing-room to the music of the gorgeous piper who had marshalled them to dinner. He was not sorry, as he had no inclination to talk, and the one confidence he had anticipated with Mrs. MacSpadden was out of the question now. He had no right to reveal his later discovery. He lingered a few moments in the hall. The buzzing of the piper's drones gave him that impression of confused and blindly



"Won't you come in?" suggested the Consul.

hostess. Lady Macquoid smiled ambiguously—so ambiguously that the Consul thought it necessary to interfere for his friend. "She seems to say what most of us think, but I am afraid very few of us could voice as innocently," he smilingly suggested.

"She is a great friend of yours," returned the lady, looking at him through her half-veiled lids. "She has made us quite envy her."

"And I am afraid made it impossible for *me* to either sufficiently thank her or justify her taste," he said quietly. Yet he was vexed at an unaccountable resentment which had taken possession of him—who but a few hours before had only laughed at the porter's criticism.

After the ladies had risen, the Consul, with an instinct of sympathy, was moving up towards "Jock" MacSpadden, who sat nearer the host, when he was stopped midway of the table by the dignitary who had sat opposite to Mrs. MacSpadden. "Your fren' is maist amusing wi' her audacious tongue—aye, and her audacious ways," he said with large official patronage; "and we've enjoyed her here immensely, but I hae mac doots if mac Leddy Macquoid taks as kindly to them. You and I—men of the wurld, I may say—we understand them for a' their worth; aye!—ma wife too, with whom I observed ye speakin'—is maist tolerant of her, but man! it's extraodinar'!"—he lowered his voice slightly—"that yon husband of hers doesna' check her freedoms with Kilerathie. I wadna' say anythin' was wrong, ye ken, but is he no' over confident and conceited aboot his wife?"

aggressive intoxication which he had often before noticed in this barbaric instrument, and had always seemed to him as the origin of its martial inspiration. From this he was startled by voices and steps in the gallery he had just quitted, but which came from the opposite direction to his room. It was Kilerathie and Mrs. MacSpadden. As she caught sight of him, he fancied she turned slightly and aggressively pale, with a certain hardening of her mischievous eyes. Nevertheless, she descended the staircase more deliberately than her companion, who brushed past him with an embarrassed self-consciousness quite in advance of her. She lingered for an instant.

"You are not dancing?" she said.

"No."

"Perhaps you are more agreeably employed?"

"At this exact moment, certainly."

She cast a disdainful glance at him, crossed the hall, and followed Kilerathie.

"Hang me, if I understand it all!" mused the Consul, by no means good-humouredly. "Does she think I have been spying upon her and her noble chieftain? But it's just as well that I didn't tell her anything."

He turned to follow them. In the vestibule he came upon a figure which had halted before a large pier-glass. He recognised M. Delfosse, the French visitor, complacently twisting the peak of his Henri Quatre beard. He would have passed without speaking, but the Frenchman glanced smilingly at the Consul and his buttonhole. Again the flower!

"Monsieur is *décoré*," he said gallantly.

The Consul assented, but added, not so gallantly, that though they were not in France he might still be unworthy of it. The baleful flower had not improved his temper. Nor did the fact that, as he entered the room, he thought the people stared at him—until he saw that their attention was directed to Lady Deeside, who had entered almost behind him. From his hostess, who had offered him a seat beside her, he gathered that M. Delfosse and Kilerathie had each temporarily occupied his room, but that they had been transferred to the other wing, apart from the married couples and young ladies, because when they came upstairs from the billiard and card room late, they sometimes disturbed the fair occupants. No!—there were no ghosts at Glenbogic. Mysterious footsteps had sometimes been heard in the ladies' corridor, but—with peculiar significance—she was *afraid* they could be easily accounted for. Sir Alan, whose room was next to the MacSpaddens', had been disturbed by them.

He was glad when it was time to escape to the billiard-room and tobacco. For a while he forgot the evening's adventure, but eventually found himself listening to a discussion—carried on over steaming tumblers of toddy—in regard to certain predispositions of the always debatable sex.

"Ye'll not always judge by appearances," said Sir Alan. "Ye'll mind the story o' the meenester's wife of Aiblinnoch. It was thoct that she was ower free wi' one o' the parishioners—aye! it was the claiish o' the whole kirk, while none dare tell the meenester hisself—bein' a bookish, simple, unsuspectin' creeter. At last one o' the elders bethocht him o' a bit plan o' bringing it home to the wife, through the gospel lips o' her ain husband! So he intimated to the meenester his suspicions o' grievous laxity among the female flock, and of the necessity of a special sermon on the Seventh Command. The puir man consented—although he dinna ken why and wherefore—and preached a graun' sermon! Ay, man! it was crammed wi' denunciation and an emptyin' o' the vials o' wrath! The congregation sat dumb as huddled sheep—when they were no' starin' and gowpin' at the meenester's wife settin' bolt upright in her place. And then, when the air was blue wi' sulphur frae the pit, the meenester's wife uprises! Man! Ivry eye was spearin' her—ivry lug was prickt towards her! And she goes out in the aisle facin' the meenester, and—"

Sir Alan paused.

"And what?" demanded the eager auditory.

"She pickit up the elder's wife, sobbin' and tearin' her hair in strong hysterics."

At the end of a relieved pause Sir Alan slowly concluded: "It was said that the elder removed frae Aiblinnoch wi' his wife, but no' till he had effected a change of meenesters."

It was already past midnight, and the party had dropped off one by one, with the exception of Deeside, Macquoich, the young Englishman, and a Scotch laird, who were playing poker—an amusement which he understood they frequently protracted until three in the morning. It was nearly time for him to expect his mysterious visitant. Before he went upstairs he thought he would take a breath of the outer evening air, and throwing a macintosh over his shoulders, passed out of the garden door of the billiard-room. To his surprise it gave immediately upon the fringe of laurel that hung over the chasm.

It was quite dark; the few far-spread stars gave scarcely any light, and the slight auroral glow towards the north was all that outlined the fringe of the abyss, which might have proved dangerous to any unfamiliar wanderer. A damp breath of sodden leaves came from its depths. Beside him stretched the long dark façade of the wing he inhabited, his own window the only one that showed a faint light. A few paces beyond, a singular structure of rustie wood and glass, combining the peculiarities of a sentry-box, a summer-house, and a

shelter, was built against the blank wall of the wing. He imagined the monotonous prospect from its windows of the tufted chasm, the coldly profiled northern hills beyond—and shivered. A little further on, sunk in the wall like a postern, was a small door that evidently gave easy egress to seekers of this stern retreat. In the still air a faint grating sound like the passage of a foot across gravel came to him as from the distance. He paused, thinking he had been followed by one of the card-players, but saw no one, and the sound was not repeated.

It was past one. He re-entered the billiard-room, passed the unchanged group of card-players, and taking a candlestick from the hall ascended the dark and silent staircase into the corridor. The light of his candle cast a flickering halo around him—but did not penetrate the gloomy distance. He at last halted before his door, gave a scrutinising glance around the embayed recess, and opened the door half expectantly. But the room was empty as he had left it.

It was a quarter past one. He threw himself on the bed without undressing, and fixed his eyes alternately on the door and his watch. Perhaps the unwonted seriousness of his attitude struck him, but a sudden sense of the preposterousness of the whole situation—of his solemnly ridiculous acceptance of a series of mere coincidences as a foregone conclusion, overcame him, and he laughed. But in the same breath he stopped.

There were footsteps approaching—cautious footsteps—but not at his door! They were in the room—



Taking it to the candle he read—"At half-past one."

no! in the wall just behind him! They were descending some staircase at the back of his bed—he could hear the regular tap of a light slipper from step to step and the rustle of a skirt seemingly in his very ear. They were becoming less and less distinct—they were gone! He sprang to his feet, but almost at the same instant he was conscious of a sudden chill—that seemed to him as physical as it was mental. The room was slowly suffused with a cool sodden breath and the dank odour of rotten leaves. He looked at the candle—its flame was actually deflecting in this mysterious blast. It seemed to come from a recess for hanging clothes topped by a heavy cornice and curtain. He had examined it before, but he drew the curtain once more aside. The cold current certainly seemed to be more perceptible there. He felt the red-clothed backing of the interior, and his hand suddenly grasped a door-knob. It turned, and the whole structure—cornice and curtains—swung inwards towards him with the door on which it was hung! Behind it was a dark staircase leading from the floor above to some outer door below, whose opening had given ingress to the chill humid current from the ravine. This was the staircase where he had just heard the footsteps—and this was, no doubt, the door through which the mysterious figure had vanished from his room a few hours before!

Taking his candle, he cautiously ascended the stairs until he found himself on the landing of the suites of the married couples and directly opposite to the rooms of the MacSpaddens and Deesides. He was about to descend again when he heard a far-off shout, a scuffling sound on the outer gravel, and the frenzied shaking of the handle of the lower door. He had hardly time to blow out his candle and flatten himself against the wall, when the door was flung open and a woman frantically flew up the staircase. His own door was still open; from within its depths the light of his fire projected a

flickering beam across the steps. As she rushed past it the light revealed her face; it needed not the peculiar perfume of her garments as she swept by his concealed figure to make him recognise—Lady Deeside!

Amazed and confounded, he was about to descend, when he heard the lower door again open. But here a sudden instinct made him pause, turn, and reascend to the upper landing. There he calmly relit his candle, and made his way down to the corridor that overlooked the central hall. The sound of suppressed voices—speaking with the exhausted pauses that come from spent excitement—made him cautious again, and he halted. It was the card party slowly passing from the billiard-room to the hall.

"Ye owe it yourself—to your wife—not to pit up with it a day longer," said the subdued voice of Sir Alan. "Man! ye war in an ace o' having a braw scandal."

"Could ye no' get your wife to speak till her," responded Macquoich, "to gie her a hint that she's better awa' out of this; Lady Deeside has some influence wi' her."

The Consul ostentatiously dropped the extinguisher from his candlestick. The party looked up quickly. Their faces were still flushed and agitated, but a new restraint seemed to come upon them on seeing him.

"I thought I heard a row outside," said the Consul explanatorily.

They each looked at their host without speaking.

"Oh, aye," said Macquoich, with simulated heartiness. "a bit fuss between the Kilerathie and yon Frenchman; but they're baith going in the mornin'."

"I thought I heard MacSpadden's voice," said the Consul quietly.

There was a dead silence. Then Macquoich said hurriedly—

"Is he no' in his room—in bed—asleep—man?"

"I really don't know; I didn't inquire," said the Consul, with a slight yawn. "Good night!"

He turned, not without hearing them eagerly whispering again, and entered the passage leading to his own room. As he opened the door he was startled to find the subject of his inquiry—Jock MacSpadden—quietly seated in his armchair by his fire.

"Jock!"

"Don't be alarmed, old man; I came up by that staircase and saw the door open, and guessed you'd be returning soon. But it seemed you went round by the corridor," he said, glancing curiously at the Consul's face. "Did you meet the crowd?"

"Yes, Jock! What does it all mean?"

MacSpadden laughed. "It means that I was just in time to keep Kilerathie from chucking Delfosse down that ravine; but they both scooted when they saw me. By Jove! I don't know which was the most frightened."

"But," said the Consul slowly, "what was it all about, Jock?"

"Some gallantry of that d—d Frenchman, who's trying to do some woman-stalking up here, and jealousy of Kilerathie's, who's just got enough of his forebears' blood in him to think nothing of sticking three inches of his dirk in the wame of the man that crosses him. But I say," continued Jock, leaning easily back in his chair, "you ought to know something of all this. This room, old man, was used as a sort of rendezvous, having two outlets, don't you see, when they couldn't get at the summer-house below. By Jove! they both had it in turns—Kilerathie and the Frenchman—until Lady Macquoich got wind of something, swept them out, and put you in it."

The Consul rose and approached his friend with a grave face. "Jock, I do know something about it—more about it than anyone thinks. You and I are old friends. Shall I tell you what I know?"

Jock's handsome face became a trifle paler, but his frank, clear eyes rested steadily on the Consul's.

"Go on!" he said.

"I know that this flower which I am wearing was the signal for the rendezvous this evening," said the Consul slowly, "and this paper," taking it from his pocket, "contained the time of the meeting, written in the lady's own hand. I know who she was, for I saw her face as plainly as I see yours now, by the light of the same fire; it was as pale, but not as frank as yours, old man. That is what I know. But I know also what people think they know, and for that reason I put that paper in your hand. It is yours—your vindication—your revenge, if you choose. Do with it what you like."

Jock, with unchanged features and undimmed eyes, took the paper from the Consul's hand without looking at it.

"I may do with it what I like?" he repeated.

"Yes."

He was about to drop it into the fire, but the Consul stayed his hand.

"Are you not going to look at the handwriting first?"

There was a moment of silence. Jock raised his eyes with a sudden flash of pride in them and said "No!"

The friends stood side by side grasping each other's hands as the burning paper leaped up the chimney in a vanishing flame.

"Do you think you have done quite right, Jock, in view of any scandal you may hear?"

"Quite! You see, old man, I know my wife—but I don't think that Deeside knows his."



Admiring stars,
Youth cried, "Nor Jove nor Mars!
Mine be some figured flame, that blends, transcends them all!"

MISS BRIGHT-EYES AND MR QUEER

BY MARGARET L. WOODS.

ILLUSTRATED BY MISS C. E. D. HAMMOND.

"I will if he doesn't come to fetch me. I can't if he does," said she.

"Oh yes, you can. You can pretend it was a mistake afterwards. You really must learn to defend yourself. I don't know who the fellow is—he's not a Wareham man—but he looks like a German waiter and dances like an owl."

Now, this young man was almost indistinguishable from other young men, which was, perhaps, why he did injustice to queer people.

"Hush!" said she. "He's coming."

"Cut him!" he muttered.

Meantime the long lean man with the upright fair hair, which certainly was a little like a German waiter's, had been peering through his eye-glass at couple after couple in the quadrangle, till he came to this particular couple under the Chinese lanterns.

"This is our dance, I think," he said, just like anyone else.

The girl rose, murmuring something polite.

"Excuse me, Sir," interposed the man on the chair. "But I think you're mistaken. It's mine."

At this barefaced falsehood she started so much that she dropped her handkerchief and programme. The two men simultaneously stooped for them, but so quick was the tall man that in spite of his height

and of his rival's advantageous position on the chair, he secured them. He held the programme up to a Chinese lantern on a level with his head. She stretched out her hand for it with a little shriek.

"Oh! yes: you are quite right," she said. "It is your dance." But the tall young man looked at the programme before he handed it back to her. Then she took his arm, and they walked in silence across the quadrangle towards the hall. She was silent because she was wondering whether anyone could possibly look at waltz number twelve on her programme and not observe written opposite it with a black pencil, in a round schoolgirlish hand, the name "Mr. Queer," and after it two notes of exclamation, also schoolgirlish. When they were halfway up the stairs he fixed his glass more firmly in his eye, and said—

"The Master didn't mention my name when he introduced me because he didn't know it. But you've given me one which does very well."

"He didn't know my name either," she replied. "I daresay you've called me something stupid, too."

"My name for you is also not without merit," he answered gravely.

"Miss Pale-green or Miss Cat's-eyes, I suppose," she suggested.

It was the twelfth waltz, and the band had already struck up; yet the great hall of Wareham College was empty, save for a row of weary chaperons yawning on the side benches. The dancers were but just beginning to return, crowding the ancient stone staircase, under its grey monastic vaultings, with lithe young shapes and fresh young faces of men and maidens. Down, right against the stream, came a tall gaunt young man. He might have been just as tall and just as gaunt without exciting any remark. Perhaps it was his upright shock of blond hair, or something in his eager crooked face, as he peered this way and that through his eye-glass, that caused it; anyhow, more than one girl said to her partner, as he towered over them on an upper step, or slipped past to a lower one: "What a queer-looking man!" The reply was, "Oh! he's not a Wareham man." And this generally seemed to the partner enough to say on the subject.

He made his way down with difficulty, stopping once to investigate a lurking couple, half hidden in an extemporised bower of palms. At length he came out from under the low, wide archway, and paused on the semicircular flight of steps leading into the quadrangle. He stood there a moment looking up into the sky. It was pale, yet blue, and endlessly deep, and the stars in it shone palely too, as they looked down on the red and green oil-lamps and the swinging Chinese lanterns that lit the grey battlements and wide gravelled space below. They seemed to the young man to be looking at him—looking reproachfully, as who should say, "What, comrade! You have really forsaken us for these bedizened night-lights?" And he half turned away towards the gardens, darkly visible beyond the illuminated iron railings. Then holding his programme up to his eyes, though he could not possibly see what was written there, he answered the stars or his own thoughts. "If it were anyone else I really would; but you see it's Miss Bright-eyes."

The night was as warm as a June night can be. Spite of the music calling, calling to them from the distance, there were still a number of couples sitting in the quadrangle. It was furnished with arm-chairs, rugs, and sofas from the men's rooms, and looked like a large disorganised drawing-room. In the corner of one of these sofas, with a row of Chinese lanterns swinging over her head, sat a girl. She was very young and very pretty, but with more of charm than appraisable beauty. A young man was sitting close by her on a low chair. He was, perhaps, five years older than the girl, which gave him a right to advise her, and he was doing so.

"You'd much better cut him," he was saying. "If he didn't write down his name it's his own fault."



He held the programme up to a Chinese lantern. She stretched out her hand for it with a little shriek.

"Cat's-eyes?" he repeated, surprised. "Oh, no! It was nicer. I called you Miss Bright-eyes."

"I wasn't talking about eyes," she returned with asperity. "I meant my necklace. Thought you might have noticed it, because it's uncommon." And she fingered it.

"No, I didn't notice it," he answered, giving his serious attention to the necklace. "Is that what you call the things? How on earth was I to know?"

"Ah! one has to be so clever to be that," said she.

"Well, we are," said he.

"Good gracious!" She glanced up at the leafy roof overhead, pale green in the lamplight, "Are we in the Palace of Truth?"

At the end of the alley there was a kind of bower. Here a huge transparent block of ice rose out of ferns and ivy, and a lamp had been so placed that the ice itself appeared to give out a pale light. On each side of the ice stood a chair.

"No: it's there," he answered, pointing to the two chairs. "You needn't sit down in it unless you like. We'll go on talking about the temperature—though I'm absolutely indifferent to it; and about the floor—though you know I hate dancing—if you prefer to do so. But it seems to me we shall miss a little experience and a unique opportunity for that charming thing, a perfectly discreet indiscretion. We don't know each other's names, and I propose to put it in the bond that we don't ask. I leave England to-morrow morning, and I assure you we aren't likely to meet again while we're recognisable. Will you sit down there for a quarter of an hour?"

"Are we going to talk about you or about me?" she asked. "Because it makes a difference."

"About both: I propose that you should ask me three questions about myself, which I shall be bound to answer truthfully, and I will then ask you three about yourself!"

"Am I obliged to answer?"

"You may ask once for the question to be changed. I also reserve to myself some discretion. For instance, I decline to be asked for my experiences of bump-

suppers; whether I have much paint I have kicked off the College gates at the witching hour, or any other trivialities of that kind. Won't you play my game? It seems to me new and possibly diverting."

Miss Bright-eyes made no reply, and they walked on in silence for a few yards. So they had reached the end of the alley and the block of ice. Here she suddenly slipped, her hand out of Mr. Queer's arm, seated herself in one of the chairs, and waved him to the other.

"Mr. Queer," she said, leaning forward, "What made you so queer?"

She looked like a young witch of the Brocken, all pale in the pale light that glittered on her smile and her eyes, and on the cat's-eyes and diamonds round her little white throat.

Mr. Queer was delighted.

"An excellent question!" he exclaimed. "I might say I was born so, but that would be begging it. My genealogy is mixed: it ranges from a Scotch professor to a Viennese danseuse. I was brought up on the Continent till I was too old to be crushed out of my shape even under the iron heel of Master Grundy; yet I was comfortable enough at school and I've enjoyed myself immensely at Oxford. A man, even an Englishman, may be as queer as he likes provided he's got good brains and a good temper. I have."

"What sort of clever are you, and what part do you mean to play in the world? This sounds like two questions, but it's really one."

"You're right. If one could be sure what sort of clever one was, the other question would be settled. I am hesitating between two careers. I have certainly literary talent; on the other hand, I have particular qualifications for diplomacy. Luckily I have time

and means to make up my mind at leisure. But one thing I do intend"—he leaned forward and spoke with animation—"and that is that my name—the name you aren't to ask, you know—shall be heard in the world some day. People who've blundered pretend you can't get both happiness and success out of life. I mean to show them you can. I mean first to be successful, then to make myself happy by marrying a charming woman, suited to my career, whatever that may be."

"But sha'n't you fall in love?" asked Miss Bright-eyes. "Oh, dear! what a stupid question! I didn't mean it for one—it doesn't count."

"You can't withdraw; it's against the rules. Yes, I hope I shall, little and often. To be a little in love adds to the interest of life; to be much destroys it."

There was a pause.

"Now it's my turn," said Mr. Queer. "I think—excuse me if I'm wrong—I think you can be only just making your debut in society. At this crisis—it must be one to a girl—what encourages you most? The consciousness of cleverness or the consciousness of beauty?"

"Neither, Mr. Queer. The consciousness of clothes from Donnet."

"Oh! woman! But I've no time to exclaim. I repeat your own question. What sort of clever are you, and what do you intend to do in life?"

"Like you, I'm between two bundles of hay. I have a remarkable musical talent; it's probable, if I gave myself up to it, that I should be in the first rank as an *artiste*. But then I should have to sacrifice everything, including an enchanting papa, who'd be wretched without me. Sometimes I love music so much I make up my mind to do it; then the world and the domestic devil are too much with me, and I change my mind. No; on the whole I think I've decided to be a great social success, and ten years hence to marry some man who is not a bore."

"Meantime, don't you want someone to be in love with you?"

"Someone! Heaps of people. Just enough to add to the interest of their lives, you know, and not enough to destroy the comfort of mine. This lamp's going out."

"It's of no consequence. Your eyes at this moment would light the entire avenue!"

"Mr. Queer, that's not in the bond. We were to tell the truth about ourselves, not about each other." She rose. "The next's a supper dance," she said.

Other people were now walking in the alley. Presently these two were ascending the stone staircase with a slowly ascending crowd.

"It's awfully hot, isn't it?" remarked Mr. Queer.

"But the floor's not half bad. Thanks; I'm so sorry I'm not to have the pleasure of meeting you again—at the Masonic."

And he handed Miss Bright-eyes over to her expectant partner.

It was October, and this year autumn had come early. Down below there the tall poplars burned like



She seated herself in one of the chairs, and waved him to the other.

They danced once round the room and stopped near the door.

"I can't dance, as you see," he said, quite unapologetically. "I shouldn't like to if I could. It's idiotic. Come away; don't let's look at them."

He turned towards the staircase. Miss Bright-eyes loved dancing, and certainly Mr. Queer could not dance; yet she was glad she had not cut him. He had a manner that made his most ordinary remarks appear original and his most extraordinary ones usual.

"Why do you come to balls, then? Are you obliged?" she asked with a laugh that rang prettily in the vaulted roof of the staircase.

"No," he replied, quite unmoved by her mirth, "but I'm fond of seclusion."

"I see. So you mortify your affection for it?"

"Not at all. Balls are secluded. Everyone's too taken up minding his own and his partner's business to care anything about yours. That's a world as it should be. Besides, I like ball-room conversation."

"Do you?" she asked. "I'm so glad you told me in time. Don't you think this floor's uncommonly good? How awfully hot it is to-night! Are you going to the Masonic on Wednesday?"—and so on and so on till they reached the foot of the stairs.

Mr. Queer made no answer, and she did not wait for one.

"Thank you," he said, when she had done, "that will do." And he led her away towards the gardens.

Miss Bright-eyes was glad he went that way, for she supposed the other young man, dimly visible across the quadrangle, still in the same chair, to be sulking and watching for her and Mr. Queer. He was really smoking a surreptitious cigarette and considering his debts.

After a pause, during which they walked along an alley of clipped limes, bordered with coloured lamps, Mr. Queer said—

"Ball-room conversation approaches frankness; it's almost genuine. That's why I like it. You sometimes meet a real person at a ball; at other parties you meet only bad imitations. Everyone's playing a rôle, and it's all the worse for being of their own invention."

"They say it's people's nature to act," returned she.

"I don't complain of that: what I object to is that they do it so badly. Don't you think society would be pleasanter if people dropped nature and were natural?"

"I think it would be amusing for half an hour—or twenty minutes."

"I suppose you've been to see 'The Palace of Truth'; but there, if I recollect, the stupid people were truthful about each other. Now, I only propose that we should be truthful about ourselves."



The next's a supper dance," she said.



CUPID FISHING.

Drawn by G. A. Storey, A.R.A.



She bowed her forehead on her hands and sighed, as if from her heart.

spires of gold; the pointed steeple, the huddled scarlet roofs and great square wooden dormers of the little town showed clear-cut and brilliant in the sunshine against the blue of the lake. Farther away, a diaphanous veil seemed drawn across the feet of the mountains, melting their misty blue into the more intense colour of the water. Farther still, high, high up in the purple sky, a sharp touch of silver snow gleamed through the autumnal atmosphere. You saw it all so from the little terrace of the hotel, overhanging the abrupt hillside. There the chestnut-trees had already strewn most of their leaves, and the air was full of the incessant tinkle of bells, as the cows cropped the grass in the green meadows below, where the sprinkled fruit-trees wore their last frail splendour of colour, such as the lightest breeze must soon scatter abroad. A woman sat on the terrace. She leaned her arms on the stone balustrade and looked out on the rich and beautiful world with joyless eyes. Presently she ceased to look; she bowed her forehead on her hands and sighed as if from her heart. A man was sitting not far off, behind some bushes, but she had not observed him. He wore a light-coloured wide-awake and gold spectacles, and with his long fair beard and hair sprinkled with grey, he looked like an Englishman's idea of a German professor. He was sitting in a wheeled wicker chair, and was arranging some photographs in a book; but he saw the woman all the same, and, his eye being keenly observant, marked the profound discouragement in every line of her figure. Now, he thought that no one had a right to be discouraged. He was not. He had sat next her at the table-d'hôte and found her very agreeable, with the habit of society; besides, her music last night had given him pleasure. So he wheeled his chair, which he could move himself, though with difficulty, out from behind the bushes, and came along the terrace. The rustle of the fallen chestnut-leaves, the crunch of the gravel under the wheels, roused her. She came towards him.

"Let me wheel your chair for you," she said. "Where shall I put it?"

He thanked her.

"It doesn't matter. Here by this table would be best. I've been hunting you down with my photographs. I daresay you forget how much you want to see them: but I don't."

She put his chair on one side of a small table under the chestnut-trees, and seated herself on the other. She was not sorry, if she was hardly glad, to be taken away from her own sombre and aimless thoughts. He was his own photographer, and regarded his works with enthusiastic interest. Indeed, his choice of views showed him to have the eye of an artist. She looked through the large book from the very beginning, and commented with taste and discretion.

"Where is this?" she asked, coming to one which had been recently stuck in and had no inscription under it.

"Oxford—the Botanical Gardens. I spotted that view twenty years ago, before I took to photography, and I went back to do it this summer. Here are some more of Oxford. Have you ever been there?"

"Once, ages ago. Something like your twenty years, I'm afraid."

"These are bits from Wareham Gardens. That one's a success, I flatter myself, with the cedar in the foreground and Magdalen tower in the distance. This one of the clipped alley is not. I knew it wouldn't be. You see, these rows of little lamps and Chinese lanterns make it so spotty; yet it was partly on account of them that I took the photograph. The last night I spent in Oxford, before I went down for good, I was at a ball at

Wareham, and the walk was illuminated just so. It was only a concert they had on last summer, but the decorations were the same. I can't tell you how strange it seemed to come back and find the place exactly as I'd left it. I almost expected to find my last partner waiting for me at the end of the alley, like that *armes vergessenes Kind* of Heine's, who sits centuries long at the window in the old-world German town. Only, not having the imagination of the poet, I fail to picture any young lady wasting her time in that appalling way on my account."

"Oddly enough, my recollections of Wareham are exactly like yours. I went to a ball there—perhaps it was the same—I know it was one of my first balls, and I thought the whole thing 'simply ripping, though I don't suppose I said so. I remember that clipped alley very well. There was a great block of ice at the end—"

"Ah, yes; that ice! My last partner and I sat down on each side of it and talked of ourselves with all the frankness of which youth is capable; which is perhaps not saying much. We each sketched out our little plan of life. Oh! it was nothing sentimental, I assure you; not love in a cottage or anything of that kind. Perhaps, if it had been, it would have afforded our guardian imps less amusement. I've often thought of it since. She was going to be a great social success, and in ten years' time to marry a man who wasn't to be a bore. Poor little dear! I daresay she married some portentous prig before she was one-and-twenty, and has been having her moral tone raised ever since."

"Oh, no, Mr. Queer; it's not so bad as all that. Nobody's ever done that to her."

"Miss Bright-eyes! Yes, yes, I see now. What an idiot I was not to see it before!"

"Ah, bah! Twenty years! Besides, even then, we heard more than we saw of each other."

There was a silence, and she slowly swept to the ground two of the large yellow five-fingered leaves of the chestnut which were lying on the table. When she looked at him again there was a dewy softness in her eyes.

"Mr. Queer," she said gently, "I—I'm so sorry—"

He finished her sentence for her.

"It ended like this? So am I—sometimes."

There was another pause.

"We were not more than average wise, twenty years ago, were we?" he asked.

"Oh, complete donkeys!" she answered, with a gleam of laughter.

"It goes without saying that I thought myself a deal cleverer than I was. But after all I was right in expecting to get more out of life than most men do. I did. First I got my expectations; then I got something I hadn't expected. Even now I don't think I get less than the average successful man. He's tied to the wheel of a profession and whirled round and round in the same place till his brains are addled. People call that getting on."

"You have so much courage!" she said. "I've not—at least, not now. Yet my misfortune's nothing to yours."

"Isn't it? I doubt that. I believe you're bored. I suppose, in the days of the Inquisition, people—clever people!—pitied the man who was burned alive, and told the poor wretch with the water-drip dropping on his skull it was nothing."

"I see you understand," she said. "Ten years ago I had a misfortune. People understand. We had a good deal of money, and we lost it all. If it had happened ten years before that it would have been a good thing for me. I should have studied hard and become a real musician. As it is, I'm quite a successful music-mistress. Since my father—who was my great friend—died, I've kept my mother and myself without much difficulty. At first it was a bit of a struggle; but the struggle kept one alive and happy, because it was, on the whole, successful. Now I've got as far as I shall ever get with my music. I'm no longer young; and—yes, it's true—life does seem rather flat and unprofitable."

"Am I allowed to ask why Miss Bright-eyes didn't marry? They can't all have been bores."

"Certainly not. I don't pretend to have been the one woman in a thousand who's genuinely bored by a lover; but I was mortally afraid of being the one in ten who's profoundly bored by her husband. After all, single boredom's only a vacuum; married boredom's solid, intensely solid. No, Mr. Queer; perhaps if I'd had a romance I shouldn't tell you it, but upon my honour, I've had none. I've never been in love. I used to be proud of that; but now, somehow, it seems to me a little dreary."

Mr. Queer stroked his long beard, and looked out over the lake and away to the mountains with a curious smile.

"I knew I'd had better luck than you," he said. "I was in love for five years. I'm told I wasted all that time despising everything I could do and trying to do everything I couldn't. Myself, I really hardly know, and certainly don't care, what I did those five years. I know I lived. By Jove, how I did live!"



There was a silence, and she slowly swept to the ground two of the large yellow five-fingered leaves of the chestnut which were lying on the table.

When the crash came, I went out hunting. I always was ridiculous on horseback. I'm quite sure I'd no definite idea in my mind when I started; in fact, I wasn't conscious of having a mind at all. Well, no matter. But as I felt myself shoot over the beast's head in the direction of the stone wall, I did distinctly hope I was being launched into Eternity. I wasn't, you see; only into this chair. Now, don't be so sorry for me, Miss Bright-eyes. I'm not in the least bored."

Result of the Behring Sea Arbitration.

SEALSKINS ARE CHEAPER.

TRADE MARK.



TRADE MARK.

THE value of Sealskins in their raw state having fallen considerably at the recent sales, the proprietors of the International Fur Store have re-marked their entire stock of these goods, and now have the pleasure to offer their magnificent selection of Seal skin garments at lower prices than have been quoted for years past. This may be relied upon as an exceptional opportunity for purchasing highest class goods at lowest possible prices, and the proprietors of the International Fur Store draw attention to the fact that they take charge of all goods purchased of them during the first summer after such purchase without any charge whatever.

THE

INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE

163 & 198, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

PURVEYORS UNDER ROYAL WARRANT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Holds a Higher Award for Merit than any other
NATURAL Table Water.

"Johannis"

THE KING OF NATURAL TABLE WATERS.

Charged entirely with its own Natural Gas.

PROMOTES APPETITE. ASSISTS DIGESTION. PROLONGS LIFE.

The GAS consists, it is evident, of practically pure CO², viz., 99.98 per cent.

"So enormous, in fact, is the quantity of gas evolved from the Spring that a considerable proportion of it is pumped under pressure into steel cylinders or 'tubes' which are made to contain liquid carbonic acid equal to many hundred gallons of gas, and actually sold to the proprietors of springs which are less favoured by nature as regards the yield of gas."—*The Lancet*.

The resources of the "JOHANNIS" Spring are more than sufficient to yield **80,000,000 BOTTLES PER ANNUM** of Water charged entirely with its own Carbonic Acid Gas, absolutely pure and natural.

CAUTION.—If you drink a natural mineral water, obtain a guarantee that it is bottled with its own natural gas, as the purity of the gas is an important element in the healthful action of the water. The Proprietors of "Johannis" Water, who own the freehold of the springs, CAN GIVE THIS GUARANTEE.

To be obtained from all Chemists, Wine Merchants, and Stores at the following prices, per dozen delivered:

	Bottles.	$\frac{1}{2}$ -Bottles.	$\frac{1}{3}$ -Bottles.		Bottles.	$\frac{1}{2}$ -Bottles.	$\frac{1}{3}$ -Bottles.
London	6/-	4/6	3/6	Country	6/6	5/-	3/9

AGENTS FOR LANCASHIRE, NORTH WALES, AND ISLE OF MAN.

"JOHANNIS" STORES, 46, HANOVER STREET, LIVERPOOL.

SPRINGS:
ZOLLHAUS, GERMANY.

LONDON OFFICES:
25, REGENT STREET, S.W.



"How swift the fleeting moments glide, as sitting 'neath some tree, our thoughts we willingly divide, 'twixt

DELICIOUS MAZAWATTEE TEA.—**LOVE, and TALK, and TEA.**—DELICIOUS MAZAWATTEE TEA.

WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA

(Or Indigestion as it is also termed) from which so many people suffer? The symptoms differ, and well they might when we come to consider that Dyspepsia is not a single ailment in itself, but many merged into one.



WE HAVE FOUND A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA AT LAST.

Dyspepsia requires a medicine prepared from the formula of a skilful physician, which we have in

Acidity and soreness after meals, pains in the stomach, bowels constipated, dull, listless, and heavy feeling, tongue parched and coated, mouth dry, dizziness, faintness, headache, heartburn, and belching of wind are some of the symptoms of chronic Dyspepsia, which are often accompanied with depression of spirits, extreme nervousness, and irritability.

To successfully treat a combination of maladies which comprise chronic

VOGELER'S CURATIVE COMPOUND

which is a rare combination of purely vegetable ingredients, prepared with great care from the formula of one of the leading medical men of London. It acts directly on the liver, kidneys, and stomach, strengthens and gives a healthy tone to the digestive organs, and removes from the system, through the natural channels, all impurities of the blood. It acts promptly, and beneficial results follow almost immediately, and a permanent cure follows, even in the most difficult cases. It is pleasant to the taste; will not harm the most delicate. Put up in large bottles. Dose, only 15 drops, in water.

CURES DYSPEPSIA.

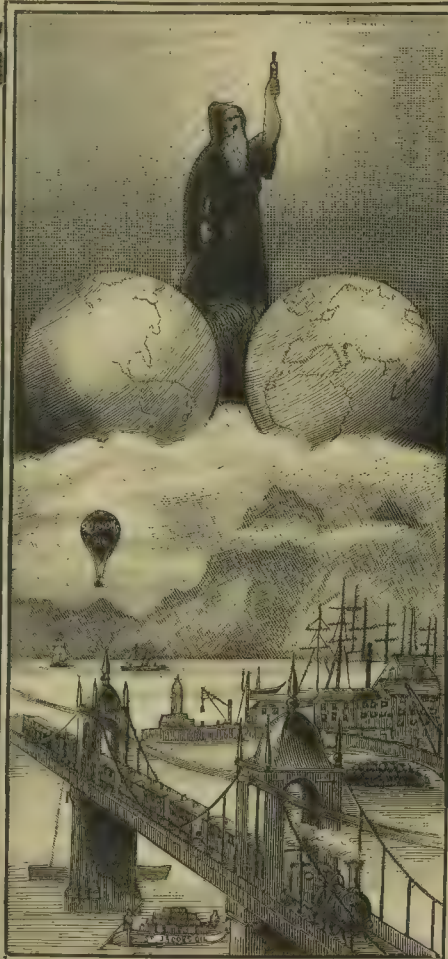
Sold by medicine dealers everywhere at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d., or sent by Parcels Post by us on receipt of 14 or 30 penny stamps.—The Charles A. Vogeler Co., 45 Farringdon Road, London.

All the World Use

St. Jacobs
Oil.
cures

RHEUMATISM.
NEURALGIA
LUMBAGO
SCIATICA
& SORENESS
& STIFFNESS
SPRAINS
BRONCHITIS
AND ALL
ACHES & PAINS

CONQUERS PAIN



CONTRACTORS TO
HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT.



CONTRACTORS TO
HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT.

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER.



SEND FOR
AN
ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE.

SEND FOR
AN
ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE.

ABSOLUTELY Unrivalled for Excellence of Workmanship, Superiority of Design, Great Simplicity, Easy Manipulation, Durability, Speed, Manifolding Ability, and all the essentials of a First-Class Writing Machine.

UNANIMOUSLY adopted, after a searching investigation, in May 1892, by the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. Over 800 Machines sold to its members since that date.

UNANIMOUSLY adopted as the Official Writing Machine of the World's Columbian Exposition.

USED and endorsed as the best in upwards of Fifty different departments of Her Majesty's Service.

USED and endorsed as the best by upwards of Thirty of the leading British Railway Companies, after an exhaustive test by their principal Engineers.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS, AND BENEDICT,
100 GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

"WILLS'S"

NAVY CUT

"CAPSTAN" BRAND.



"CAPSTAN" BRAND.

Can now be obtained in 2oz. Patent Air-Tight Tins

IN THREE GRADES OF STRENGTH, VIZ. :—



"MILD," Yellow Label.
"MEDIUM," Blue Label.
"FULL," Chocolate Label.



As well as in 1oz. Packets and ½lb. Patent Air-Tight Tins, by all Dealers in Tobacco.

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Ltd.,
BRISTOL AND LONDON.



THE PAINTED FARM.

BY LADY LINDSAY.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

Geordie was likewise shoeless and stockingless, but he made no attempt to alleviate the fact.

He was kicking his sturdy naked heels together as he lay on the soft sward—on his stomach, boy-fashion—holding up his chin in the palms of

both hands, and apparently watching the white clouds sailing seawards.

Presently he curtailed the difficulty of the mental position.

He threw a tiny pebble at Jean; it fell softly on her lap.

"Ye're an auld fule," he muttered, with a smile that contradicted the rudeness of his words.

At this kindly advance the girl's eyes overflowed, and she rubbed them with the back of her little brown hand to dry them.

"And all because I wouldna tell you the inside of my paircel," continued her conqueror severely.

There was another silence; the mediator thrush again came forward, but no one heeded him.

"If ye werena a miserable bit girl, I'd show you something real fine," said the boy at last.

This was a white flag of truce; Jean recognised it as such at once.

She jumped hastily down from the dyke.

"Where? Where?" she asked eagerly, bending over her comrade. "In the paircel?"

"Na, silly—something a sicht better. But you'll be feared to creep through the hedge."

"No, I'm not feared."

"Come away, then."

The boy, contracting his limbs, then lurching slowly to his feet, marched on ahead. Jean followed closely, carrying her footgear. The two wended their way cleverly betwixt numerous patches of nettles, and coasted the hill-side, till they came to a spot where the dyke turned upwards to the left and an untidy hedge went unsteadily on, dividing and redividing a couple of fields where some cattle were peacefully grazing.

"We must creep under the hedge here and yonder too," quoth Geordie. "And it's a good mile and a bittock. Can you manage it, Jeanie?"

"I have legs as well as you," returned Jean, emerging red-faced on the other side of the hedge, wherein she had left a hostage in the shape of a small portion of her pinafore.

"Legs? Aweel," retorted the boy, smiling, "but ye mauna mention them, being but a girl."

The slight events here chronicled having taken place twenty years ago, there was still lurking in boyish minds some contempt for the women-folk, which contempt, we trust, is now altogether purged away.

"And as ye have the legs," continued Geordie, still aggravatingly smiling, "maybe ye'd better no' carry your feet."

"Bother the stockings and shoes!" exclaimed Jean. "I'll leave them here in the hedge. We're sure to find

them presently. But why should we not keep along the dyke?"

"Because that's no' the right field. Come away, Jean, you're dawdling. Why are you so fond of dykes? To my thinking they spoil the landscape. It was the old laird, they say, that pulled down a grand castle to build up the silly dykes—one round each of his pet meadows."

"They're clean and sensible-like," answered Jean somewhat enigmatically; "but you're always speering for the beauty of things. Now the minister's aye telling of what's useful and thrifty-like."

The children were crossing a grass field—a park in more technical language—where the greensward was soft and short beneath their bare feet. Suddenly, a hare started from her form close by, and sped away like an arrow towards a distant belt of trees.

Jean had given a little cry of surprise; Geordie laughed.

"I'll show you a hen-pheasant sitting in the wood yonder," he said; "it isn't often they're good mothers enough, the pheasants, to mind their eggs, ye ken. But look at the stems of the trees, Jean. They're red now, where they were dark before. And one thing puzzles me each day. For the life of me, I canna see an outline."

"An outline?" repeated the girl inquiringly.

"Ay, don't mock me, Jean. Do you see an outline—a hard black line, I mean—to the trees—to the trunks there?"

"No," said Jean decisively. "No-o," she added, thoughtfully, screwing up her eyes, and twisting her head in imitation of her companion.

"I'm glad of that," returned Geordie, satisfied. "The schoolmaster, he sees naething but outline, he tells me, everywhere, in each thing that's round us, in the clouds and waves, even—just a hard black edge, ye ken."

"I wish the minister would let me go to the school," sighed Jean, skilfully evading the difficult subject of outline.

"But he'll give you a better education at home," said Geordie.

"Ay, but I'd rather go to the school. There are lots of lassies there."

"Lots," returned her companion with equanimity. "Look out, Jean. You've to creep under this hedge. Now we've got a clear path."

"What are we going to see?" gasped Jean, rising dishevelled from all-fours.

"You'll know directly. Walk on just a step more. Now look!" added Geordie, a few moments later.

It was a lovely view on which he bade her gaze. A small, low-built farm, brown-roofed and picturesque, surmounting a grassy knoll before them, hemmed in by trees on one side, between the stems of which the afternoon sun gleamed golden. Roses clustered over a long low wall that stretched out towards a big barn and some outbuildings; rough broken hillocks formed the

"Of all the hate-fullest, horrid-est, detest-ablest. . .!"

"Of all the tiresomest, teasingest, silliest. . .!"

"Of all the nastiest rude boys!"

"Of all the lackadaisical girls!"

"I'm no' lackadaisical."

"Yes, you are."

"No, I'm not."

"Ay, but you are."

"Who wants the last word now?"

"The leddy, for sure."

"I hate you, Geordie."

"And I'm no' so overfond of you, Jean."

"Then. . . then. . . we'd better. . . better. . ."

That was the last word after all, a word that stuck sorely in the poor little speaker's throat.

So deep and long a silence ensued that a thrush made bold to peep out from a laurel-bush hard by, and sing an elaborate and very sweet ditty to a big bed of thistles.

The thistles made no answer; they never do.

Jean, when she had uttered her last word, sat very upright, and tried to keep back her rising tears. She sought to swallow those tears, as well as to stare so hard at the green field before her as to keep some big gathered drops from falling on her pinafore.

It had been a penultimate word after all; therein was the pain of it. "Then we'd better part." That was what she had meant to say, but her feminine nature had revolted at the decision. To part, to part!—she could not bring herself to mention such a thing. Who knows but what Geordie. . .

Jean longed to turn her curly head now, in spite of the tears, and see what Geordie was doing. Did he look worsted, penitent? Why, then, did he not speak?

She was sitting perched on a flattish boulder at the top of a "dyke," or low stone wall. Her head was bare, she was clad in a loose cotton frock and pinafore, and her long slender legs and feet swung to and fro. The feet were prettily shaped, though dusty and somewhat brown. On the top of the dyke beside her she had placed a pair of boots and some stockings neatly folded on the boots: it was evident that these articles were considered more essential for ornament than for use.

foreground, and a wide archway framed the distance—loveliest sight of all. Through the archway first was visible a long slope of grassy meadow that dipped suddenly to the tree-tops (for the farm stood on a height), while beyond the tree-tops which showed where there was a glen, or den, came further woods and fields, and further again some village roofs shone out, and above the landscape gleamed the sea—a broad pale band of blue shimmering light.

The children wandered hand in hand to this archway, which divided the farmyard proper from the house with its tiny garden and orchard. Yonder in the yard were cackling hens and soft downy chickens, quacking ducks and their pert little offspring—yellow and fluffy as the chicks—stately turkeys, and waddling geese. Yonder, too, was the byre, where dwelt mild-eyed cows, and the open steadings, where corn was threshed and hay stacked, where the big cart-horses found shelter. All this Geordie knew well, though to Jean it was *terra incognita*. She would willingly enough have explored it, but her companion still drew her gently forward by her torn pinafore to see the view.

"Sit down," said the boy; "now for the paireel." Jean had forgotten the paireel, but, with her curiosity never lay dormant long.

"Ay," she said eagerly.

It was only paints, after all: a paint-box, brushes, a small white board. Geordie looked delighted, but Jean felt slightly dull.

"I'm thinking we'd have had some of the yellow cream if we'd waited," she observed. Then, getting no response, she added—

"Ye're always fechtin' wi' a bit picture. Now I mind me, you've painted the fairm before."

"Ay," returned the boy imperturbably. "Twenty times, maybe; and maybe I'll paint it twenty times yet."

"Are ye no' weary?"

"Na, surely. It's like running a race with myself, Jean; don't you understand?"

Jean was silent. She was peering through the boughs of an elder-tree at the landscape.

"It's most like a balloon to be up here, Geordie. I can see the manse no bigger than a doll's house. Ay, yon's the minister walking down the road."

"I won't, then. It's a pity, Jean."

"Why a pity?"

"I heard of a minister—maybe he was Established—it's a nice story—but ye wouldna like to hear the word." There was a pause.

At last Jean rubbed her head softly against Geordie's shoulder.

"What's that for?" he asked, suppressing a smile.

"Tell," murmured Jean.

"Tell what?"

"I'll no' mind if it's a gude story."

"No? Well, there was a minister—I'll no' say for certain if he was Established. Anyways, he preached, and he said to the people: 'Dear freends, the deevil's just bad throughout. Firstly, his varra name begins with a big D. Tak' away the D and he's evil; tak' away the e and he's vile; tak' away the v and he's ill.' But now, Jean, we must be moving. Shall we call in at the saw-mill if you've never seen it? Eh, what a puir miserable bit of a sketch! Jeanie, I'll tell you what. I never sit to paint that fairm without wishing it were my ain."



"Eh, what a puir miserable bit of a sketch! Jeanie, I'll tell you what. I never sit to paint that fairm without wishing it were my ain."

From within the archway, close beneath which they now stood, the panorama was broader. The sea looked like a great smooth lake, so encircled was it by low-lying land and dim hills. The actual line of coast—a bleak one—seemed a couple of miles distant, but nearer at hand the church-tower, of ancient Norman architecture, and some red-roofed villages, glinting in the sun, dotted the interval of space which was otherwise made green by young wheat-fields or intersected by plantations of trees. Here and there, down by the sea, shone a narrow yellow strip that might have been sand or sandy soil, and the roads that ran east and west gleamed like white ribbons.

"Come away," said Geordie at last, pulling Jean not back but onwards.

She was loth to move, yet obeyed. About her feet were fast clustering some white pigeons, eager to be fed; the big house-dog, chained to his kennel, looked kindly on and wagged his tail; a dairymaid, in a pink cotton gown, carrying a flat dish full of cream, passed smiling from one of many doors to another; Jean knew that she was not considered to be trespassing.

But Geordie was in a hurry. He drew her on to a grassy knoll at a little distance, from whence the farm-buildings were as picturesque as before, though the distant view was somewhat less extensive.

Jean always spoke of her father as "the minister."

"He'll never speer for you up here," said Geordie, calmly.

"What's yon noise?" asked the girl, listening intently.

"Another minister. Jock at the saw-mill. Have you never seen him? Oh, but girls are feckless bodies! They never walk more than a yaird or two beyond their own policies. You should talk to Jock. He knows about everything."

"He's no' a minister; he's only a U.P.," retorted Jean, tossing her curly head.

"Never mind. He walks seven miles each Sabbath morning to preach, and his congregation's that big, there's no getting the people in at the door."

"I don't think much of any minister that's not Established," said Jean.

"On ay! here's the vermilion running over. Jean."

"Well?"

"Jean, if you were no' so very stuck up——"

"I'm no' stuck up."

"Starched, then. You'd be sair shocked at the name of deevil."

"That all depends how the name's used."

"Well, if I said it."

"You shouldna say it."

"Your ain, Geordie? What, the fairm?"

"Ay, the fairm. I'd like it fine."

Jean laughed—not as rudely as she thought she might have done—only a low, very slightly contemptuous laugh.

"And I'd like a diamond ring," she said; "I'd like that, oh, so much!"

"Well, you may get it some day. Who knows?"

"Who knows?" she answered, laughing outright. "Possible-like I'll have my diamonds when you get your fairm, Geordie."

"Possible-like," he repeated softly. "Well, Jean, come away to the saw-mill."

The loud whirring sound had stopped; the day's work was over. The burn and its useful tumbling waters, the great wheel, the huge saw, the men who worked the machinery—all might rest now till to-morrow's dawn.

The shades of evening were already beginning to fall, blurring out the sharp tracery of tree-boughs and bushes, causing grey mysterious spaces here and there; reminding Jean of some German stories she had read, wherein dwarfs and gnomes and charcoal-burners played prominent parts. When a bird stirred in the larches or a branch crackled underfoot, she started; here were plenty of big red toadstools for the elves to

(Continued on page 35.)

sit upon, she thought; her mind was full of fairy fancies.

Geordie nudged her elbow. Jock stood before them at the open door of a long low shed, arrayed in his working suit, but stroking and dusting his hat thoughtfully before setting out homewards. Mayhap, he was pondering over his next Sabbath discourse. He was a man of middle age and fair stature. His face was ruddy with the hues of health, and marked by but few lines of care; his scanty beard encircled his face like a fringe. His hands were as hard, as strong, and as dusty as though they had themselves been carved out of the heart of some strong oak.

Round about the shed or "bothie" were many clean-cut planks, evidences of his toil, some heaped together, some stacked against each other. In one place were piled numberless small, neat, flat pieces, built up high as a child builds bricks. These, as Geordie pointed out, were needed for herring-barrels. Here and there, lying prone in the grass—almost, as one could fancy, with a look of pain—were the trunks of great trees felled in their prime, lopped of their branches, and lying there, majestic still, like overthrown kings waiting for last execution.

"Good-night to you, Mr. Niven," said Geordie.

"Eh, ye're looking at the ash," said the saw-miller, smiling gravely. "A grand trunk! We couldna' clasp it in our arms—the two of us—when it was standing. But we'll a' come to fall at last—man and trees, man and trees."

"Come away, come," whispered Jean, who was shivering. "It's horrible; it's cruel. I dinna like it. I'll be wanted at the manse. Good-bye to you, Geordie!" and the girl set off running at a swift pace.

"I'll tak' you home!" cried the boy, nodding to the saw-miller, who nodded back, laughing, then locked the door of the shed, dropping the big key into his wide canvas trousers that were tied in with string just above the ankles.

He watched the children out of sight, then turned away homewards. He had plenty of children of his own: tall and sturdy boys, who promised already to be as industrious and God-fearing as their father; little sunny-haired girls besides. There was one wee baby that was still carried about by the mother—its tiny arms always about her neck—as she moved to and fro from dawn to eve, "redding up" the house and garden, washing, scrubbing, cooking, &c.

Jock Niven knew well who Geordie was, and how he lived with his uncle and aunt who kept the large grocer's shop in the best part of the village. The boy had come from Edinburgh originally—an orphan, he was said to be. But what if he were town-bred in early infancy? There was no better climber or runner now than Geordie; no boy more given to country pursuits than he. A capital weather-prophet, an authority on birds. Jock knew this much from his own children, who, like Geordie, attended the village school. Certainly, the lad was not such a pickle as many boys; he cared mostly for painting and sketching—self-taught and plodding was he—and "withoot doot it was a grand safety-valve, that messing-up of paints," thought Mr. Niven.

Of Jean he knew less. She was the minister's daughter, his only child, and he was a widower. She was not sent to the common school, so she had few friends among other lassies; yet her father was poor, sadly poor, mostly given up to the writing of learned treatises which people thought highly of, but which he could never sell or get printed, and his little daughter, in playtime at least, ran wild. It was no bad thing, perchance, that her favourite associate and playmate was Geordie.

Fourteen years is a long time, and the lives of "golden lads and girls," like those of "chimney sweepers," do not stand still. Between the ages of twelve and twenty-six is a wide gulf fixed.

The minister had greatly aged. He sat in his easy-chair by the fireside almost longing for a fire, though tradition and the rules of the house—to say nothing of the large coloured calendar which set forth so plainly that this was the month of July—all were against it. So was his daughter Jean, a well-grown young woman in a blue cotton dress, who flitted hither and thither putting the last touches to the manse parlour. Here she came, carrying a bowl of honeysuckle for the top of

an antique cabinet, which point of vantage the flowers were to share with a pair of alabaster vases, festooned with grapes and cupids and protected by glass shades, and a goodly shining cruet-stand.

The said room was Jean's pride. Several stiff-backed chairs were ranged symmetrically against the wall, a polished mahogany table occupied the centre of the room, a cottage piano filled up one corner. That instrument, which had belonged to Jean's mother, owned an unusually high back, in the midst of which the "drawn" green silk was puckered into a handsome knot. The room was also noteworthy because of a small bookcase, and two or three sacred prints, to say nothing of various trifles such as bead mats and woollen antimacassars worked by the minister's daughter her-



His daughter Jean came carrying a bowl of honeysuckle.

self, shiny yellow blinds (half pulled down) at the windows, a small chandelier neatly tied up in yellow gauze against possible adventurous flies, and an elaborate ornament of metallic green paper interlaced with pink paper roses in the grate which the poor minister himself found so empty and cheerless.

"Would you like some flowers here, father?" asked Jean, approaching him softly.

He gazed up with a bewildered air, and passed his hand across his forehead, as though to rub into order the tangled thoughts.

On the small table beside him to which Jean had pointed lay a large Bible, a Concordance, a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, and a sheaf of loose blue pages covered in his own diminutive, almost undecipherable, writing.

"Would I like?" he repeated slowly. "I think not, my dear. You're very thoughtful, Jean—thoughtful beyond your years, my girl."

He looked tenderly at her, but a little absently also. He heaved a sigh.

"If I could but get that chair of moral philosophy, Jean," he went on, almost fretfully—"that professorship—and no one here understands—appreciates. You'd like to live at Aberdeen, eh, Jeanie?"

"I like it well here, father dear," returned Jean. "It's my home, ye ken, and no' like any other place to me."

She looked fondly round the little parlour as she spoke, letting her eyes finally rest in their wistfulness on the narrow garden visible through the plain square windows, and which at this time of year could not help being fair and sweet and rose-laden.

Then she turned quickly to her father, and, kneeling beside him, put her arms about his neck—her strong young white arms, with the sleeves falling back from them, resting on the rusty patched collar of his old coat, and her wealth of curly hair pressed tightly against his shoulder.

"Not to-day, dear," she murmured, "don't feel sorry to-day! Oh! I want it to be so bright and home-like for Geordie just to-day—when he comes back. It will be two years and more since we have seen him, father, ye ken, and, now his aunt's dead and his uncle away, there's nae soul left to make things cosy-like for him."

The minister looked keenly at his daughter, pushing her gently from him, so as to send the shafts of his steely blue eyes from under his bushy brows still more sharply to her rosy face.

"You're not fond of Geordie, dear?" he asked slowly; "not, I mean, not woman-like? I mostly forget that you're a grown woman now."

The minister was a philosopher even more than he was a father. He sighed.

"Strange it is," he murmured absently, "that we all want, want, want, throughout this weary world, just what none can give us. And what makes us want it, Jean? *'Anáγκη*, the necessity of Fate, presses on us as surely as in a bygone age. Only now we have something better than the Oracle, something better than Delphi, my dear—you understand, Jean, my dear. . . ."

"Yes, father."

The girl was watching the old man wistfully, anxiously almost. Already his eyes had grown vague; already the strained wandering look she knew so well, and which she was beginning to dread, had come into those eyes.

"Yes, dear, yes," she repeated soothingly; but, even as she spoke, her heart beat suddenly loud and fast—not with sorrow, but with a wild tumultuous gladness that made the heart-beats seem like a chime of joy-bells in her ears.

A well-known hand had opened and shut the manse gate. A dear remembered shadow had fallen once more across the rose-bushes—she could see it from where she knelt with her arms about her father's neck; she could hear her own name uttered in the porch! Her mind turned giddy between the two voices, for the minister was still speaking, though what he said she knew not.

She unlaced her arms gently.

"Father, father," she murmured hurriedly, "he is here—Geordie."

"Geordie?" asked the old man. "Oh, yes, of course. Bring him in."

There was no need. Geordie stood at the open door of the parlour. One long strong clasp of hands betwixt the two young folks; no further expression of feeling. But, haply, that was enough.

Then Jean looked up in her former playmate's face. "Ye've grown again, I do believe!" she said.

Her breath came quickly. She was half-laughing, half-crying. He—serious, pale, tall—looked down upon her intently.

"And you?" he asked almost shyly. He thought he had not seen so fair a face in the south.

Jean was a buxom lass, with masses of red-brown hair piled high above her sweet oval face. Her eyes were very bright, tender and mocking by turns; her white brow and rosy cheeks were slightly freckled; her figure was lithe and strong, her little hands capable and very brown.

"Na, na," she said, smiling and showing her white teeth; "we're past growing, the both of us, Geordie."

She said "baith," not "both," but the sound was sweet in Geordie's ears, though he himself had grown more southern of tongue.

He was shocked to see the change in the minister: the latter seemed at first unable to grasp the fact that Geordie had been so long away. Presently the old man fell to treating the two young people as though they were still children. His eyes wandered incessantly to the small table beside his own arm-chair, his restless fingers kept constantly touching and even surreptitiously taking up the shiny sheets of blue paper whereon he had written.

At last he turned to his daughter.

"You'll be showing Geordie the garden, Jean, and you may take him to the kirk if you will, and let him see the new organ. We've an organ this last year, my lad; times are moving fast. Not but what that's a push-on I'm well pleased with. You'll remember the old precentor?"

"Yes," answered the young man with a smile; "he had a powerful voice. It used to wake up all the sleepy folk."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the minister, bringing his palm down on his knee with a delighted slap. "And you'll mind Rob Macfarlane that jumped up in the long pew and shouted 'Come in!' We'll have a talk about old times to-night, Geordie. You'll stay and sup? That's right. Take him away now, my girl. I'm working up for the chair of moral philosophy at Aberdeen, Geordie, that's a fact. I've a good chance, ay! a good chance. It's a secret, but I'll tell you all about it over the toddy. Now I'll get to my work. Take him away, Jean, take him away."

"I meant to ask you to come for a walk," whispered Geordie, as the two left the parlour, "but I was afraid of asking too soon. I thought it might seem rude to your father."

"I'll fetch my hat," answered Jean gaily. "Go out and pick a rose for your button-hole, Geordie, if you're no' too grand."

"Too grand!" he echoed reproachfully. "Why, Jean!"

He said no more. He strolled out into the little garden and waited for her. How small and narrow seemed the enclosed domain! He remembered it all so well! Only, in his waking or sleeping dreams, it had seemed bigger, broader everywhere.

That square six-roomed house, so uncompromisingly built of stone, the painted blackness of which defied the softening finger of Time absolutely, as did the clean slate roof, the glaring white stone copings, and the shiny door and brass knocker. The manse stood exactly in the middle of its trim garden; an impartial bed of geraniums flanked on each side. It was evident to the vexed soul of the young artist that neither Jean nor her father cared sufficiently for flowers; the straggling rose-bushes laden with bloom, which here and there forced their way out of the straight border, and even leaned heavily down across a tidy path that was overspread with cinders instead of gravel—even these poor rose-bushes seemed praying for pardon because of their picturesque untidiness.

As Geordie stood gazing, his student days, which were, in truth, not many years behind him, seemed to rise up about him once more. He saw himself—a young exile from the north—dwelling frugally, not to say poorly, in a grimy London lodging, blind to the loneliness and discomfort of his life, because of the deep-set purpose which ever animated and cheered him on. How he had worked and struggled, determined to succeed, setting his face against all pleasures and temptations; doubly dowered as he was by genius and by that "infinite capacity for taking pains" which is genius also!

And when the triumph had come—a triumph of which his good friends in the north understood but little (those short paragraphs in unfamiliar papers bearing but scant meaning to them)—what a promise for the future that triumph had bespoken! A picture on the

line, sold at a high price; commissions following closely; his name already known in magic circles.

It had all come about very quickly. He was still young, scarcely more than a lad certainly in the minister's thinking. And what would the minister presently say to the tale of Geordie's success?

As the young man pondered, how far—he thought—had the wings of his art carried him since, as a boy, he played tip-cat in the manse garden with Jean, or urged her to wild expeditions down to the caves beside the sea, or yonder across the hills!

Jean came quickly now. Patter, patter, sounded her feet on the cindery walk, the light breeze playing in the folds of her blue cotton gown as tenderly as it had swayed the draperies of Cynthia or Persephone of old. Jean ran frankly up to the young man.

"We will go—where?" she asked.

His face was pale—London-pale, Jean inwardly termed it—but he flushed a little now and he turned his head aside as he answered—

"I want to go and see the Main-rig Farm, Jean. You will come with me, won't you?"

"Ay," said Jean.

"Ay," repeated Geordie, taking up the familiar form



Geordie sat down on an oak settle near a lattice-window, and beckoned Jean to do the same.

of speech as the deft knitter picks up a dropped stitch. "You did come to the farm, Jean, last time I was here."

"But you went there to sketch, Geordie. You've painted that farm again and again."

"And made it my Academy picture last year and this year as well," said the young man calmly. "And I sold the two pictures."

"Ma certie!" exclaimed Jean.

She peeped up into his face as she walked beside him along the dusty road. What a beautiful face it was, she pondered in the innocence of her heart. "There's none like Geordie, oh! none, none!"

"And to think," she added aloud, "to think that they bit paints and brushes should do such work!"

"Not quite all the work," objected her companion, laughing. "I've stood at my easel through the fine hot days again and again, Jean, and wished myself on some sweet breezy hill-side."

"But you couldna leave?"

"No, I could not."

"And to think if that artist had not needed flake-white—wasn't it flake-white, Geordie?—all those years ago, and hadna fashed dreadful and gone to the grocer's, your uncle's, to inquire for it. . . ."

"To finish his view of the coast."

"And had not seen your sketches, Geordie. . . ."

"How you remember, Jean!"

"I've no' so much to fill my head, Geordie, forbye the minister. But you couldna do anything more grand, to my thinking, than the view of the farm from the east position, with the yellow light through the trunks of the trees: it was that nature-like!"

"Jean, do you remember the first time I took you there? You had lived in the neighbourhood ever so long, but you had seen just nothing."

"Just naething," echoed Jean, equably. "I mind, Geordie, of course I mind."

They had left the high road, and were skirting grassy fields now, under the welcome shade of trees. Presently, breasting the uplands, they came to a familiar spot. Here was still a tangled hedge, still the remains of a stone dyke hard by. But there was also a new road—a narrow one, scarcely more than a path in width—leading across the grassy "park," where cattle were grazing, to the belt of trees beyond.

"You left your shoes and stockings here once. Jean, do you remember?"

She flushed crimson, but answered steadily as before.

"Ay, Geordie, I mind; of course I mind."

They were very silent as they neared the old farm. Whether Jean, who was so well aware of Geordie's

attachment to the spot, had ever wended her way thither alone during his absence, must ever remain a secret. But certain it is that these two had not, hand in hand as now, hand in hand as in childhood, revisited the place for the last couple of years at least, and to-day, by strange tacit consent, their hearts leapt back joyously to that summer's day of the past, fourteen years before, when they had crept under hedges and climbed the hill to see what Geordie held as his own discovery, when Jean had spied the manse from a bird's-eye point of view, when the boy had made untaught efforts in painting, and the girl had foregone the possibilities of rich cream to sit beside him at his work, when, in truth, the childish hearts of the two had first struck the strings of some golden harp of imagination and yearning that still vibrated strongly.

For, as we go through life, we may wander, or look to the right or left, but we come back—back to the longings of childhood, back to our early incentives, back, many a time—thank God for it! to our early ideals and standards of what is great and good.

They were silent as they went, silent as they reached the farm and stood by the gate which Geordie's hand swung aside, silent when they found themselves once again, as of old, within the shadow of the archway, gazing at the glorious panoramic view, while the pale haze born of a summer afternoon overspread the distance and crept along the turquoise sea like a shimmering veil. And roses—sweeter roses than of old, thought Jean—crept over the broken edge of the high wall, and peeped and nodded down. And from the doorway of the byre a couple of cows lowed as if in recognition, and hens clucked and ducks quacked from the inner yard so that Jean laughed. Yet, while she laughed, her eyes were filled to the very brim with tears, and she could not speak.

As for Geordie, he stood shading his eyes with his hand, gazing out seawards to where a couple of white-sailed ships lay becalmed on the great glassy stretch of water. And presently he said—

"Come, Jean, come into the house."

"May we?" she asked, startled. "Oh, I have never been inside. Are you sure, Geordie?"

"Sure," he answered. "The owner gives leave."

So they went in, by a narrow door stained blue, and entered a pretty kitchen, and next a small parlour, where was but scanty furniture, but that which there was seemed to Jean very picturesque and uncommon. Yet the house resembled the palace of the white cat in the fairy tale; no sign of humanity was there.

(Continued on page 38.)

SERVANTS' CHARACTERS.

A good housekeeper would never think of engaging a servant without a character, and she would want that reference from a genuine source; now we (The Homoea Co.) do not ask the British public to take us on our own statement, but we publish testimonials such as no proprietor of Patent Medicines has ever received; simply because no remedy has ever done the WORK of Homoea.

“Whitehall, London.

“Dear Sir,—Your ointment, called Homoea, was found to be the most soothing and efficacious unguent that I could possibly have for my fractured limb, as it seems to retain longer than any other that oleaginousness so requisite for perfect and efficient massage. The fault of embrocations generally is that they harden and require warmth, whereas yours, besides being particularly aromatic, is as soft as oil, and almost instantly mollifying in the case of severe inflammation.—Yours faithfully,



“HENRY M. STANLEY.”

Lord COMBERMERE writes: “Carlton Club, London. I have tried your Homoea upon myself for Rheumatism, and I found it do more good than any embrocation I have ever used, and several of my friends have benefited by its use.

“COMBERMERE.”

HOMOCEA versus RHEUMATISM.

“Lady KEANE has much pleasure in recommending Homoea as an invaluable remedy for Rheumatism, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, &c.; she thinks so highly of it that she would not be without it in the house, as it has entirely cured her of Rheumatism and other ailments. She can also testify to the healing properties of Hippocaea* for stable use.

“Hillside, Bracknell, Berks,

“Jan. 5, 1894.”

* The Veterinary Preparation of Homoea.

Homoea is sold by all Dealers at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or will be sent on receipt of P.O. for 1s. 3d. and 3s., from the Agency, 21, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead. (Hooper, 43, King William Street, London Bridge, sells it.)

HOMOCEA

INSTANTLY
TOUCHES
THE
SPOT



Afflicted with Neuralgia, Lumbago, Paralysis, Convulsions, Bruises, Strained Muscles, Pains in Joints, Aches and Sprains, Eczema, Burns, Toothache, Faceache, Chilblains, Boils, Ulcers, Stings, Chaps, and all kindred ills and complaints.

LORD CARRICK, of Mount Juliet, Thomastown, writes: Homoea cured him of a very severe case of Hemorrhoids in a fortnight, when everything else had failed.

LORD CARRICK writes in another letter that Homoea is the most wonderful stuff he ever came across. That he had given it to people suffering from scurvy, a severe bruise, bad boil, and a stiff elbow, and in every case it had worked wonders.

Homoea should be in every Cottage, Palace, Workshop, Barracks, Police-Station, Hospital, and Institution, and wherever a Pain-Relieving, Soothing, and Curative Lubricant is likely to be required. No discovery in the world of Healing Remedies has had such high testimony.

SOMETHING ANNOYING.

Nothing puts an Englishman out quicker than to hear a man boasting of himself or of his own achievements. Let others praise, we say—blowing one's own trumpet is put down as brag. Now Brag may be a good dog, but Holdfast is a better, and Homoea has a fast hold on the British public. And it is the endorsement of the public that has caused this New Remedy to spring so rapidly into favour. Our testimonials speak for themselves.

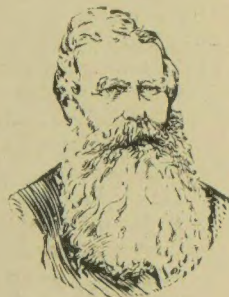
MOSQUITO AND JIGGER WOUNDS, &c.

“High Barnet.

“My Dear Old Friend,—I distributed a variety of your remedies among afflicted natives, and among missionaries in Sierra Leone, Liberia, Coast of Guinea, Congo Country, and Angola, South of Congo. I have not been over those different and distant fields since, and have no definite information in regard to their curative power. I have used Homoea, and have proved its healing virtue both for severe bruises and flesh wounds, and also to kill the virus of mosquitoes and chigoes (jiggers).—Yours very truly,

“(Bishop) WM. TAYLOR,

“American Methodist Episcopal Mission.”



HOMOCEA versus NEURALGIA.

“The Hon. Mrs. THOMPSON desires to testify to the great value of Homoea as a cure for Neuralgia, having received great benefit from using it. Mrs. Thompson therefore has great pleasure in strongly recommending it, and in allowing her testimony to be publicly used.—Ackworth Moor Top, Pontefract, Feb. 1, 1894.”

Lady VINCENT, 8, Ebury Street, London, says it is such an incomparable application for Rheumatic Neuralgia, that she wishes to have two more tins sent.

GIFTS FOR BAZAARS

A Free Parcel of SOUTHALLS' “SANITARY TOWELS” will be sent Carriage Free to the first Lady Stall-Holder of every Bazaar who applies to THE LADY MANAGER, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham, mentioning this Paper, and enclosing circular with list of Stall-Holders.

SOUTHALLS' “SANITARY TOWELS”—the greatest invention of the century for Woman's Comfort, at the cost of washing only.

May be obtained from Ladies' Outfitters, Drapers, and Chemists throughout the world in packets of one dozen. Size 1, 1s.; Size 2, 1s. 6d.; Sizes 3 and 4 (differing in shape), 2s.; or Post Free from the Lady Manager for 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 3d.

Any Lady may obtain a Sample Towel free by writing to the Lady Manager.

**SOUTHALL BROS. AND BARCLAY,
BIRMINGHAM.**

WHOLESALE { SHARP, PERRIN, & CO., 31, Old Change, London, E.C.
AGENTS: { STAPLEY & SMITH, London Wall, London, E.C.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

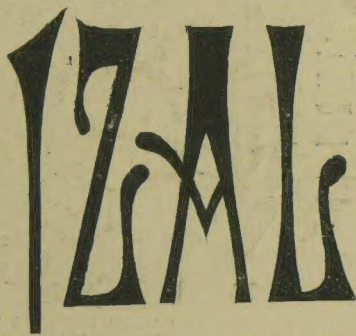
SUPPLIES A
DAILY LUXURY.

Dainties in Endless Variety. The Choicest Dishes and the Richest Custard.

NO EGGS REQUIRED.

Stop the Spread of Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, and all Contagious Diseases

with non-poisonous ‘IZAL.’



An Antiseptic of greater power than Pure Carbolic Acid, but entirely free from the dangers and objections attending the use of Carbolic disinfectants.

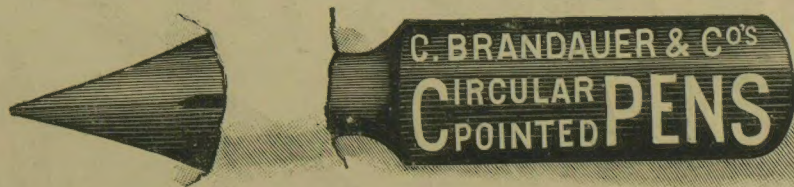
A Sanitary necessity and protector for the Sick-room, Nursery, Household, Hospital, and for Public Use. Sold by Chemists, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Gallon Tins, 10s. The 2s. 6d. bottle makes Thirty Gallons of Germ and Stench Destroyer.

which should be used daily for Flushing Sinks, Traps, Pans, W.C.s, Drains, Gutters, and Drenching Refuse Heaps, Dustholes, &c.

Sole Manufacturers—NEWTON, CHAMBERS, and CO., Ltd., Thorncliffe, Sheffield.
London Offices—19, Great George Street, Westminster, S.W., and Thorncliffe House, 331, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

C. Brandauer & Co.'s Circular Pointed Pens.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.



These series of Pens write as smoothly as a Lead Pencil—neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a Special Process. A Sixpenny assorted Sample Box of any Stationer.

Geordie sat down on an oak settle near a lattice-window, and beckoned Jean to do the same. She felt almost awed, she knew not why. There was a strange solemnity in the quiet house—a curious sense of expectancy in her companion's manner that she quickly shared.

"The farm has changed hands, Jean," he said at last. "Not all of it—not the fields; only the little old house and policies."

He spoke oddly and huskily. Was he sorrowful?

"Ay," she answered. "Things change—they pass, Geordie. We canna keep them. Niven, the saw-miller, is dead. Maybe you're thinking of him."

"No," said Geordie.

"He was a gude mon. But many more have gone of late," continued Jean with a sigh. "And this last winter it was exceptional cold; there's maist all the auld bodies died off. Maybe ye were thinking of them."

"No," said Geordie, "I was not thinking of them."

Something in his tone bade her lift her eyes swiftly; something in his face made her rise hurriedly to her feet, clasping her hands.

"What—?" she stammered.

Geordie had risen likewise.

"I have brought you this, Jean. Will you take it?" he asked simply.

He held out his hand as he spoke.

In the open palm of his hand, which trembled like a

leaf, lay "a wee bright thing," as Jean afterwards termed it. She could not believe her eyes. Here was a diamond ring! She gazed at it, then at the young man before her, then back at the ring; then, putting his hand gently aside, ring and all, she pressed closely up to him and took in both of hers that other hand of his which held no riches, but hung inert and trembling at his side.

"I canna understand," she murmured. "Tell me, tell me quickly!"

"You'll take the ring, Jean," said Geordie, as he clasped her in both arms without seeking any better form of argument. "For it's mine now—the old farm—and it'll be still more mine as time goes on, please God—mine, do you see? I've worked for it many a year and I mean to work yet. I always determined to have the place. I determined something else too, Jean, but I want your word for that. I painted the farm a score of times, you said—you said that long ago. Well, I've not painted for nothing. I've painted my way into the house. It's been like a siege all these years, and I've been coming closer and closer each twelvemonth—sometimes hopeful, sometimes discouraged. And now it's mine, Jean, the painted farm; but it must be yours too. Say, Jean, say at once. You'll like it for my sake?"

"Ay!" said Jean, laughing and crying at once; "I love it, Geordie—your painted farm."

"And these very words you used when you were a

bit girl?" asked the young man eagerly. "I've said them over to myself many and many a time, Jean, when I've felt like pitching my pictures down the stairs into the street, only that the stair was too narrow-like. Do you remember what you said, Jean?"

"No," replied Jean this time. "But I mind plenty of other things, Geordie—better things than my ain foolish speech."

"You said: 'Possible-like I'll have my diamonds when you get your fairm, Geordie.' Well, now you've the diamonds—they're not grand ones, I fear—and here's the farm too, Jean. But you must take me along with the farm, Jean; or, rather, you must come to me and to it."

"Ay," murmured Jean, softly; "ay. Only there must be a room for the minister!"

"Surely!" said Geordie. "We'll bring him here this very evening. As long as he lives we'll not leave him, Jean. Now put on the betrothal ring; let me see it. And will I call to the dairy-maid to bring a bowl of cream?"

It is a veracious chronicle that a young artist painted the farm of his predilection so often that, through the sale of those works, he was enabled to become the purchaser of it. And assuredly, in after life, however successful he might be, no subject could be more attractive to him, no domain so lovely or so dear.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,

Watch and Chronometer Manufacturers,
65, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

CLOCKS.

The Finest Stock in
London, at Prices
Lower than ever.

JEWELLERY

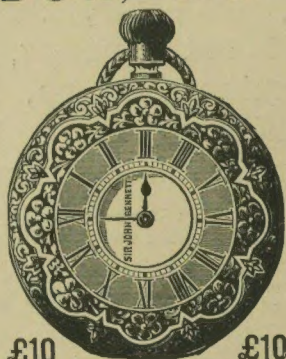
A Large and Elegant
Stock of
every Description.

SILVER WATCHES

from £2.

GOLD WATCHES

from £5.

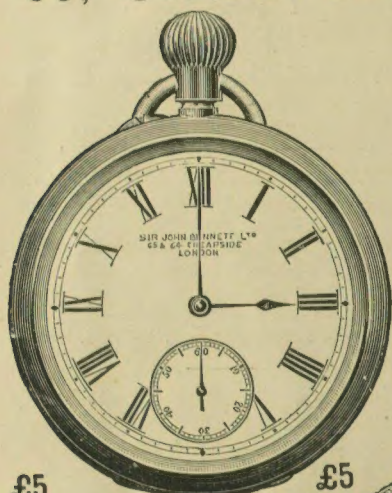


£10 £10
LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS
WATCH.

Perfect for time, beauty, and work-
manship, with keyless action, air,
damp, and dust tight.
Ditto in Silver, £5.

GOLD CHAINS

AT
Manufacturers' Prices.



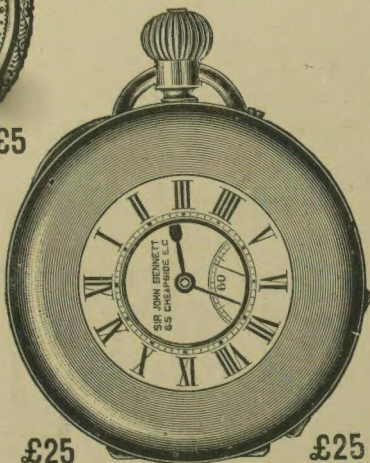
£5 £5
THE CHEAPSIDE 4-PLATE
KEYLESS LEVER WATCH,
With Chronometer Balance and
jewelled in thirteen actions, in
strong Silver Case with Crystal
Glass. The cheapest watch ever
produced. Air, damp, and dust
tight. Ditto, in Gold, £12.



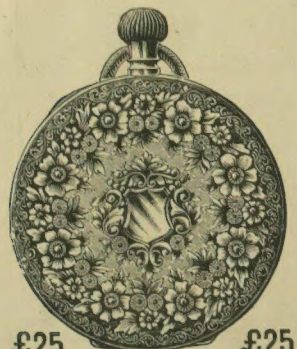
£5 £5
LADIES' GOLD
KEYLESS WATCHES.

Perfect for time, beauty, and
workmanship. With plain
polished or richly engraved
18-carat Gold Cases, fully
Jewelled, strong Crystal
Glass, air, damp, and dust
tight.

Illustrated Catalogues
Post Free.



£25 £25
A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS 4-PLATE
HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately
timed for all climates. Jewelled in 13 actions.
In massive 18-ct. case, with Monogram richly
emblazoned.
Ditto in Silver, £15.



£25 £25
LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS
HALF-CHRONOMETERS.

In 18-carat Gold Hunting, Half-
Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases,
plain polished or richly engraved,
4-plate, finely Jewelled movements,
Chronometer Balance, specially
adapted for all climates.

PRESENTATION WATCHES,
£10, £20, £30, £40, £50,
to £250.

Arms and Inscriptions
emblazoned to order.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewell-
ery repaired on the premises
by experienced Workmen.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,
Watch, Clock, and Jewellery Manufacturers, 65, Cheapside, London.

BEST BABIES' FOOD.

ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY

DR. PYE H. CHAVASSE.

"ADVICE TO A MOTHER."

Answer to Question 44.

KEEN, ROBINSON, & CO., Limited, LONDON.

MAKERS OF

KEEN'S MUSTARD

AND

ROBINSON'S PATENT GROATS.

"Strongest and Best."

Health.

FRY'S *PURE CONCENTRATED* **COCOA**
Unsurpassed for Purity
Solubility and
Excellence

80 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO J. S. FRY & SONS, BRISTOL, LONDON & SYDNEY.

ONE OUNCE OF FACT OUTWEIGHS A TON OF THEORY.

"DOCTOR'S OPINION."



"H'm! Pulse rather feverish, tongue slightly furred. No, nothing serious! Just take a teaspoonful of

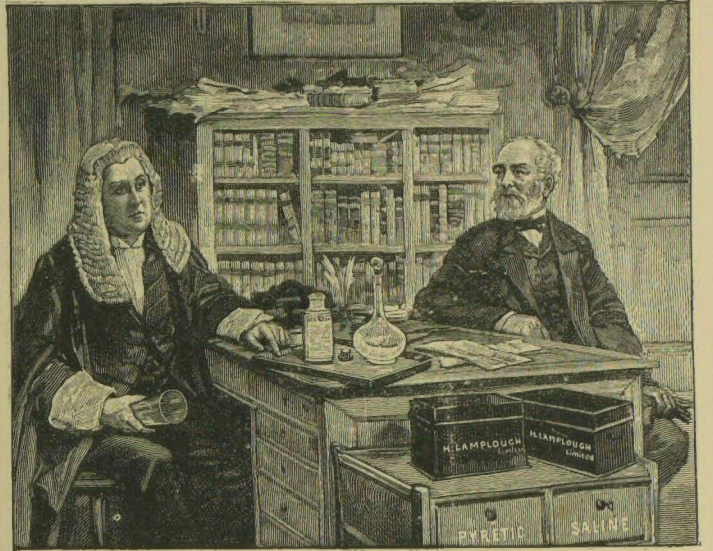
LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.

in half a tumbler of water every morning for a week, and that **WILL SET YOU RIGHT.**"

TESTIMONIALS from

The late KING OF DENMARK.	Sierra Leone.
Governor HILL,	Pewsey.
Sir JOHN ROSE,	London.
Sir ALEX. McDOWDIE,	Newfoundland.
Governor HILL,	Ryhope.
Rev. J. W. DALE,	Lesbury.
Rev. E. L. MALLETT,	Pembroke Dock.
Rev. Dr. DAVIS,	Herne, nr. Canterbury.
Rev. G. W. TEMPLE,	Upwell.
Dr. TUBBS,	Edinburgh.
Dr. ALEX. MILNE,	Worcester.
Dr. TURLEY,	London.
Dr. PROUT,	Santa Cruz.
Dr. STEVENS,	Para, Brazil.
Dr. DOWSING,	Royal Engineers.
Captain SYNGE,	H.M.S. Barracouta.
Captain WILLIAMS,	Gov't. House, Antigua.
Captain BARNETT,	Houssa Force.
Captain STEVENS,	Cambridge Street, W.
Mrs. BLUNT,	Bryn-y-Mor.
Mrs. CAREY,	Bude.
Mrs. B. BAMBER,	Bath.
Mrs. H. C. HAWKSHAW,	Newcastle Emlyn.
Mrs. HOWELL,	Plymouth.
J. PREDENNY, Esq.,	London.
JNO. OXENHAM, Esq.,	Welbeck Street, W.
J. H. HEBRON, Esq.,	Borokai, Cachar, India.
J. R. MATTHEWS, Esq.,	Liverpool.
RICHARD OWEN, Esq.,	Ashdown.
WALTER RUSSELL, Esq.,	Manitoba.
J. F. HENDERSON, Esq.,	
&c.,	&c.,
	&c.

"COUNSEL'S OPINION."



MR. LAMPLOUGH: "Well, Sir, in your opinion, have I said more for my **PYRETIC SALINE** than its merits deserve."
LEADING Q.C.: "No, Sir, you have not. It is my deliberate opinion, after many years' experience, that for keeping the body in health, the head cool, and the mind clear there is nothing to be compared with

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE."

It is a fact that for nearly sixty years one preparation has proved itself of infinite value as a remedial agent for affections of the **STOMACH, LIVER, and KIDNEYS**, being compounded of natural ingredients of high Therapeutic value, which gently stimulate the action of those organs, and restore, almost imperceptibly, their normal healthy condition. The success attendant upon the use of

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE

has led to the introduction of numerous inferior

imitations with more or less resounding titles, but the proprietors of

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE

invite attention to the above names of a few out of thousands whose original letters may be seen at the Central Depot, 113, Holborn, all of which bear overwhelming testimony to its remarkable efficacy, and challenge the owner of any Family Medicine in the world to produce such an array of conclusive evidence. For **SEA SICKNESS** it is a powerful antidote, which

is fully borne out by the letters of grateful sufferers who have been relieved by its use.

Sold in Stopped Bottles, at 2/6, 4/6, 11/-, & 21/- each, by every Chemist of repute throughout the world.

SOLE PROPRIETORS:

HENRY LAMPLOUGH, LTD.,

**113, Holborn; 9A, Old Broad Street;
42, Fenchurch Street; and 47, Monkwell
Street, London, E.C.**

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS cure pleasantly, permanently, and unfailingly Torpid Liver, Bilious Headaches, the tendency to Bilious Attacks, Pale and Sallow Skin, Feverishness, &c. **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** give the clear eye and bright-coloured complexion of perfect health and beauty. They are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless.

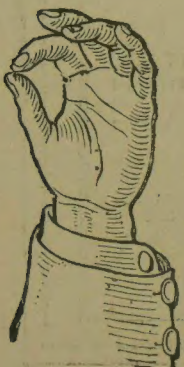
This is a Vial of



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

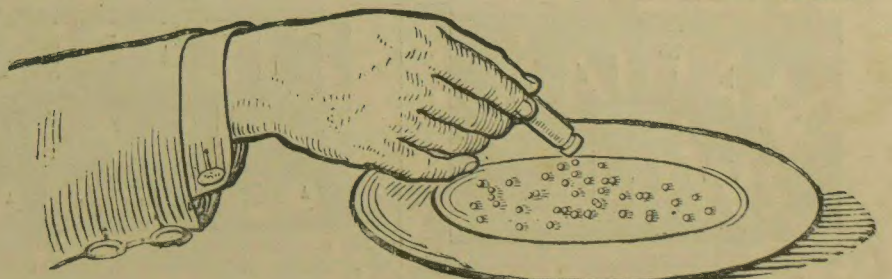
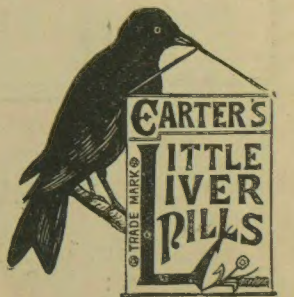
It costs 1s. 1½d.
at the Chemist's,

and is secured in white wrapper engraved in blue, and wrapped in a paper which contains the directions for use



The Vial contains Forty little sugar-coated Pills, far cheaper than pennyworths of doubtful medicine. One Pill is a dose.

Readers should ask their Chemists for a copy of "MR. CROW; OR THE ROOK'S PROGRESS." If not obtained, send a postcard to the Publishers, The Carter Medicine Company, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Copy will be received by return. "MR. CROW" is a 32-paged Illustrated Pamphlet.





EDWARDS' 'HARLENE' FOR THE HAIR

WORLD-RENOUNDED

HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER,

IS THE

BEST DRESSING SPECIALLY PREPARED & PERFUMED FOR TOILET USE.

"HARLENE" PRODUCES

Luxuriant Hair, Whiskers, and Moustaches.

PREVENTS THE HAIR FALLING OFF AND TURNING GREY.

THE WORLD-RENOUNDED

REMEDY FOR BALDNESS.

For Curing Weak and Thin Eyelashes, Preserving, Strengthening, and rendering the Hair beautifully Soft. For removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c. Also for

RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR

IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be perfectly harmless and devoid of any Metallic or other Injurious Ingredient.

The Hon. Mrs. Thompson's Testimony.

"Ackworth Moor Top, Pontefract.
"The Hon. Mrs. Thompson desires to testify to the value of 'Harlene' for strengthening and preserving the hair, and will be pleased to allow her testimony to be publicly used."

An Excellent Hair Dressing.

"Lower Heywood, Banbury, Oxon.
"Sir,—Kindly forward another bottle of 'Harlene.' I like it immensely. I think it is an excellent dressing for the hair, and prefer it to any other."
"Mrs. Rose."

A Doctor's Opinion.

"Berkley Lodge, Gipsy Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E.
"Doctor Bishop has used two bottles of Edwards' 'Harlene,' and feels that it has had a good effect, and is encouraged to use more. Please send two bottles for money inclosed."

A Wonderful Discovery.

"46, Handsworth Street, Glasgow.
"Dear Sir,—Yours is indeed a wonderful discovery. I have used one bottle, and can detect an improvement in my hair already. Please send another bottle."
"W. A. RUBSTEAD."

1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers all over the World; or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

EDWARDS' } LONDON: 95, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
'HARLENE' } PARIS: RUE RICHER, 20-22.

PETER ROBINSON'S MOURNING WAREHOUSE.

Every requisite for Mourning Attire in the Latest Fashion kept in Stock.

The First Talent in Dressmaking, and Special Orders Executed in a Day.

Ladies Waited On at Home in any Part of the Country, and Travelling Expenses not Charged.

Made-up Goods and Materials in all Subdued Shades, equally adapted for Wearing out of Mourning. Sketches and Patterns Free.

256 TO 264, REGENT ST., LONDON.

S. Sainsbury's Lavender Water.

Prices, 1s. to 16s. 6d., &c. Sold throughout the Country.
Manufactory: 176 & 177, STRAND, LONDON. ESTABLISHED 1839.

MARIANI WINE

This inimitable COCA WINE restores Health, Strength, and Vigour. It is the most efficacious of Tonics and Stimulants, without any unpleasant reaction. It is universally recommended by Physicians as "A powerful rejuvenator and renovator of the vital forces." Sold by Chemists and Stores, or delivered free by Importers. WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford Street, London. 4s. per bottle, or 45s. dozen.

CIGARES DE JOY cure ASTHMA

JOY'S CIGARETTES afford immediate relief in cases of ASTHMA, WHEEZING, WINTER COUGH, and HAY FEVER, and, with a little perseverance, effect a permanent cure. Universally recommended by the most eminent Physicians and Medical Authors. Agreeable to use, certain in their effects, and harmless in their action, they may be safely smoked by ladies and children. All Chemists and Stores; Box of 35, 2s. 6d., or post free from WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford Street, London, W.

In Use all over the Globe.

THE BEST. THE SAFEST. THE OLDEST PATENT MEDICINE.

Free from
Mercury.

Of Vegetable
Drugs.

COCKLE'S ANTI BILIOUS PILLS

FOR
BILE,
LIVER,
HEADACHE,
HEARTBURN,
INDIGESTION,
ETC.

A RIDE TO KHIVA.

By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.G.

"Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is as well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvellous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab Sheik, who was impervious to all native medicines when I administered to him five

COCKLE'S PILLS,

will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my fame as a 'medicine man' had not died out."